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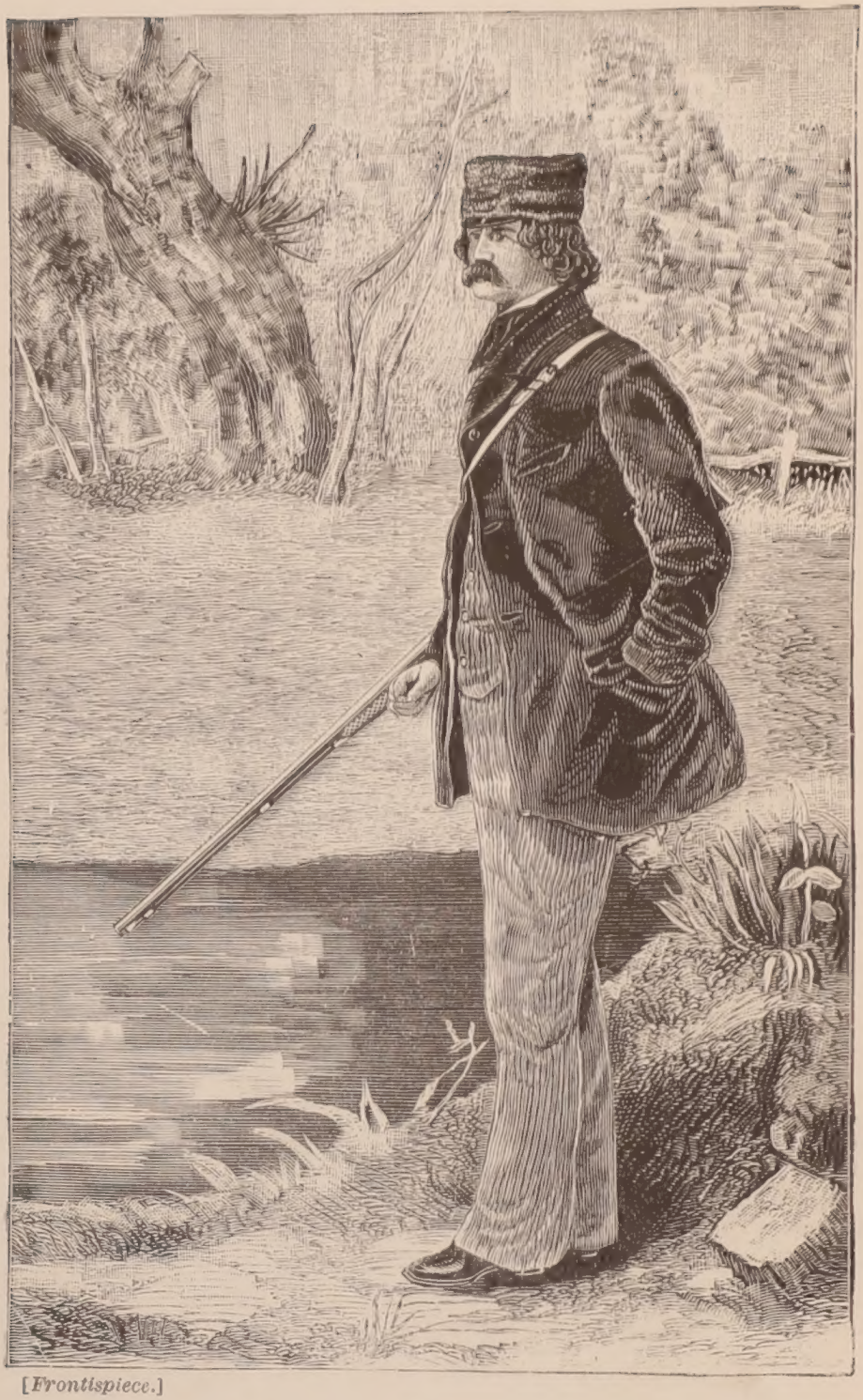

[*Frontispiece.*]

Henry Ward Beecher

The Cedars

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

FRANK FORESTER

(HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT)

ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. I.

EACH VOLUME COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

NEW YORK:
ORANGE JUDD COMPANY,
751 BROADWAY.
1882.

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EDITED BY DAVID W. JUDD.

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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

The demand for Henry William Herbert's writings has so rapidly increased as to call for their collection and preservation in permanent book form.

It is the aim of these volumes to portray Herbert as he really was, bringing out all the lights and shadows of his checkered career, and to preserve in enduring form the multifarious sketches which, thrown off as fancy or his wants dictated, were scattered through various periodicals or were never published.

Each volume of this series, as it appears, will be complete in itself. The third volume will be found specially rich in reminiscence, anecdote, and correspondence—contributions from those who were brought in close contact with Herbert under various circumstances. It will likewise describe the present appearance and condition of Frank Forester's hunting resorts in Orange County, New York, and elsewhere.

The authentic and very full story of Herbert's life is from the pen of Col. Thomas Picton, who, first his pupil, afterward his companion at "The Cedars," and until his death his warm friend, best knew and understood the subject of his sketch. He was the friend whom Herbert requested to share with him his last meal, and be present at the tragic ending.

Hon. Thomas T. Kinney, the editor of the "Newark Advertiser," and Judge F. W. Ricord, both of them well acquainted with Herbert, and Mr. George R. Graham, his publisher, have materially aided us in the preparation of these volumes. We are also under obligations, among others, to Mr. E. A. Buck, Mr. W. J. Widdleton, Mr. F. R. Ryer, and to Mr. F. E. Pond, Herbert's warm admirer. The illustrations for these volumes are executed by Mr. Charles Hinkle, a personal friend of Herbert.

INTRODUCTORY.

HERBERT'S PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

It is now twenty-four years since his own sad act ended Henry William Herbert's earthly career—time enough to have effaced both name and work had he possessed as little genius and character as some of his cotemporaries maintained. That now, after the lapse of so long a period, his writings should be eagerly sought for and subscriptions volunteered for a monument to his memory, clearly demonstrates that he was endowed with genius and heart to no ordinary degree. Frank Forester lives in spite of enemies, despite himself. As in the case of Byron and Poe, appreciation of his better nature and admiration for his talents have caused his readers to forget what he lacked and remember what he possessed.

Physically, Herbert was a fine specimen of his race. He was tall and erect, free from the stoop which so frequently accompanies study, and when he chose to do so, presented a commanding, *distingue* appearance. He was scrupulously neat in his person, and even in camp, among roystering companions, never neglected those little bodily attentions which indicate good breeding. During his early years in this country, he was seemingly fond of appearing upon Broadway and in *salons*, to which he had the *entrée*, as a richly-dressed foreigner of distinction. Subsequently, when he had become known as Frank Forester, he keenly enjoyed being recognized on the public thoroughfares of Newark and elsewhere in full rural or hunting costume. He frequently appeared, during the latter years of his life, in a large check suit, with a Scotch plaid shawl carelessly flung over his shoulder.

While his manner could be refined and engaging, he was generally quick to anger, imperious and overbearing to those differing with him, so much so as to beget fear, and at times hate. This arrogance and assumption were displayed not merely towards retainers and inferiors; with equals he would fairly force disputation, and waxing wroth at opposition, employ exceedingly coarse language and occasionally, when not wholly himself, attempt to substitute physical strength for argument. Sometimes his criticisms upon this country would be so severe as to elicit the vigorous condemnation of his own countrymen, one of whom, at the famous Rutter's Hostlery, once gave him cause to remember and regret his unhandsome manner and language.

Underneath this wayward, self-willed, overbearing exterior, however, were generous impulses, a warm heart which very often responded to the appeals of unfortunate humanity, and whose tenderness found expression in the most extravagant declarations of love for certain ones, however worthy or unworthy they may have been. "I loved her unutterably, I was immeasurably happy," he wrote of his second wife, a moment before he killed himself because of her desertion. While he himself bore evidence to his "unhappy temper" a marked change has taken place in the sentiment of Newark, which, when he was alive declared him to be unkind to both wives and an unfit companion for the second. Those who before had been most severe in their denunciations, with his death came to accept as true the language of his ante mortem communication to the coroner. "I would not deny that I erred toward her whom this day shows that I loved more than life . . . I never laid a hand or finger on her in anger . . . what I said or did wrongly I repented on the instant. I have endeavored to atone for it ever since. I die for it this day." Then again, what more touching than the Postscript regarding his little terrier, contained

in the dying letter to his staunch friend and countryman, Miles I'Anson. "Will you take care of Vixen; she has been my only comfort. She has never left me for one moment. I am sure she knows I am wretched. God bless you and your wife." Suspicious and over-sensitive, he was almost morbid on the subject of others' feelings toward himself. Just prior to his death, he sent word to an old unswerving friend, who had failed to answer an immediate summons, strongly upbraiding him for having deserted him, adding: "and now, alas! little Vix is the only friend that clings to me."

Herbert gloried in his lineage, but was amusingly inconsistent in maintaining his aristocratic pretensions. For example, he would to-day decline an invitation to a banquet of his own countrymen on the ground that a wide social chasm separated him from Yorkshire men, and to-morrow he would start for the woodland hunt with the most indifferent of companions.

Generally impecunious, he yet aimed to discharge his debts, though not always particular about the means employed—as, for example, when he secured a temporary advance of $500 from his publisher on a large roll of MS., which, upon examination, proved to be "copy" of a story already published. Naturally, Mr. Graham could not appreciate this joke, if such it were. "I am satisfied," wrote Herbert, in one of those farewell missives, "that, with the rent of 'The Cedars,' and my own goods, etc., there will be enough to pay everything that I owe on earth." So far, then, from being wholly reckless as to his debts, as has been claimed, he not only paid them when he had the wherewith to do so, but, in the closing moments of his life, was planning to the end that there should be no uncancelled obligations remaining.

Although dependent upon his pen for a livelihood, Herbert was yet generous in his hospitality, and wished his

friends to understand that they were always welcome at "The Cedars," no matter how limited the supplies might be. This open-hearted tendency, with no exchequer to draw upon, not infrequently caused him embarrassment. That genial journalist, Mr. Thomas T. Kinney, recently narrated to us, in humorous style, how Herbert once sent up, post-haste, to Newark, declaring that he was completely undone. Mr. Dana, of New York, had unexpectedly come down to "The Cedars" to dine with him, and there was not so much as a cutlet or smelt in the house. Wouldn't he, Mr. Kinney, help him out with the loan of a ham and a few bottles to moisten it? And Mr. Dana recalls the day in this wise:

NEW YORK, *March* 21, 1882.

MY DEAR SIR:

"I remember very well the visit to Henry William Herbert at the Cedars mentioned in your note of yesterday. I went out there with my friend, the late W. O. Bartlett. I should think it was sometime in September or October. Probably we went out to see the horse Bonnie Scotland, which was then kept in Mr. Herbert's neighborhood, but of that I am not sure. I remember, however, that Herbert gave us a surprisingly good dinner. I supposed he had cooked it himself. Everything was most excellent, especially the Scotch ale. Knowing his Bohemian habits, I was rather surprised at the abundance and perfection of the repast.

"Mr. Herbert was a very accomplished man. His learning was extensive and solid, and he wrote with vigor and to the point. His conversation was always fresh and instructive.

"Had his life been more regular, his genius might perhaps have been less brilliant; but we should have been spared the shock of his sudden and lamentable departure from this world.

"Yours Very Truly,

"C. A. DANA.

MR. DAVID W. JUDD.

Herbert was a hard worker and a close student. His power of application was great, and when he had a par-

ticular task to perform, he would wholly withdraw himself from the companionship of those about him for days and sometimes weeks. The manuscript completed, and the payment received from the New York publishers, through his ever-faithful messenger, Holt, he was then ready for social cheer or the excitement of field and river. He fairly devoured books, maintained his familiarity with other languages, and wrote with great fertility and rapidity. If desired by publishers to treat any topic in which he was not wholly versed, he would cram forthwith, and ere long astonish his friends with his apparent knowledge of the subject matter.

Whatever he wrote, or whatever the impelling motive —whether fame or bread-money—he always made it a point to write well. If his surroundings and associations were not always of the most exalted character, he strove to maintain an elevated tone in his works, though we could wish he had omitted some of his more vigorous English. Dying, he wrote: "I have taught, I have inculcated, I have put forth nothing which I did not believe to be good and true. In all my life I have written no line of which I am ashamed, no word which I desire to blot."

Elsewhere Herbert's works are reviewed in the order of their appearance. Those of them devoted to out-door life have largely contributed to the growing fondness among Americans for manly sports and pastimes. Herbert may be said to have been the father of woodcraft literature in this country, and though he was in advance of his time, his efforts in that direction are now being properly appreciated, when—after a whole generation has spent four years on the tented field, and the increase of wealth permits of more leisure—our people have not only become possessed of a fondness for hunting, fishing, and boating, but regard such recreations as praiseworthy and to be encouraged.

When Herbert lived and wrote, the term sportsman, in this country, was associated with horse-racing, card-playing, and similar diversions. He aimed to give the word a higher, broader meaning. He believed that if our American men could be drawn from their offices and counting-rooms to forest and field, to breathe pure air and commune with nature, they would be benefited, physically, morally, and mentally, and come to enjoy a larger existence. He expressed this belief in his daily conversation, and inculcated it in his writings. The revolution in public sentiment has gone rapidly forward. To be a sportsman, now means to be skilled in the use of the rod and gun, fond of the wholesome, exhilarating excitements which bring rest to mind and recuperation to body—and professional and business men are not averse to having the term applied to them. Ministers compose the majority membership of many fishing clubs. Game preserves are established, and game laws are enacted and rigidly enforced. Nation and State make ample provision for restocking rivers and streams. Ranges built at public expense afford recreation for private citizens, whose practised aim has made a world-wide reputation for American riflemen, as valuable for us in moral effect as a small standing army. Young men of means are abandoning fashionable watering places for Adirondack lakes, Maine forests and Western game regions. When will the weather permit of our going into the country? is the interrogatory now heard in city homes; and Where can we secure a farm, a rural retreat? is the question asked in counting-room and office.

We have briefly outlined the character of the writer whose volumes have stimulated these rural tastes, wherein lie so much true happiness and health. Frank Forester's pupil, friend, and companion, narrates in detail the story of his life.

HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

[FRANK FORESTER.]

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

I.

HERBERT'S EARLIER DAYS IN NEW YORK.

After emerging from Caius College, Cambridge, in the winter of 1829, having matriculated as an undergraduate four years previously, Henry William Herbert passed into France for a short season, avowedly with the intention of perfecting himself in the language of the country, but actually to avoid the importunities of creditors. Although originally intended for the Church, for which establishment he ever expressed the highest regard, the young scholar appears to have committed some indiscretion preventing his prosecution of theological studies. He would have turned his attention to the legal profession, in which his father had, at one time, been a practitioner, had not an impaired income precluded the possibility of continuance in a requisite mode of town life in his native city of London, wherein he was born, April 7th, 1807. Herbert's father, the Honorable and Reverend William Herbert, Dean of Manchester, a son to the Earl of Carnavon, had acquired a distinguished reputation as a poet, historian, linguist and Parliamen-

tary orator, while his connection with the remarkable family of the Herberts, holders of three earldoms and numerous appendant dignities, rendered the maintenance of a position in metropolitan society imperative, incumbering his financial resources and severely curtailing his children's natural expectations. For his father Herbert, who was remarkably reticent as to family matters beyond taking a laudable pride in his descent, entertained a deep-seated veneration. Touching other relatives, he scarcely ever made allusions, even to his most intimate friends, during the moody hours of his solitary existence at The Cedars when incessant brooding over his manifold disappointments had thoroughly soured his disposition. An elder brother, an officer commanding a British war vessel in American waters, and a younger sister visited the recluse at his cottage home, but the lady's residence in this country, brief as it was, proved a source of vexation to her brother, and, after her departure, Herbert refrained from mention of their names. To the honor of the sensitive exile, be it mentioned that he was never known to utter a word of disrespectful complaint against those persistently closing their hearts against him during an isolated life and seeking to rob him of the courtesy of a tombstone to mark his final resting place among strangers to his race, but not to his fame.

Henry William Herbert arrived in New York, in the summer of 1831, with a couple of letters of introduction which chanced to bring him to the notice of some intelligent gentlemen able to appreciate the merits of an educated and unassuming stranger. At the suggestion of these friends he travelled for a short time amid the sporting regions of this State and the more attractive wilderness of Canada. There he undoubtedly intended to establish a permanent residence, as a strong prejudice at the time existed among English immigrants of a determined social position in favor of colonizing the prov-

inces, wherein the presence of half-pay officers and other gentlemen of limited means promised agreeable homes in the neighborhood of garrisons.

In these and other localities, contiguous to the border towns, the social manners and tendencies of the British aristocracy were more freely imitated than by the inhabitants of the Atlantic States. This Canadian tour disabused Herbert of all preferences for provincial companionship, as he appears to have formed the permanent acquaintance of but one Canadian resident, Captain Peel of Amherstburg, subsequently a contributor to sporting literature, mainly at Herbert's suggestion, under the *nomme de plume* of "Dinks," whose treatises on the dog continue to be regarded as manuals by the younger practical sportsmen of the present day. Despite his short sojourn, the future sporting author gleaned much valuable information with regard to the game and field sports of British America, not so much from personal experience as from the commentaries of older and more practical hunters of large game, with whom it grew to be a confirmed habit to place himself in communication, a vast proportion of his epistolary correspondence being devoted to solicitation of intelligence, and to responses to letters of enquiry. Almost from the hour of assuming an authoritative position in sporting literature, Herbert consecrated a regular day in each week to the perusal and answering of epistles, received generally from individuals to him personally unknown; and so explicitly was this custom observed that, upon return from occasional absences, he would lay aside all work not to neglect attention to epistles accumulating in his post-office box. During the initial days of his residence at The Cedars, the daily journeys of his groom to the Newark office, laden with a leathern pouch, such as is used by English country gentlemen, attracted almost as much attention and comment as did the appearance of the master of the

house, accompanied by a troop of dogs, upon his habitual visits to the town market, for he always purchased his household supplies in person, be the weather good or bad.

Very shortly after his return to New York, which Herbert had been advised to adopt as a permanent residence, he was somewhat reluctantly induced to assume a position as Greek and Latin preceptor in the Rev. R. Townsend Huddart's Classical Institute, located at No. 5 Beaver Street, in close proximity to the Bowling Green, at that period surrounded by residences of patrician families. This establishment had been designed to operate as a rival to the Grammar School of Columbia College, then under the rectorship of Professor Charles Anthon, through being conducted upon the plan of Eton, of which Herbert had formerly been a pupil, as far as metropolitan location would allow. Consequently the services of an erudite Cantab were adjudged to be indispensable to the scheme, particularly as the English department had been entrusted to Mr. A. D. Patterson, an elderly gentleman of superior education, whose popularity as a journalist commanded universal respect among the mercantile classes, then mainly interested in the perpetuation of classical attainments. A half century ago, the leading preceptors of youth were ordinarily literary men deriving more reliable incomes from instruction of the younger generation than from illumination of their elders by the pen; and hence, although Herbert's self-pride naturally revolted against the idea of becoming a public tutor, his self-interest prompted acceptance of Huddart's offer as a certain means of obtaining future literary occupation.

It proved signally fortunate for Herbert in thus yielding to the dictates of an emergency, as his salary, conjoined to the profits of literary labor, permitted his support in ease, and, at times, in comparative luxury, for, al-

though habituated to extravagance abroad, he, during the early days of his life in America, gradually reduced his expenses in living until, desiring to maintain the appearance of a gentleman of leisure, he toiled most assiduously and cheerfully to obtain means wherewith to commingle with male intimates whose society had grown to be a second nature to him. He dressed handsomely in those days when the dictates of Chesterfield and D'Orsay rendered expense in costume an inevitable sequence of fashion; he boarded at a first-class house, tenanted by men of established reputation, and associated with professional gentlemen, lawyers, turfmen, and editors, so that, almost within a year after his appearance in the city, he became recognized as a personage of distinction amid the circle of sportsmen who proved only too glad to emulate his manners and habits. The sportsman of forty years ago was generally a man of polished demeanor, of excellent education, and of superior family connections, whose social habits were frank and easy without taint of viciousness. Many of the leading merchants and tradesmen of that day were likewise earnest devotees to the rod and gun, while the turf numbered among its patrons the most stalwart of citizens as well as prominent of political leaders. Among people of this stamp Herbert circulated during his evening hours; when at school he so regulated his demeanor as to endear himself to his pupils to such a degree that, in after years, several proved themselves to be his trustiest of companions and firmest of adherents. In fact, one among his pupils, conserving a close intimacy during his subsequent career, chanced to be the sole witness to the unfortunate author's tragic ending. It is simply just to mention, in this connection, that Herbert may have been said to have moulded the individual characters of more than one of Huddart's students, who, in obedience to his precepts and example, have subsequently distinguished them-

selves in literature and in field sports, notably among whom can be cited Charles Astor Bristed, like his preceptor, a graduate of Cambridge, England, and favorably known as "Carl Benson" to the general sporting world. Others have been his colleagues in literary enterprises, and none among them have been found to assert that, grown to manhood, they derived no benefit from an early training beneath his attentive care—high praise, righteously awarded to a solitary preceptor for a few brief years amid a maze of professional instructors.

Mr. Herbert's personal appearance, at the time of his connection with Huddart's enterprise, created an impression, never to be eradicated, upon those seeing him for the first time. Young, agile, muscular, and strongly framed, above the medium height, without being handsome, Herbert was decidedly good-looking, with his massive intellectual countenance, his long waving brown hair and heavy moustache, imposing in demeanor and dignified in manners, conveying to youth an excellent idea of an accomplished gentleman, with whom familiarity was as impossible as expression of contempt, for, although at a first glance he might be apprehended as being a proud if not haughty man, five minutes of conversation permanently removed any similar miscomprehension.

Herbert's voice was singularly clear and impressive, at times somewhat musical, particularly in delivery of quotations from the poets, wherein he exhibited himself to be a trained elocutionist and eloquent reader of blank verse, which he accentuated with extraordinary precision. A favorite amusement with Herbert, after school hours, was the recital of long passages in the original from the Greek dramatists, and of their translation into English verse of a corresponding metre in order to convey to his youthful hearers an approximate idea as to the dignity and harmony of the study they were some-

what involuntarily pursuing. Herbert was, moreover, a well-read Shakespearian scholar and at one time seriously contemplated the performance of "Hamlet" upon the public stage, a resolution he would have carried into effect, despite protestations of friends, had not the failure of a Rev. Dr. Beresford, a near relative of the Marquis of Waterford, in that character at the Park Theatre and the ridicule heaped upon the unsuccessful actor's aristocratic connections by journalists warned him of the risk his own reputation would incur through venturing upon deceptive ground.

Herbert, moreover, took a lively interest in the athletic training of Huddart's charges, and oftentimes directed, during hours of vacation, their exercises in the gymnasium attached to the establishment, the first erected in New York, although it had been placed beneath the professional supervision of William Fuller, the well-known gladiator, who had recently arrived from England with a breezy reputation. Sparring with the gloves constituted in those days a desirable pastime when the glories of the prize ring were chaunted in popular songs and so-called champions vaunted as fit companions for princes and lords, and consequently few gentlemen could be found unversed in the "manly art." Among the few admirers of British pastimes venturing to uplift their voices against encouragement of prize-fighting and cock-fighting as debasing amusements, stood Herbert, notwithstanding the fact of his being an adept in the fistic art and ever ready upon compulsion to return blow for blow. He disliked Fuller, personally an affable and mild-mannered Hercules, simply on account of his former profession, but, when the ex-pugilist formally announced his retirement from the ring and his intention of opening a gymnasium for the general public, Herbert took him warmly by the hand, commended his enterprise in the columns of the *Courier and Enquirer*, to which he had

become a casual contributor at the solicitation of the venerable Major Noah, and, in conjunction with Anson Livingston, succeeded in popularizing Fuller's venture to a degree ensuring its permanent success and the ultimate enrichment of its proprietor.

With Mr. Huddart, Herbert remained some eight years, long enough to witness the departure of his older and more favorite pupils, several of whom he had prepared for collegiate examinations, and then relinquished his position to rely henceforth upon his pen solely for a livelihood. His departure undoubtedly affected the Institute's prosperity, for, within a brief time, it was removed from the quaint old Dutch-tiled mansion it had previously occupied in Beaver Street, and, after a flickering existence upon the verge of Murray Hill, expired a feeble reflex of the intellectual light of other days.

II.

HERBERT'S LITERARY DEBUT.

Mr. A. D. Patterson, the ambitious Cantab's professional colleague and literary adviser, was a shrewd, clear-headed Scotchman, as industrious as his friend, but much his inferior in classical attainments and versatility of imagination. A calculating man and cool philosopher, Mr. Patterson had educated himself carefully and effectively to the profession of literature as a lucrative trade, rendering his pen productive of marketable articles. In temperament, character, manners, and habits, this gentleman was the very antipodes of Herbert and nevertheless one of his reliable friends and enthusiastic admirers. Having enjoyed years of prior editorial experience, Patterson suggested to his associate the practicability of utilizing his leisure time through supplying contributions

to the numerous literary sheets then in the height of popularity. Herbert took the hint and sent several essays to the leading weeklies, anonymously of course, which, however, were declined upon payment being asked for them; the popular journals then living almost exclusively upon reprinted matter supplied gratuitously from foreign sources. Impetuous, irascible, and slightly egotistical, this rejection of carefully-prepared articles irritated the unknown author to a high degree and he was upon the point of launching into a tirade against the entire editorial fraternity when the level-headed Scotchman interposed candid advice to stem the current of his wrath. He argued sensibly that publishers purchased names as well as manuscripts and that, until an author be of a known marketable value, his productions might prove comparatively valueless.

Among other rejected articles had been one tendered to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, a monthly periodical recently started into existence by a Broadway bookseller named Peabody, who had likewise, in his capacity of editor of a *Parlor Journal*, discarded one of the unknown's poetic compositions. Although by no means naturally vindictive, Herbert was prompt to resent a fancied insult, while the parade of a number of names, as contributors, of men notoriously his inferior in ability and education, fired his soul with indignation and he at once resolved upon the extermination, through sharp rivalry, of the doubly-offending publisher, who had invested his entire capital in the promising magazine speculation, which, by the way, was being issued in an uncommon style of typographical luxury. In consequence of this retributive resolution, with the assistance of the veteran Patterson, who managed to secure a reliable publisher, Herbert was enabled to appear before the literary world in a most creditable manner as editor-in-chief of the *American Monthly Magazine*, the initial number being

composed of an admirable variety of articles almost entirely emanating from his prolific pen.

From its commencement the Magazine attracted attention and, for a time, proved a financial success, several writers of celebrity, including William P. Hawes ("Cypress, Jr."), Charles Fenno Hoffman, and Theodore S. Fay, hastening to enroll themselves among its regular contributors. By this master stroke of policy in courageously ranging himself against the acknowledged leading magazine of the nation and, almost single-handed, challenging comparison with the merits of a powerful combination of popular writers, Herbert succeeded in forcing himself into general recognition as an author, versatile, erudite, and of extraordinary ability—a character he maintained with the superaddition of a well-founded reputation for unremitting industry until the close of a varied career, such as probably has fallen to the lot of no other literary man.

Although not destroyed by the unexpected rivalry, the *Knickerbocker* was seriously harmed and its publisher forced to heavy expenditures in enlisting the sustaining support of widely-known authors, few among whom had previously contributed to a serial publication. After a season or so of financial pressure, Mr. Peabody finally succumbed to bankruptcy, removed to London and for a series of years acted as special correspondent of the New York *Spirit of the Times* while under the editorial management of the generous and kindly-hearted William T. Porter. In consequence of this failure, the *Knickerbocker* passed into other hands, with abundance of capital, while its editorship was committed eventually to Lewis Gaylord Clark, who, with the possession of but a part of Herbert's ability, proved one of the most genial, plausible, and popular journalists the city of Gotham could boast.

The establishment of the *American Monthly* proved of

more than passing financial benefit to Herbert through bringing him into personal contact with Charles Fenno Hoffman, a superior sporting writer, connected with one of the most distinguished patrician families of the hour, William P. Hawes, a prominent lawyer and occasional journalist, a representative sportsman, whose name was a passport to the most desirable social circles, and Anson Livingston, likewise a lawyer by nominal profession, an Admirable Crichton in all manly, athletic and veritable sportsmanlike attainments, an amateur swordsman, pedestrian and yachtman of superordinary skill, a gentleman *par excellence* in every true acceptation of that maltreated word, whose immediate relatives had been intimately connected with the political, agricultural and industrial progress of New York State. The company of men such as these could not fail to keep alive the slumbering interest Herbert ever treasured for field sports and sporting habits, as in their society, or in that of their kindred associates, he annually visited the woodlands of Orange County, the lakes of the Adirondacks, and the wilderness of old John Brown's tract, with cursory journeys to the wilds of Sullivan County. Reminiscences of pleasant hours thus expended prompted Herbert's assumption, in after years, of a departure from his ordinary literary routine, which, from its graceful reception, diverted, ultimately, his labors into a channel securing to him a wide, extended and enduring reputation.

Although conducted with critical ability and replete with original articles of classical elegance, the *American Monthly* failed to enlist that general sympathy necessary for the sustenance of a heavy literary undertaking and this consideration led to the retirement of Mr. Patterson, whose practical judgment was invariably overruled by his ambitious colleague, more desirous of distinction than of financial gain. To him succeeded, as co-editor, Charles Fenno Hoffman, from whose restraint Herbert broke

loose in a fit of anger, relinquishing the periodical entirely into his colleague's hands under the supposition that it would be devoted to the propagation of political principles to which he was personally opposed.

Few writers were more sensitive to criticism than Herbert, despite his strenuous pretences to appear otherwise; for, while he regarded the expression of opinions adverse to those held by himself upon political or social topics to be legitimate through courtesy, he looked upon disparaging comments upon his literary productions as intended affronts, almost provocative of personal quarrels. Neither did this sensitiveness wear off as his reputation augmented, but, on the contrary, increased, so that, while perfectly willing to deal in sharp criticism himself, he relinquished the acquaintance of several literary friends and shunned the advances of many desirous of rendering him services, simply upon suspicion of their indulgence of strictures upon his writings. In fact, towards his later years, Herbert was a veritable recluse as regards men of letters, scarcely knowing them by sight, associating almost exclusively with publishers, whom he treated, however, at various times, in no over-gracious manner. From this uncongenial seclusion on his part, his literary contemporaries derived erroneous ideas as to their fellow-author's character, conceiving him to be vain, egotistical, and arrogant, an enemy to their profession. He was, however, simply eccentric in his familiarities, with marked partialities and aversions, originating from other causes than literary rivalry, for in nothing did he more delight than in the after-dinner company of well educated gentlemen, who rarely failed to retire without being favorably impressed with the conversational tact and erudite versatility of their host, although, on the morrow, an unaccountable whim might actuate him to renounce his previous courteous demeanor.

From the commencement of his literary career Her-

bert had marked out a well-defined line for habitual observance. He longed to be recognized as an essentially American author and to assume a high place in this country's standard literature by the side of Washington Irving, Fennimore Cooper and Brockden Brown, as a romancer, and as a peer of Poe and of Longfellow in the domain of poetry, two authors whom he admired without seeking to imitate their peculiarities. "An American author of English birth" were words applied to his position in the republic of letters by himself in an autobiographic sketch prepared for the *New American Cyclopedia*, a work to which he contributed a number of historical articles.

Herbert's firmest resolve was never to pen a line of which he, at any period of his life, might be in the least ashamed, as he conceived one element of his mission to be the elevation of his reader's mind and above all he sought to avoid allusion to matters either indecorous or profane. And so steadfastly did he adhere to this determination, that the consciousness of having performed his mission proved the last solace to a semi-demented mind when taking an eternal flight from earth. Even in the midst of severe financial trials, when oftentimes he scarce knew whence to obtain money for the actual necessities of life, he refused to contribute anonymously to journals of equivocal reputation, who were willing to pay most liberally for translations of French romances of a character at that moment unfortunately the popular rage, which could only be reproduced in English effectively by a comparative master of both tongues.

While understanding the French language grammatically and with a full knowledge of its idioms, Herbert spoke it most indifferently with an unwelcome hesitancy, attributable, as he was wont to say, to the necessity of being compelled to speak in one language and to think in another. His translations were consequently

very accurate in transcribing the spirit, if not the actual language, of the original into a corresponding English idiom, a most difficult task rarely appreciated by the casual reader. Curiously, Herbert's translations of popular French romances proved the most lucrative of his literary labors, netting him much larger financial recompense than that received for his original romances. His version of Eugene Sue's *Wandering Jew* yielded him over ten times the sum paid for his *Marmaduke Wyeil*, undeniably the most popular of his semi-historical compositions, upon which he had devoted months of careful labor. But, possibly, this deterioration in value can be attributed to the fact of his works being issued at a period when cheap publications prevailed and the romances of Bulwer, of James and of other popular English novelists were hawked about in twenty-five and fifty-cent editions. Financial experience in this instance compelled Herbert, much against his will, into writing for popular weeklies and cheap publishers, as he deemed such work derogatory to his reputation. Still for the MSS. of *Pierre, the Partisan*, of *Ringwood, the Rover*, and of *Guarica, the Carib Bride*, mere shilling novelties, there were paid in hard cash handsomer monetary rewards than the author had realized from *The Brothers*, or *Oliver Cromwell*, issued from a then prominent publishing establishment.

One of Herbert's most striking literary peculiarities was his unbounded affection for American-born authors and artists, to whose productions he invariably gave preference when consulted by publishers, who, as a general rule, placed great credence in our author's critical judgment. As far back as 1836, when the country was deluged with "annuals" or Christmas gift-books, a majority of which emanated from London, while the few, published in Boston and Philadelphia, were mainly reproductions of English engravings and letter-press, Her-

bert induced Bancroft & Holley, a young publishing firm under the recently-erected Astor House, to undertake the venturesome experiment of issuing *The Magnolia*, one of those costly and ephemeral annual publications, in which he proposed the adoption of a distinctive method for securing public favor and support. That method was perfect originality in the literary and ornamental departments. With this view the engravings were executed from American paintings by domestic artists under the supervision of Henry Inman, then recognized as the head of his profession, while the literary contributors, in addition to Herbert, embraced Washington Irving, Fennimore Cooper, the author of *The Yemassee*, N. P. Willis, Grenville Mellen, Park Benjamin, and Theodore S. Fay, assuredly the *elite* of native-born contemporaneous writers of fiction.

At the same time the indefatigable editor was instrumental in bringing before the public artistic gems, previously known only to a handful of connoisseurs, by his life-long friend and brother-sportsman, Inman; John G. Chapman, subsequently a decorator of the National Capitol; A. B. Durand, afterwards President of the National Academy, and by Weir, prominent among historical designers. However easy the task might prove at the present hour to collect so formidable a gathering of first-class American authors, artists, and engravers, a half century since it was a labor of more than ordinary difficulty to be achieved by a man of more than ordinary energy and influence, especially when their efforts were to be brought into direct competition with the works of the most celebrated masters of the Old World, backed by the wealth and reputation of London publishers. Nevertheless, at a very early stage in his literary career and after but five years' residence in the land of his adoption, Henry William Herbert ventured upon and achieved one portion of his proposed mission in Americanizing himself as an au-

thor and instinctively surrounded himself with celebrities the most congenial to his tastes and inclinations. *The Magnolia* accomplished its projector's purposes and for two issues proved a financial success when the mania for illustrated gift-books commenced to subside perceptibly in favor of illustrated magazines and the annual was supplanted by the publication of ornamental editions of new romances by popular authors, such as *Leila* by Bulwer, or *The Pirate and Three Cutters* by Captain Marryatt, rendering the publication of *The Magnolia* and others of the class as hazardous as it was superfluous.

III.

HERBERT'S INITIAL ROMANCE.

At the period when the first romance, emanating from our author's pen, appeared anonymously, the book-trade lay in the hands of a firm of printers who published not for themselves exclusively, but for a number of booksellers in this city and elsewhere, whose names appeared conspicuously in the imprint of the newly issued volume. As novel reading was, at that time, deemed a luxury to be sparingly enjoyed, few among the moderate class of readers purchased romantic literature, while family libraries were strictly limited to collections of standard works, ordinarily historical or classical in their literary character. The general reader depended for perusal of romances upon circulating libraries, sustained by annual subscriptions, which were naturally compelled to purchase one or more copies of every new publication proportionate to the number of subscribers. Any romance written by a comparatively popular author being

in constant demand, it was consequently certain to find a place in every circulating library in town and country and, as these repositories of books for rental existed amid all populous districts, the reprinter of a novel by Bulwer, James, or Marryatt, encountered little risk of financial damage through republication of the work, while every copy sold to a private reader would be set down as a clear profit, a portion of which could be assigned to an American author, should one be found capable of producing a work capable of attracting general attention.

After the *Waverly Novels* had lost their extraordinary popularity in America, the historical romances of G. P. R. James appeared to share with Bulwer's earlier productions the preference theretofore bestowed upon Scott by the habitual novel reader. Herbert was a sincere admirer of Sir Walter, the perusal of whose romances constituted one of the few literary relaxations he literally enjoyed. When absolutely fagged out with incessant toil at the pen and unable to sleep from excitement of the brain, our author would oftentimes arise from his bed, relight his extinguished candle, for he never voluntary consumed oil at midnight, take down a volume of the Waverly romances, open it at hazard and read until his mind became so thoroughly composed as to permit courtship of a refreshing slumber. For James' novels Herbert entertained, on the other hand, very little respect and he often lamented the decadence in general taste rendering such crude romances, as he adjudged them to be, extensively popular while the writings of Scott were becoming comparatively obsolete. Being well read in French history, for which study he evidenced a remarkable predilection, although an eager peruser of English chronicles, he determined to venture upon the composition of a romance which, he vehemently asserted, would, upon publication and after fair criticism, be regarded as an equal of any of James' most lauded productions. He

was encouraged in this design by Mr. John Inman, co-partner with the better-known Colonel William L. Stone in the editorial management of the *Commercial Advertiser*, who, explaining to him the minor mysteries of the book-trade and its circulating library dependencies, assured the prospective romancist that little difficulty would be had in securing the publication of any well-written novel.

In accomplishment of his project, Herbert's original design appears to have been to draw the basis of his romance from the Chronicles of Froissart, selecting an episode during the period of the Jacquerie, inasmuch as he sketched out a plan for his novel, accepting Stephen Marcel, Provost of the Traders of Paris, as his central figure. For some reason, possibly on account of the democratic tendencies of his hero and the difficulty of discovering a heroine during the troublesome times incidental to the captivity of King John the Good worthy of approbation in accordance with his somewhat Quixotic ideas of chivalry, Herbert discarded his original intention and reperused his favorite volume of chronicles in search of a more congenial incident in medieval history capable of being embellished and elaborated in such a wise as to please and instruct a general reader in the nineteenth century. This time, our author selected those chapters in Froissart narrating the chronicler's visit to the Court of the Count of Foix. Although a semi-martial, semi-sporting romance, founded upon incidents gleaned by the illustrious guest during his sojourn at the castle of the powerful noble, in Herbert's masterly hands, wedded as he was to a veneration for the sports, pastimes, manners and customs of the medieval barons, would have undoubtedly produced a more than passing sensation among educated readers, he, with some reluctance, abandoned this well-selected theme, promising himself, however, to revert to the subject at a later period, when his literary reputation should be more fully assured. This

promise he partially carried into effect; as, after his death, an unfinished manuscript was discovered, evidently designed for the initial pages of a romance of such a character.

Yielding to the advice of his more practical friend and colleague, Mr. Patterson, Herbert, finding stories of chivalry and of the middle ages, even when portrayed by the inimitable author of *Waverly*, to be unsalable commodities in the then literary market, concluded upon choosing events of interest during a more modern period as groundwork for his proposed novel. The era of the Fronde seemed peculiarly appropriate for romantic adventures and, as the result of its adoption, he composed, laboring most assiduously during all hours of available leisure for six months, *The Brothers, a Tale of the Fronde*, with the sole exception of *The Roman Traitor*, the most carefully written of our author's numerous romances. Although presumed to be upon all occasions a very rapid composer by individuals, observing him to dash off a letter, in answer to some enquiry, concerning a subject with which he was intimately acquainted, or an editorial to be supplied upon an emergency, Herbert was not only a painstaking, but a laborious writer when composing more pretentious productions, ordinarily devoting hours of reflection to the mental maturing, before putting pen to paper, of the ideas he desired to communicate in type. This habit of preliminary meditation satisfactorily accounts for the remarkable cleanness of his manuscript and its exemption from erasures and interlineations, inasmuch as, prior to commencing a chapter, essay, or article, every word had been arranged in his mind and its transfer to paper, therefore, resolved itself into a purely mechanical process, which he accomplished with a marvellous celerity, deceiving those unconscious of his previous preparation.

Contrary to the author's desire, the House which

was induced to undertake the publication of *The Brothers*, insisted that the work should issue from the press anonymously. Despite the numerous flattering encomiums passed upon the author's ability and a strong pressure, emanating from his personal friends, his proposed publishers for some time hesitated to assume the responsibility of Herbert's failure. Fortunately, the circulating library system came to be urged in favor of Herbert's clandestine introduction among romancists, as, beneath the veil of anonymousness, public curiosity could be excited and a profitable sensation created through exploration of the mysteries of a new "Unknown." Bulwer had followed the example of the author of *Waverly*, and the *Pelham* novels had continued in unbounded demand until their author had somewhat unwisely uplifted the mask from his literary face. Ultimately, Herbert's publishers were persuaded into a belief that some such fortunate fate might await the author of *The Brothers* and they be pecuniarily profited in an immediate and unlimited fortune. The experiment was worthy of a trial.

In the summer of 1834 *The Brothers* appeared upon the shelves of the circulating libraries in the conventional two duodecimo volumes, bound in shining colored cloth, at the traditional cost of four York shillings each. The romance was exceedingly well received by the critics of the newspaper press, several of whom made long extracts from the work—disjointed fragments, having the good effect of whetting the public appetite for a perusal of the entire novel—which, as its author predicted, was universally declared to be the equal of any production of the all-popular James. In fact, some sagacious critics ventured to intimate *The Brothers* to be the handiwork of that romancist seeking to take advantage of our copyright laws through a premature publication in this country. Upon the publishers' repudiation

of participation in an implied fraud, a lively controversy ensued as to the source of the unacknowledged bantling's paternity, evoking replies from Gilmore Simms, Theodore S. Fay, and other native novelists. This passing excitement created so strong a demand for the work, thus orphaned and unacknowledged, that, before the lapse of a threemonth, the entire edition was exhausted. Thereupon its author, who had manfully preserved the mutual secret, demanded the issue of a second, which he claimed the publishers promised. However that may have been, *The Brothers*, despite its admitted ability and general attractiveness, remains out of print almost from its successful birth. The motive actuating the publishers in thus stifling the anonymous author's ambitious aspirations, has never been satisfactorily explained, particularly as a fortuitous accident had brought the book into an extensive and unexpected demand.

Before the invention of the daguerreotype and the introduction of photography, the large majority of native artists, even the National Academicians, confined their labors almost exclusively to portrait painting, ideal compositions being emphatically like unto angels' visits, few and far between. Nevertheless, two or three foreign artists devoted their labors in that direction, between whom a professional rivalry naturally existed. In search of purchasers for their artistic wares, it was the habit of these imaginative producers to place the result of their labors in the windows of print shops on the fashionable side of Broadway, then an habitual promenade for the wealth and fashion of the town. Generally the subjects, selected for these exhibition paintings, were drawn from the *Waverly* novels and other English romances, with which the mass of the community were thoroughly familiar. Imagine, consequently, the astonishment of the Broadway loungers at perceiving in the window of the leading print-seller a very superior oil painting of

more than ordinary dimensions, portraying an effective scene announced to be taken from a chapter in the newly-published *Brothers* and endorsed by the veteran picture dealer, Michael Paff, as being the best artistic production executed by an American in New York. The painting immediately became a topic for evening conversation and the object of afternoon inspection, so that an omission to read the romance, in order to adjudicate upon the merits of the picture, could be construed into an evidence of lack of good taste. Following his inspirator's example, the artist had taken the precaution of concealing his identity and this duplicated mystery greatly augmented popular curiosity, and it may be safely said that no recent publication was ever more talked about than Herbert's initial romance.

IV.

HERBERT AS A ROMANCIST.

Although personally gratified with the literary success of his first venture, Herbert was by no means satisfied with the financial reward for his arduous labor and for the moment contemplated the relinquishment of romance writing as a profession and the confinement of his efforts with the pen to short sketches and critical essays as a more lucrative branch in literature. For a brief season our author consulted with his intimate friends with a view of discovering some business, wherein he might engage without the loss of personal dignity, and went so far as to propose to one of his legal acquaintances to commence the study of the law, with the view of practising it as a profession. One obstacle, however, presented itself at the outset, in the requirement of citizenship as a qualification for admission to the bar. Upon

the matter of forswearing allegiance to the British monarch, Herbert was most positive, notwithstanding his expressed desire to be regarded as an American in all other respects and his avowed sympathy with the land in which he was dwelling and with whose citizens he maintained unrestricted social relations. For the mass of his countrymen in the city of New York he evinced an illy-disguised contempt, associating simply with a very select few and those gentlemen unconnected with trade or commerce. To such an extent did Herbert carry his prejudices in aversion to merchants and tradesmen, to those even of wealth and influence, that he refused to accept proffered invitations to attend the St. George's dinner, and rather haughtily declined to participate as a guest at the complimentary banquet tendered to Lord Morpeth by the Yorkshiremen resident at New York, although a personal friend and ardent admirer of that nobleman, alleging as a sole reason of refusal that he could not conscientiously assume a seat at a convivial table with men, be they whom they may, he could not respect from a strictly social point of view. Convinced as to there being no method of avoiding the requirement of citizenship, Herbert, attributing the comparatively untoward failure of his first effort to his publishers, as authors often do, commenced the composition of a fresh fiction, wherein he intended to express his peculiar ideas as to the political tendencies originating in the English Commonwealth, a period in British history at that time attracting much attention in consequence of the publication of Guizot's editorial comments illustrative of the English Revolution, uncommonly popular in England and in France.

Cromwell appeared in 1837, from the press of the Harpers, issued in two volumes, in form and at a price similar to that of his previous romance, over the author's name. Notwithstanding favorable criticism, the

novel proved of slow sale in this country and gradually passed out of notice, possibly on account of its uninviting title; as, of all leading historical characters, Cromwell is probably the marked one in which the average American takes the least interest. Moreover, in this studied novel, the historical takes precedence over the romantic and, at the time of its appearance, the historical school in romance was at a full stage in decadence. Then, again, in this novel, Herbert's style was decidedly prosaic, his descriptions prolix, and his details too elaborate to suit the whims of story readers. The author, who had regarded *The Brothers* as a mere experiment, was infinitely annoyed at the apathy with which his more ambitious production was received by the public and, in the excitement of the moment, with his natural impetuousness, attributed this lukewarmness to every other than its actual cause—the rapid decrease in circulating libraries.

Fortunately, to appease Herbert's anger and to flatter his injured vanity at this critical juncture, a reprint of his work in London, under the title of *Oliver Cromwell, England's Great Protector*, a much more fascinating nomenclature than that of the original, passed through several editions, winning the highest commendations from reviewers and journalists, expressing admiration, commingled with wonderment, that a romance of so elevated a character and so faithful to English constitutional traditions, could have emanated from an American author, as it presented a pleasant contrast to the slip-shod, mawkish and sentimental novels ostensibly founded upon passages in their national history, usually emitted by Englishmen. Shortly after its enthusiastic reception in London, a species of paraphrase in the French language was issued in Paris, but, happily, without allusion to the author's name, inasmuch as the foreign appropriator of Herbert's original ideas, in addition to a sad mutilation of his design, had played

shocking havoc with the spirit of the romance and the personality of its leading characters.

The publication of *Cromwell* closed business relations between Herbert and the Harper Brothers, with the head of which firm our author had been upon terms of friendly intimacy, until, in a moment of anger at a supposed affront to his personal dignity, probably unintentionally perpetrated by Mr. James Harper, Herbert severed, at once and forever, all relations with his publishers, personal or otherwise. Anterior to the issue of *Cromwell*, the author had been in a measure discontented, as the financial returns from *The Brothers* had been far from meeting his expectations, and he attributed this annoyance to the apathy of the firm, to whom he had, as he claimed, unwisely transferred the copyright, rendering himself impotent to reproduce the work from other hands. Nevertheless, as he ardently desired to silence a few carping critics, attributing the success of his initial venture to a series of fortunate accidents, he had solicited publication from the same house of his second romance, in his opinion, its superior, which, he contended, would assure his literary reputation upon a solid and permanent foundation. Consequently, he continued in seeming harmony with his publishers until after his fresh novel emerged from the press, only to be succeeded by a more poignant disappointment. Covertly declaiming against his publishers, Herbert affected to place confidence in their protestations of good intentions towards the advance of their mutual interests, as he deemed it to be a stroke of policy in the maintenance of the semblance of extreme friendliness towards the head and actual business manager of the firm. Mr. James Harper was somewhat famous for a propensity towards practical joking. Aware of Herbert's warm attachment to his native land and oft expressed aversion to the so-called patriots, at the time engaged in a Canadian re-

bellion, whose reputed leader, William Lyon Mackenzie, chanced to be a fugitive in the city, Mr. Harper resolved upon making our author the subject of a passing pleasantry. Against the agitator, Mackenzie, Herbert was thoroughly embittered, and with much reason, inasmuch as the so-called patriot leader had been charged with the instigation of attempts to blow up the Sir Robert Peel and other British steamers on Lake Ontario, one of which being under the command of Herbert's elder brother, an officer in the Royal Navy. While casually visiting his publisher upon business, the latter introduced to Herbert a gentleman, with whom he chanced to be in conversation at the moment of our author's call, as the Honorable Mr. Somebody, naming a loyal member of the Canadian Parliament. Herbert, who prided himself upon his knowledge of Canadian affairs, was naturally delighted at making the colonial magnate's acquaintance, whereupon they indulged in a long and animated discussion upon the best means of crushing out the rebellion, and for punishing the traitors as they deserved, Mr. Harper enjoying his extemporized comedy of errors in infinite glee. Upon the departure of the interesting stranger, he, with a chuckle, informed Herbert, that he had been conversing with his arch enemy, William Lyon Mackenzie. For a moment the astounded writer could scarce believe the testimony of his hearing and he gazed upon the publisher in a species of stupor. Then the full vehemence of his impetuous temper was aroused ; he twirled his heavy moustache with nervous fingers, while his sharp grey eyes snapped fire ; he almost foamed at the mouth, as he vented imprecations upon a man venturing to introduce him to an individual, whom he claimed to stigmatize as a murderer and mail robber, and, finally, after the employment of the most vituperative invectives known to the cosmopolitan lexicon, he consigned the humorous offender to eternal perdition, with a firm assurance that neither he

nor any of his several brothers should ever again see the light of his countenance nor a line of his manuscript. Vainly the publisher endeavored to palliate his jocular offence, but every proffer of apology augmented Herbert's ire, until, with gnashing teeth and scathing words, he left the office, vowing nevermore to set foot within that, which he vindictively designated to be, "a palace of authors' skulls." Herbert kept his word, hating James Harper to his dying hour, while the publisher, whose turn it had now come to be incensed, ordered that not another copy of Herbert's romances should either be printed or leave his premises. The order has continued in force.

After the issue of his initial romances, which had in no wise remunerated him financially for the undeniable pains taken in their composition, Herbert rested from labor as a writer of fiction until 1843, when appeared *Marmaduke Wyvil;* or, *The Maid's Revenge,* which he had composed in fragmentary chapters at intervals of comparative leisure, for this restless author can be said never to have been in a condition of absolute literary idleness from the hour of his first assumption of the pen as a means of livelihood. Even during his friendly visits to neighboring cities and protracted sporting tours, his mind was constantly preoccupied with literary projects and, had he been enabled to have carried out one tithe of the schemes he alternately suggested and rejected, Herbert would have proven the most prolific author of the period. He devoted his leisure moments to incessant writing, often upon diverse subjects, without regarding the ultimate aims of his composition, while carefully conserving the rough drafts for more elaborate revision, a habit subsequently enabling him to compose tales and novelettes for magazines and periodicals, seemingly with amazing fecundity, while actually they were but the result of ingenious literary carpentering or piece work, as may be said, dovetailing isolated incidents into a connected narrative, and ex-

panding brief anecdotes into interesting chapters, which he most skillfully engrafted upon a slender thread so as to create an interesting and unsevered production. As a composer of romantic fiction, Herbert possessed no strong imagination and very little humor, relying almost entirely upon traditional incidents, which he oftentimes obscured with prolixity and over-elaboration to form the main attraction of studied productions. With a wonderful retentive memory, Herbert, by the mere aid of marginal notes, was enabled to master the contents of ponderous volumes after a solitary, but careful perusal and, as his reading was habitually systematic, when unengaged with the pen, he had at his command material ready for combination into romances almost inexhaustible, without the necessity for consultation with original sources. In this respect he assimulated himself to Sir Walter Scott, but, unlike the author of *Waverly*, Herbert was scrupulously correct in historical illustrations and positively exact in details, frequently proving to be too minute and uninteresting.

During the interval between the publication of *The Brothers*, and the issue of *Marmaduke Wyvil*, a serious change had occurred in the manner of publishing romances and novels, resulting in the destruction of circulating libraries and in the issue of light literature in such a form, and at such prices, as to appeal for direct purchase by readers. Two rival newspaper establishments, the *Brother Jonathan* and the *New World*, the latter edited by Park Benjamin, Herbert's friend and former contributor to the *American Monthly*, inaugurated the publication of popular English romances in a perishable form, and at most insignificant prices. This enterprise provoked the competition of book-publishers, and laid the foundation for a prodigal issue of novels, under a system becoming known as "cheap literature," which not only completely revolutionized the book-trade, as pre-

viously carried on, but annihilated the hopes of American writers of fiction to attain profitable remuneration. With reprints of the latest productions of Bulwer, D'Israeli and other popular romancists thrown upon the market, to be sold with a profit to the news-venders at the price of twenty-five and fifty cents, it was almost impossible to publish reprints of British authors, and much less original works upon the prior scale of prices, while readers of fiction retired their subscriptions from circulating libraries, which, within the course of a few unproductive years, dropped entirely out of existence, to the serious detriment of native authors, heretofore assured of a demand for a certain number of copies of each new publication, sufficient to guarantee publishers against financial loss.

Almost at the same time, the unexpected and unprecedented success of *The Mysteries of Paris*, by Eugene Sue, published in a serial form in extra editions of the *New World*, created a *furore* for translations of other productions by that then generally read author. The services of Herbert as a translator became enlisted in the preparation of the most celebrated of Sue's romances, for issue in a cheap form from the *New World* establishment, and, as he applied himself with unwonted assiduity to the work of translation, this change in popular taste in fashion of novel-reading netted him the largest remuneration he ever received for a year of literary labor. During the course of the year he produced versions of *Matilda*, *The Wandering Jew*, *John Cavalier*, *Atar Gul*, and *The Salamander*, at the time regarded as Sue's masterpieces. Although our author was ordinarily regarded by his companions as supremely careless in money matters, his intimates knew him to be quite the reverse, inasmuch as it was his custom to keep an account of his daily receipts and expenditures in a miniature day-book, entered with uncommon accuracy and duly balanced at the end of each week. This little volume shows that, during the

period of his labor as a translator, his net income averaged about three thousand dollars annually, a compensation richly earned for really earnest toil. Unfortunately, however, it was of not adequately-long duration to serve ambitious projects in the ornamentation of his residence and the conversion of the petty estate into a veritable specimen of landscape gardening, for which style in the embellishment of rural homes Herbert had inherited a decided partiality, his father, an enthusiastic botanist, having inculcated him with a taste for floral researches.

The Wandering Jew, by Eugene Sue, however, completely disgusted our author with the work of translation, as the original, being issued as a *feuilleton* in a Paris newspaper, instalments arrived at uncertain intervals, and demanded consecration of successive days and nights to uninviting and incessant labor, in order that the publication of his translation might anticipate rivals in the market. Moreover, Herbert in no wise sympathized with Sue's ethical and political teachings and frequently ventured to display dissent from them through garnishing his manuscript with marginal notes. These were cautiously suppressed by the proof-reader, to the commentator's sincere annoyance, as he vehemently contended that the use of his name as translator authorized moral supervision of the matter by him dressed into an English version, or rather a very free translation, for Herbert entertained a contempt for French romances of the modern school, contending that, with the exception of Victor Hugo and the author of *Cinq Mars*, there existed no recent writers in that language worthy of universal perusal. However, pressed by financial necessities, he was induced to undertake the reluctant translation of Alexander Dumas' shorter romances, but, after the completion of *Diana of Meridor*, *Acte of Corinth*, and a portion of the *Maitre d'Armes*, he threw up his contract, mainly in conse-

quence of the introduction of equivocal romances and undeniably objectional Parisian novels, originating a species of publications, stigmatized as "yellow-covered literature." Apart from the contempt, popularly attached to translations of French romance, an influx of impecunious writers, pretending to the knowledge of the French language, generated a rivalry among popular publishers, caring naught for the quality of the wares by them vended, which ultimately reduced the compensation prevalent for work in translation to so low a standard as to render it utterly unremunerative as a professional occupation.

In this dilemma our author, in search of a publisher, completed his *Marmaduke Wyvil* and induced the firm of Burgess, Stringer & Co. to venture upon its publication in a cheap form, trusting that his personal reputation and the admitted merits of his composition might command a profitable sale among intellectual readers. To test his suggestion, Herbert placed a very low cash price upon his manuscript, in expectation of creating a demand for other productions of a similar nature. The amount to be paid the author in hand by Mr. Burgess, the originator and manager of the firm, had been limited to seventy-five dollars, as the volume was to be retailed, bound in cloth, at the very insignificant charge of fifty cents, a liberality unprecedented upon the issue of the first edition of an original work by an American author. Unfortunately, this praiseworthy attempt at a revival of good taste among popular readers proved a financial failure, as the public were not, at the moment, prepared to receive a meritorious and unknown romance at the cost of frivolous productions and Herbert again experienced the mortification of perceiving a third effort at semi-historical fiction-writing lay neglected upon booksellers' shelves, while the self-same work, reprinted in London without our author's sanction or permission, was com-

manding a flattering sale. Nevertheless, the disappointed author did not blame his New York publishers. In fact, he commended them for courage in defiance of popular prejudice. Still, subsequently discovering but slight profit to be derived from royalty, he relinquished all claim to reserved copyright advantages and surrendered the romance entirely into their hands, upon condition of their assuming the publication of his initial sporting work, the *Warwick Woodlands*, concerning whose success he entertained serious misgivings.

In both instances Herbert's judgment proved to be at fault, inasmuch as, within two years after the issue of the first edition, *Marmaduke Wyvil* attained a steady annual sale, while the book of sporting sketches was favored with a hearty reception when damp from the press, and continued a salable volume until the dissolution of the firm of Stringer & Townsend, occurring after the death of our lamented author, who had been indebted to them for most of the courtesies he ever received at the hands of a publisher. In fact, the apparent sacrifice of interest in *Marmaduke Wyvil*, which ran through fourteen editions within ten years, and still continues under a perverted name and issued it is said from clandestinely-obtained stereotype plates, may be regarded as the pivot whereupon turned Frank Forester's reputation and livelihood, inasmuch as its publishers encouraged his subsequent endeavors to achieve a handsome competency, and ever maintained with him amicable business relations. Happily for Herbert, in more senses than one, Mr. William A. Townsend chanced to be somewhat of a sportsman and was favorably inclined towards the publication of a class of writings which his rival publishers proved reluctant to handle, while, at the same time, Mr. Stringer was a sincere admirer of our author's literary abilities, and consequently proved himself oftentimes to be a friend in need when Herbert's personal extravagance

required pecuniary advances in order to carry out projected compositions, which it would have otherwise been beyond his ability to have completed.

During the reign of mammoth literary newspapers and the rage for cheap novelettes, it was impossible for Herbert, despite his predilection for classical literature, to remain idle. Consequently, he accepted promiscuous offers from all manner of publishers, drudging literally as a penny-a-liner in the composition of tales and short fictions, which he fervently trusted to be simply ephemeral. In this respect he was intentionally disappointed by his employers, who purchased rather his reputation than his productions and reproduced his fugitive romances in pamphlet form, to bestow the semblance of respectability upon the serials by them issued with incredible alacrity. Hence, *Ringwood, the Rover*, and *Guarica, the Carib Bride*, came before the public confused with a lot of shilling novelettes, among which blood-and-thunder creations and tales of criminal life greatly predominated. To them succeeded *Pierre, the Partisan*, a more carefully-written and pretentious composition, published by Williams & Brother, proprietors of the *Morning Star*, as a two-shilling novel. With its completion our author abruptly retired from the field of cheap literature, firmly convinced that longer continuance in it would effectually tarnish the exceptional fame he had labored so assiduously to establish as a pure moralist and historical scholar. In fact, it was rather his poverty, than his will, actuating acceptance of engagements he had intended to renounce upon the instant of his ability to thread his way through pecuniary embarrassments.

During these years of lucrative, still unpleasant, literary toil, Herbert never lost sight of the culminating point of his literary ambition—an anxious desire for recognition as the author of a purely classical romance,

founded upon incidents occurring during a vital period in ancient history. The wonderful success attending Bulwer's *Last Days of Pompeii*, undoubtedly suggested through the perusal of Sir William Gell's work on the interesting remains of a marvellous luxuriousness distinguishing the buried city, stimulated our author to the conception of a similar fiction, characteristic of the manners and habits of the master minds swaying the destinies of Rome during the final hours of a nominal republic. With this aim, Herbert assumed, as it were, for his text the well known story of Cataline's conspiracy, and commenced the composition of *The Roman Traitor*. He had progressed but slightly in his labor of love, as he unhesitatingly termed his projected romance, before the unanticipated absence of the works necessary for reference and consultation, which were imperative to assure accuracy in the details of an historical production, became apparent and he suspended his labor with sincere regret.

Among Herbert's most ardent admirers and most sympathizing friends happened to be William Graham, a Nassau Street publisher, an earnest and energetic man, good tempered and genial, with an admiration for field sports and jovial company, at the time reputed to be in unencumbered circumstances. "Bill Graham," as he was familiarly styled, had always contended that Herbert's true literary sphere would be discovered through devotion to sporting literature, a branch of trade into which he proposed to launch extensively as a specialty. Contrary to general opinion, Graham proved to have dissipated his business resources, and unexpectedly fell into bankruptcy. A brother, however, was publisher of a popular monthly magazine in Philadelphia, and to him William recommended our author, who thereupon resolved upon making the Quaker City his place of residence for a short season. In this wise commenced Herbert's acquaintance with George R. Graham and his con-

nection with *Graham's Magazine* as a prominent contributor. A sojourn in Philadelphia proved not only pleasant but actually instructive to our author, who hesitated not in declaring his obligations to the quiet city. A few weeks of enforced tranquility, broken only by occasional sporting trips to Maryland and Delaware, with the most enjoyable of companions, did much towards the recuperation of a sorely-taxed brain, while constant attendance at the Penn Library supplied him with material for those researches he so greatly needed for the completion of his historical romance. Indeed, Herbert was wont to declare that, had it not been for the existence of the public library in Philadelphia, the fiction, designed to be regarded as his literary masterpiece and thereby to perpetuate his reputation as a classical scholar, would never have made its appearance. It must be remembered that, in justification of this undeniably correct assertion, there existed in New York, during the period of Herbert's career as a romancist, merely three libraries of comparative merit and all closed against the general public. Valuable as might have been deemed the collections of the Historical Society and of the Society Library, neither was adapted for consultation by a purely classical scholar, while the excellent library of Columbia College, enriched by the more recent additions collected by its former president, Professor Moore, could be made available simply under conditions repugnant to our author's innate sensitiveness or pride.

Upon the completion of his romance, which he revised and reconstructed with uncommon and, in his case, unusual care, Herbert had calculated upon its publication in the city of its development, which then pretended to recognition as the center of the book trade in America, boasting, as it could, some three or four old-established publishing concerns, controlling, prior to the advent of the Harpers, the market for popular literary enterprises.

Upon application to these leading houses, our author experienced a galling disappointment, the bitterest, as he averred, he had encountered during a continuous struggle to attain distinction; for, in every instance, although the author was treated with condescending consideration, the publication of his work was declined, upon various plausible excuses, without the expression of a desire for the perusal of the manuscript, a request which, under ordinary circumstances, Herbert would have regarded as a discourtesy, if not an intentional affront, so poor an opinion did he entertain of the professional readers employed by publishers to determine upon the merits of compositions submitted to them for critical judgment. The rejection of his propositions our author attributed, erroneously, without doubt, to the influence of a N. Y. House, which he imagined to be intent upon crushing him out of literary existence—a crochet haunting his prejudiced mind to his dying day, as securing of a preëminent position among writers of romantic history continued the aim of his personal ambition long after he had achieved greatness and a more promising future through devotion of his abilities to another channel in literature. Whatever may have been the internal merits of *The Roman Traitor*, its publication, taking into consideration the ill success of its author's previous fictions, might be justly regarded as an oft-repeated speculation at a juncture peculiarly inauspicious for the sale of standard romances, when the reading world was completely deluged with the lightest of light literature, borrowed from home and foreign sources.

Having the work upon his hands, and eager to realize some pecuniary reward for his toil, Herbert, in a moment of semi-desperation, committed it for publication into the hands of an obscure publishing firm, which, in 1846, produced it in two handsomely-printed volumes, and at a very moderate price. Sent forth amid disad-

vantageous surroundings, *The Roman Traitor; or, the Days of Cicero, Cato, and Cataline*, attained a very limited sale in this country. On the other side of the Atlantic, however, republished in three volumes, after the circulating library fashion, it was received with remarkable favor by both critics and general readers, who unanimously pronounced it the ablest composition issuing from our author's pen, a flattering commendation, undoubtedly well deserved, and the more agreeable as Herbert was far better appreciated as a popular romance-writer in the land of his birth than in that of his adoption. Much as his varied scholarship and classical style were admired by the then American readers of standard fiction, the tone, temper, and characteristics of our author's novels failed to interest those of our people who did not care for the perusal of the modern classics, with whom the writings of Irving and of his contemporaries remained, for a period of years, comparatively unappreciated literature. It cannot be denied that as a writer of historical romances, Herbert proved unsuccessful, but therein he shared the fate of half a score of equally talented men, some meteors for the moment amid the literary galaxy, blazing for the instant and disappearing from popular sight.

Public taste half a century ago exhibited itself singularly capricious in literary matters, and few native authors maintained a retentive hold upon general readers, who talked incessantly about writers and the creations of their imaginations without deigning to read a line of their compositions, whence were drawn topics for garrulous conversation. Nevertheless, Herbert's perseverance towards the accomplishment of his self-imposed and ambitious mission was as courageous as it was laudable, when we take into consideration his reluctance to embark in more lucrative, although less congenial, lines of literature. Assuredly, he had full confidence in his

powers, when he anticipated the sale of a work by an unknown author to a publisher at a time when Paulding was compelled to print his productions at his own risk, and Washington Irving hawked his lives of Mahomet, of Goldsmith, and of Washington, from publishing-house door to door for some fifteen long years before finding one among the "autocrats of the press-room" reluctantly induced to undertake the issue of the untested works of America's most distinguished prose writer, whose reputation had been acquired and retained in a distant land beyond the sea. The author of *Knickerbocker's New York* was among the earliest of our author's literary friends and a contributor to his *Magnolia* who, in the kindliest and most delicate manner, ventured to insinuate, from his individual experience, that the composition of historical fictions could never be rendered a source of pecuniary emolument unless through accidental success in exceptional instances and then only when the author has taken the precaution of reserving the copyright to himself. At that time Mr. Irving had realized little profit from his own writings, which never yielded a compensation adequate to his popularity, until after the publication of his *Life of Washington* created a revival of interest in his prior publications and rendered them a fashion of the hour.

With the publication of *The Roman Traitor* Herbert contemplated the relinquishment of romance-writing as a special avocation, designing the devotion of his time to professional occupation as a journalist and newspaper critic. With this aim, he applied successively for a salaried position to several of the Wall Street newspapers, whose managers extended slight encouragement, inasmuch as the daily press had been compelled to change the character of their papers in consequence of the augmenting circulation of the low-priced sheets, whereby literary essays, elaborate criticisms, and ponderous edito-

rials had ceased to be regarded features, as within a few years previously, in public journalism. Nevertheless, our author contributed occasionally to the *Courier and Enquirer*, the *Commercial Advertiser*, the *Sunday Atlas*, and the leading monthly magazines, while for some months acting as New York correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* at Washington, a position he resigned upon taking umbrage at some editorial comments upon a communication by him indited, touching the threatened rupture between Great Britain and this country, consequent upon a disagreement as regarded the Oregon boundary. Relieved from steady employment, and actually disheartened at the immediate prospect before him, Herbert, at the solicitation of his brother, commander of a war vessel upon the Lakes, made a final visit to Canada, to beguile his weary hours, penetrating as far as Lake Superior, whence he returned, enriched with innumerable trophies of the chase.

Mr. Richards, a brother to John Richards, "the Governor," the generous, good-hearted, and popular proprietor of the *Spirit of the Times*, who ever evinced a kindly interest in Herbert's prosperity, having concluded to embark in the publication of cheap literature, naturally tendered Herbert an engagement to supply a volume for a projected series of romances appropriate for family perusal. In pursuance of his contract, Herbert produced the *Miller of Martigne*, a weak, insipid, and carelessly-written fiction, published in 1847, whose merited failure contributed, in a measure, to the financial embarrassment of his publishers, who shortly afterwards were driven into bankruptcy and assignment of their property. Upon the forced sale of the late firm's assets, the stereotype-plates of the *Miller* were disposed of as old metal, no publisher being found venturesome enough to hazard the chance of loss upon the issue of a second edition of a work which had emerged from the press with so ill-

omened a publicity and appeared to be destined to remain among the curiosities of obsolete literature.

Dermot O'Brien; or, the Taking of Tredagh, as its title imports, a romantic version of incidents in Irish history, a more pretentious volume than its immediate predecessor, composed in 1849, was published by Stringer & Townsend, during a period when Irish affairs, resulting from an abortive insurrection in the previous year, and the arrival of numerous refugees, occupied a prominent place in puplic discussions. For the moment the romance, a creature of mere circumstances, proved salable. Still, lacking the boisterous enthusiasm and latent sedition considered necessary to exemplify Irish patriotism, it gradually grew into disfavor with the partisan readers, whom it was the author's design to conciliate without awakening sufficient interest in other quarters.

After a lapse of four years, Herbert reappeared as a novelist in *The Puritans of New England: A Historical Romance of the Days of Witchcraft*, a portion of which had been printed in the columns of a weekly newspaper. Without aspiring to a place among standard novels, *The Puritans* was an exceedingly well-written volume, somewhat monotonous and disconnected as to succession of incidents, still a valuable and circumspect portraiture of manners among the colonial Nonconformists. This same work was subsequently issued by a Philadelphia house under the title of *The Puritan's Daughter*, the publisher laboring under the impression that it was an original production from the fact of the purchase of the manuscript which Herbert had retained while correcting the proofs of the previous issue, a habit in which he indulged to a vexatious extent. It frequently chanced that the self-same article or sketch fell into the hands of different publishers, each conceiving themselves to be in possession of the original. This confusion accounts for the absence of several works announced as new publications at various times, but

which actually had been previously published. Whatever Herbert's offenses in this direction, he was, as we have stated on a previous page, always particular to write nothing, the good taste or morality of which could be questioned or of which he could ever be ashamed.

The success of Mrs. Stowe's romance, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, in the columns of the *National Era*, an anti-slavery sheet, published at Washington, stimulated Dr. Bailey, its editor, to engage our author to contribute another serial, illustrative of the evils of domestic servitude. Herbert, reluctant to interfere with American politics and a warm admirer of Henry Clay, at first declined the editor's proposition, but afterwards commenced the composition of the *Saxon Serf*, which, completed as a serial, was reprinted in book form in 1855, under the title of *Sherwood Forest; or, The Wager of Battle: a Tale of Saxon Slavery*—about the same time of the publication of his *Falls of Wyalusing*, which completed our author's career as a romancist.

V.

HERBERT AS AN EDITOR.

With the exception of the *Magnolia* and the *American Monthly*, Herbert's name never appeared upon any periodical or newspaper, in an editorial capacity, save in the case of *The Era*, although for many years previously he had been employed as an occasional contributor for first-class journals, notably the *Courier and Enquirer*, the *Commercial Advertiser*, when under the management of Colonel William L. Stone and John Inman, the *Evening Star*, during the lifetime of Thomas Gill, and the *American*, when conducted by Charles King, subsequently

President of Columbia College. His name was set forth prominently among the list of newspaper men, satirized by Laughton Osborne, in his singular poem, *The Vision of Rubeta*, thereby causing him intense vexation, as he did not desire his connection with the press to be generally known. Herbert had, in casual reviews, severely criticised both *Jeremy Levis* and the *Confessions of a Poet*, without being aware of their real authorship, which he attributed to Edgar A. Poe. Osborne, whose invariable habit was to have his works published by different firms and in this manner to defeat suspicion as to his identity, was quite as sensitive a man as his critic. Upon the appearance of *Rubeta*, which is at present a rare literary curiosity, Herbert vowed vengeance upon its unknown author, who had coupled his name somewhat ludicrously with writers he affected to despise. The *Spirit of the Times* gentry, with whom Herbert had instituted intimate relations, ever alive for the perpetration of a practical joke, took advantage of our author's irritation to dispatch him on various journeys in search of his satirist, whom he determined to chastise upon ascertaining his individuality. Consequently, he became embroiled in several quarrels with men of literary reputation and for a time was regarded as a half-demented being in his bootless chase after the undiscovered assailant, who republished in a second edition a very vituperative article from the *Courier and Enquirer*, attributed to Herbert, under the heading of "Recommendations of the Press."

It was during this hunt after a semi-mythical character, that a visit to Boston brought Herbert into the company of Longfellow and other notables of the Modern Athens, to whom he perused his translation of the *Prometheus and Agamennon of Æschylus* and thereby secured its publication in an edition of luxury from the Cambridge University Press. This little work was originally intended for private publication, having been composed

during the hours of a dreary winter, partly for amusement and partly to establish the author's mastery of the rhythm in translation of two of the most difficult of the Grecian tragedies into corresponding English verse, a task rarely attempted by poetic scholars. The translation, while in manuscript, attracted the attention of Edgar A. Poe, who expressed a very high admiration for Herbert's poetic capacities, declaring his productions in verse to be infinitely superior to his prose compositions and suggesting the confinement of his ambitious labors to that especial sphere. In fact, Poe's opinion would seem to be justified, as far as regards our author's earliest efforts, inasmuch as his fugitive poems, published in the *Magnolia* and various magazines, breathed a spirit of fervency, expressed in a classical style of versification, indicative of refined poetical taste. But Herbert was essentially a practical man, laboring systematically, given neither to day-dreams, nor to vagrant imageries, who toiled to earn his daily bread with a pen fashioned for hard work. It was characteristic of the man when he seriously remarked that he conceived a *Carrier's Address* for a Newark newspaper to have been the finest of his poetic compositions, inasmuch as he had received a larger sum of ready cash than could be earned through publication of a formidable romance.

Although an excellent essayist, Herbert was not adapted either to fill an editorial chair or to supply editorial articles. Without being pedantic, he was prolix and diffusive in general style, lacking ability to concentrate passing ideas into telling paragraphs, while, upon general topics, he was autocratic and dictatorial, ever inclined towards aggressive assertions and paying little attention to popular prejudices. *The Era* had been commenced anterior to his association with it as an experiment to supply a first-class family journal for general circulation at the lowest possible cost. Herbert, who had attempted

arrangements for the issue of a sporting and agricultural magazine, under the title of *The American Gentleman*, and failed to obtain a publisher, conceived an idea that the introduction of a sporting department into *The Era* might command extensive circulation in the rural districts, particularly as he was assured of the coöperation of his friend "Dinks," and of a number of contributors to *The Spirit of the Times*. In order to secure the local theatrical patronage, indispensable for the sustenance of the paper, the proprietors of *The Era* determined upon Sunday mornings as days of issue and thus threw it into competition with other sheets of lower pretensions. It was soon discovered that the religious scruples of the community in the rural districts revolted against all appearance of Sabbath breaking. Still more serious than this obstacle proved the persistent reproduction of the distinctive articles, supplied *The Era* at heavy cost, in a large number of country newspapers immediately upon the reception of the journal by mail, which gained Herbert and his colleagues an extended reputation at a loss of anticipated subscriptions. Two years of energetic management, attended with a heavy financial sacrifice, convinced the projectors of *The Era* that they had mistaken their field for operation, whereas, despite the admitted ability of its editors and contributors, it could never be rendered self-sustaining. Consequently, unwilling, for the sake of Herbert's reputation, as he had struggled manfully and diligently to avert the threatened disaster, to allow the paper to pass into the hands of persons who might lower the standard by him editorially adopted, the owners of *The Era* suffered it to drop tranquilly into oblivion, without venturing any extenuating explanation for its unexpected demise.

When *The Sachem* was commenced by the same parties who had essayed the establishment of the *The Era*, an editorial position was reserved from motives of

friendship for Herbert, although the paper had been designed to serve as a species of Native American organ. Nevertheless, its projectors contemplated the employment of the most available talent in the production of an unrivalled literary paper, regardless of national prejudices, the *Brother Jonathan* and *New World*, as well as the *New Mirror*, edited by Morris and Willis, having passed out of existence. As literary associates to Herbert were conjoined Major Richardson, author of *Wacousta*, a popular Indian romance; William North, author of the *Slave of the Lamp*, and a poet of no mean order; G. G. Foster, a local reporter of brilliancy, and Madame des Marguerittes, daughter to Dr. Granville, author of *The Spas of Germany*, a very clever and versatile *feuilletonist*, whose reputation was then at its height. After the contribution of several excellent articles and a few historical sketches, Herbert retired from the paper, in consequence of a misunderstanding with Major Richardson and Mr. North, upon some political questions connected with the rule of England in Canada. He then formally announced his relinquishment of any further connection with the American press, and his assumption of a permanent residence at "The Cedars," where he designed the devotion of his entire time to the preparation of a series of historical works, to be issued by J. S. Redfield, of New York, and in London simultaneously.

Notwithstanding this summary severance of his business relations with the chief proprietor of *The Sachem*, upon the cessation of that paper, our author continued contributions to the public journals, and accepted an engagment with *Porter's Spirit of the Times* to supply it with occasional sporting articles, which culminated in the composition of a romance running through the first volume of that periodical. Personally Herbert's career as a journalist proved financially beneficial, and comparatively agreeable, although he made but few acquaintances

among the editorial fraternity, and was a rare visitor to the customary haunts of literary men, to whom it appeared remarkable that he could never be seen at a theatre, and eschewed the society of actors, upon that account unintentionally affronting a body of people who could have been of essential service to him in his editorial capacity.

As the editor of other persons' writings, with the exception merely of the remains of his friend, "J. Cypress, Jr.," Herbert was little more than a bookseller's hack, lending his name and making a few annotations to previously-published volumes, to secure for them a more rapid sale. The editing of William P. Haws' *Sporting Scenes and Miscellaneous Writings*, accompanied by a carefully-prepared memoir of one who had been a voluntary contributor to the *American Monthly*, was an act of gratitude and work of charity gracefully and enthusiastically performed, for, immediately previously to the time of his decease, the sporting lawyer and accomplished gentleman had been in indifferent circumstances. The compilation of his fascinating and quaintly humorous sketches became a task for which his co-partner in sporting fame might be deemed peculiarly adapted. Therefore, when an appeal for assistance of their departed contributor's widow was urged by mutual friends, including William T. Porter and his brothers, it fell not lost upon Herbert, who assuredly did his utmost to render the projected work salable if not profitable. Still, so little confidence in the success of the venture was exhibited by the regular book publishers, that resort to canvassing in advance had to be effected to secure a number of subscribers, adequate for indemnification against financial loss, before any reputable house would handle a purely sporting book. Fortunately, the members of the bar proved no ingrates to the memory of a talented and genial ornament to their profession, and by their voluntary liberality this pioneer

of American Sporting Literature came to the front in a durable costume, worthy its author's rank and merits. The work, in two volumes, was issued in 1842, and, singular to remark, they bore the imprint of Gould, Banks & Co., the Nassau Street law publishers, who complimented their customers upon this occasion by infusing some delightfully light literature amid the dry legal dust necessarily accumulating upon their shelves. In the case of "Dinks," Herbert simply edited the useful writings of his steadfast friend, Captain Peel, of the British Army, at that sportsman's suggestion, for, although an esteemed contributor to the *Spirit of the Times*, he was comparatively unknown to the body of Americans desiring practical instructions as to the breeding, rearing, and breaking of dogs. In return for Frank Forester's kindness in introducing him to the general sporting world, "Dinks" gratefully contributed to his *Fish and Fishing*, a clever disquisition upon the art of fly-fishing, in the practice of which accomplishment Herbert chanced to be no proficient, notwithstanding a passion for angling.

Herbert's editing of *Sponge's Sporting Tour* and of *The Old Forest Ranger*, was a mere addition of his popular pseudonym to the title-pages of reprints of books, whose success had been assured on the other side of the Atlantic, constituting a trick of the book trade which our author himself severely reproved when one of his own romances appeared in London beneath patronage, as editor, of a better known novelist and book-maker of the British metropolis.

VI.

HERBERT AS AN HISTORIAN.

After his retirement from *The Sachem*, and partial relinquishment of romance-writing, Herbert commenced the series of purely historical volumes he had announced in advance, for which he anticipated a large and permanent sale as standard works, and a virtual necessity for every classically educated gentleman's library. The initial volume was issued in handsome style by Charles Scribner in 1851, *The Captains of the Old World*, which attracted much attention at the moment through being an ingenious endeavor to compare the strategy of the ancient Grecian commanders with that of more modern military heroes. Herbert, it would appear, claimed possession of martial knowledge, through having been, at one time, connected with some yeoman cavalry corps in England, but his strictures upon the actions of latter-day soldiers provoked disdainful comments from several intelligent officers, who had served in the Mexican War, leading to a controversy wherein the merits of the book, as a purely historical composition, were entirely overlooked. Three years later, a concluding volume was issued by the same publisher under the title of the *Captains of the Great Roman Republic*, wherein our author brought down his comparative history to the birth of the Empire.

In the interim, however, Redfield published the promised popular modern histories, *The Cavaliers of England*, *The Knights of England*, and *The Chevaliers of France*, three neatly-printed volumes, which, upon perusal, proved to contain mainly reproductions of a number of articles, contributed to various magazines during the heyday of their author's popularity. The

series was shortly thereafter abruptly completed by the issue, in 1854, of *Persons and Pictures from French and English History*, and with this terminated our author's endeavors towards the permanent revival of his earlier fugitive writings, for it should be borne in mind that proportionately as Herbert's reputation as a sporting writer augmented, the demand for his other productions decreased; in fine, it declined to such a degree that those romances upon which he had labored most assiduously, were among the first to go out of print. The publication of these historical sketches, however, secured him a place among the contributors to the *New American Encyclopædia*, to which he supplied brief memoirs of royal personages distinguished in British history, as well as an autobiographical sketch of himself.

Possibly, during no other period in his literary existence than from 1852 to 1856, should Herbert have realized more profitable results from his pen, although absent for months from his residence, which, however, he rarely quitted during the winter season, unless compelled by imperative business. During that period of Nature's rest he remained completely isolated and imprisoned, as it were, by the weather, within his cosey working cabinet, and toiled as he had never done before in the revision and recompilation of the crude material he had been for years garnering as the basis for elaborate productions. For the first time in his arduous career, moreover, did our author enjoy the advantage of a manual library, an old friend and former pupil having loaned him a collection of over fifteen hundred valuable books in the French, English, and ancient languages, embracing a perfect series of standard histories, the perusal of which occupied Herbert's hours of leisure more congenially than the presence of boon companions. To this well-selected library, which remained at "The Cedars" almost intact until the day of our author's un-

fortunate decease, he had been enabled, through the courtesy of the Hon. J. Prescott Hall, to conjoin a much smaller but equally valuable collection of annals and magazines, illustrative of the Turf in America, without the aid of which he would never have been enabled to have composed his exhaustive work upon the *Horse and Horsemanship in North America.*

In 1855 appeared *Memoirs of Henry VIII and his Six Wives*, intended by our author to serve as a prelude to another volume, devoted to the reign of Elizabeth and the literary men of her period, which he commenced and never finished. This *Henry VIII* is probably the most painstaking and least rhetorical of Herbert's historical compilations and amply sustained his reputation for methodical arrangement and general accuracy, being designed for family perusal. Nevertheless, the subject was pronounced by influential papers to be an unsuitable one for domestic reading, while some religious writers denounced its tendency most unmercifully as a mere sectarian sensation. The work, however, attained a good sale but was shelved at the close of the first edition until another work of a similar character by the same hand, might reawaken interest in, and demand for, its immediate predecessor.

The Royal Maries of Medieval History, intended as a companion volume to *Henry VIII*, remained in manuscript, fully completed at the time of its author's death, and to its fate can be attached a melancholy interest, as from its sale Herbert relied for reimbursement to his executors of the expenses to be incurred in his funeral arrangements and the erection of a plain tombstone at his grave. The work, it is believed, never appeared in type, the manuscript having been placed in the possession of a notorious usurer of Newark as partial collateral security for the liquidation of a series of small loans, advanced upon exorbitant rates, who is reported to have

demanded from the intended publisher a sum for the copyright he could not conscientiously pay. Although the last two years of Herbert's life should have been most prosperous, in view of sales of copyrights in every direction, they were rendered seasons of despondency by reason of the financial sacrifices he was induced to incur in order to obtain from this Newark money-lender cash in hand upon unfinished engagements, for Herbert's habits of procrastination were so well known to publishers that none would advance money, even upon his written contracts, nor accept a manuscript until entirely completed. Possessing no other property purely his own to hypothecate, Herbert, once fallen into the usurer's clutches, surrendered to his custody page after page of current manuscript, until, upon the completion of the entire work, he found himself utterly impoverished to satisfy his pretended patron's insatiable demands. Small loans culminated into impossible debts, the prospect of whose payment harrassed and worried our hard-working author into the slough of despair, evidence of his unrest and mental anxiety, although scrupulously concealed as to their origin, being plainly detected by his intimate acquaintances, imagining him to be troubled through softening of the brain, superinduced by its over-taxation. With the usurer's grasp upon him, Herbert, weakened in mind, in body, and in honor, for, in a moment of unaccountable and discreditable imbecility, executed a mortgage upon the valuable books entrusted to his custody for perusal by sympathetic friends, and thereby obtained a stay of financial persecution pending the brief duration of his fatal honeymoon. Upon the arrival of the intelligence of Herbert's suicidal act in Newark, his insatiate creditor, who had indirectly assisted in driving the despairing man into the commission of a final crime, swept down upon "The Cedars," dismantled the deserted house of all movables, and secretly carted off the

furniture, libraries, manuscripts, and every thing within his reach, so hurriedly and effectually that, upon the arrival of a near neighbor upon the theatre of spoliation, not a vestige of its former contents remained within the suicide's once happy home. Of the books in this wise appropriated, no traces were, for a considerable time, to be discovered and they became ultimately a total loss to their confiding owners. Hence, it is fair to presume that Herbert's manuscript of his intended posthumous work shared a like fate upon the desecration of his house. Believers in retributive justice may be pleased at learning that, after the death of our author's implacable creditor, his son, following in his usurous footsteps and illegal practices, has recently been arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to the State Prison at Trenton, whence he emerged through the exercise of executive clemency upon the assurance that the mantle of death was hanging with fatal weight upon his erring shoulders.

VII.

HERBERT AS A SPORTING WRITER.

Previous to the great panic, which, commencing near about 1836, swept over the entire land, a financial hurricane hurling down the most promising edifices of credit and spreading disaster in monetary matters through the length and breadth of the country, the *Spirit of the Times*—under the management of William T. Porter, assisted by his brothers, George, subsequently an editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*, and Doctor Porter, copartner with Nathaniel P. Willis in the publication of *The Corsair*, a once popular literary sheet issued as a

rival to *The Albion*, to the editorial staff of which was attached Herbert's firm friend and colleague, A. D. Patterson—had attained an extended circulation through the Union, and especially in the Southern and Southwestern States. So numerous and of such a superior order in merit were the contributions daily flowing into *The Spirit* office, that Porter had adjudged it expedient, in 1839, to purchase the *American Turf Register*, a monthly periodical published by Colonel John S. Skinner at Baltimore, and to transfer it to New York, where it could be published in an improved form, in conjunction with *The Spirit*, and from the same office. At that period, a number of Sporting Magazines were being published in London, in addition to the Racing Calendars, and among them the *Old Sporting Magazine* and the *New Sporting Magazine* could boast a fair circulation in America, despite their high price and uncertainty in dates of arrival. In remodelling the *American Turf Register*, William T. Porter, habitually confining his pen to matters relative to racing and the turf, had been advised by his brother George, who, educated for the legal profession, naturally inclined toward the culture of choice literature, to unite the prominent features of the London Sporting Magazines with those of an American Racing Calendar and thus to secure for one publication, at a reasonable price, the patronage which otherwise would instinctively divide itself among two classes of periodicals.

Anterior to its sale, the *Register* had partaken, incidentally, of a magazine character, but its articles inclined in the abstract rather towards the encouragement of husbandry than of field sports. George's advice was followed and proved timely, for its ex-proprietor, a most influential man, and at one time Assistant Postmaster-General, carried with him a deal of the *Register's* patronage to the *Plough, the Loom and the Anvil*, of Phil-

adelphia, of which popular monthly he remained editor until the occurrence of his accidental death in 1851, at the venerable age of seventy years.

Scarce had the purchase of the *Register* been effected, before William T. Porter started off upon a prolonged collecting tour through the South and West, committing the entire charge of the renovated enterprise to Mr. George Porter, with Doctor Porter as an *ex-officio* counsellor. One of the Doctor's first inspirations was the securing of Herbert as a regular contributor, and for that purpose, consulted with Patterson, his next-door neighbor in Barclay Street, under the old American Hotel, in whose first floor were located *The Spirit*, *Albion*, and *Corsair* publication offices, to solicit his intercession for the accomplishment of his purpose. The honest Scotsman, whose prejudices were entirely antagonistic to the encouragement of anything approximating towards the vanities of the world, declined politely the mission, as he fervently insisted that his ancient colleague would lose caste as a writer were his name to be permanently connected with sporting lucubrations. At this stage, George Porter, a personal friend of Mr. Haws, undertook negotiations, at his instance, with the coveted writer, and, upon their first personal interview, Herbert signified acquiescence in the proposition, but under the express condition that his proper name should not be revealed as author of the desired articles, unless by his written permission. Ridiculous as this preliminary precaution must appear to over-enthusiastic admirers of Herbert at the present hour, it must be borne in mind that our author had as yet but entered upon the harsh experience of a literary career, and was in no wise desirous of having a reputation he had reserved for more ambitious projects contaminated through connection with writings he deemed to be insignificant diversions. To shine a leading sporting author never entered his thoughts, at that moment, when his

mind was obscured by delusive visions as to reigning a master among writers of romance.

"J. Cypress, Jr.," had previously contributed to the *American Monthly*, without prejudice to his business standing as Mr. Haws, a member of the legal profession, and, therefore, he argued no damage could ensue to the aspiring literateur, did he but assume a pseudonym unrecognizable save to his immediate associates. Consequently, the accommodating Herbert consented to contribute a series of articles, based upon personal adventures of himself and a couple of friends in the Warwick Woodlands, then greatly visited by metropolitan adepts with the rod and the gun, to be given to the world as emanating from the pen of "Harry Archer." But George Porter, as acting editor, in nowise approved of this disguising designation, declaring it to lack both appropriateness and alliteration. "Harry" he asserted to be a too familiar prenomen, and "Archer" he insisted to be suggestive of obsolete weapons used for sporting purposes. He cogitated for a few moments, and then tendered a more appropriate substitute, in "Frank Forester," a euphonious and descriptive appellation, consonant with modern notions of woodcraft. Herbert accepted the amendment, while conserving his original resolution, so that in the *Warwick Woodlands* and its appendant sequels two characters are made to appear, claimed to be representative of a single person, evidencing in which case a remarkable desire to conceal the identity of the author. Little did genial George Porter dream, when an exile from the city of his admiration, dying in the midst of strangers, that, while inventing a fanciful pseudonym to serve for a passing whim, he was creating a name to be revered and respected by two generations of enthusiastic admirers and destined to carry with it the real one of its wearer beyond the shades of an impending obscurity. As a scholar, a poet, a romanc-

ist and an historian, Henry William Herbert has passed from the memory of living men; but, as "Frank Forester," an erudite sporting writer, he will survive complete annihilation for at least a full century to come, and possibly longer.

In 1839, Frank Forester commenced contributions to the *Register* of the first sporting sketches, emanating from Herbert's prolific pen, which were continued uninterruptedly until matter accumulated sufficient for reproduction in a book form, constituting a volume properly known as *The Warwick Woodlands.*

To *Graham's Magazine*, Herbert, after the discontinuance of the *Turf Register*, became a regular contributor, commencing with the January number of 1841 and continued his connection with the periodical until its sale by the original proprietor. During the course of its earlier years, he, as Frank Forester, composed a series of sporting articles, afterwards republished in a more endurable shape under the title of *My Shooting Box.* Towards the close of his engagement he contributed another series of sporting articles, with illustrations by himself, which were gathered into a volume to form *American Game in its Season.* A portion of still another serial was sent for publication to the magazine about 1845, which, upon being revised and completed, came before the sporting world in a permanent shape as *The Deerstalkers*, the final of the Woodland stories, for, as nothing more can this collection of off-hand sketches be considered, as, although descriptive and entertaining, they contain naught instructive. It will be seen that, from the outset, Mr. Herbert's career as a sporting writer became a source of considerable revenue, as thence he derived a more satisfactory income than from his more arduous labors in other branches of literature. By his system of re-employing the same material twice, or oftener, however, he, as regards popular circulation, forfeited the confidence of

both publishers and readers, inasmuch as both dreaded becoming victims to apparent impositions. For instance, Herbert contributed to the *Democratic Review*, when edited by John L. O'Sullivan and widely disseminated in the interest of the then administration, a series of articles, illustrative of French habits and manners during the reign of chivalry, and for them received a handsome remuneration. A few years later, our author worked up these self-same sketches into an historical romance, and vended it to a popular weekly, under the formidable title of *Sir Hugues de Coucy and the Chatelaine of Verneuil, a Tale of Love and Chivalry.* And then, again, this doubly-used material was revamped into a volume and issued by a most reliable publishing house, under some equally attractive nomenclature. Whatever justification our author might offer for repeated impositions of stale matter upon publishers, the habitual book-reader refused to condone the offence. Consequently, every new work issued over Herbert's name came to be regarded with suspicion and hence originated one great cause for the marked unpopularity of his more recent romances, even after he had struggled to redeem the unfavorable impression created by his equivocal dealings. This would appear to have survived his decease, inasmuch as *The Fair Puritan,* asserted to have been prepared for the press in 1856, but recently published, proved to be a counterpart of *The Puritans of New England*, originally issued in a weekly newspaper as a serial, and reproduced in book form in 1853. This explanation has been deemed necessary, as many of our author's admirers have charged the American public with willful non-appreciation of his voluminous writings and his publishers with penurious reward of his transcendental genius and herculean labors.

The Warwick Woodlands, My Shooting Box, and *The Deerstalkers,* although issued in different magazines and

by different publishers, should form in reality a solitary work, a fact so transparent as to strike the London reprinter, who collected them beneath a most correct and comprehensive title: *Frank Forester and his Friends; or, Sporting Adventures in the Middle States of North America*, which, issued in three handsome volumes, commanded a very extensive sale throughout Great Britain.

The Warwick Woodlands, when published in the *Turf Register*, created a most favorable impression upon, if not a decided sensation among, its readers, who were personally acquainted with the scenes which Frank Forester so vividly described and the masculine characteristics he so graphically delineated. There could not be found within New York City and its environs a thorough sportsman who had never shot over that familiar locality, nor a fisherman who had not thrown a line into Lake Greenwood, and every soul of these was acquainted with the eccentric and mammoth Tom Ward of the village tavern, as much from necessity as from curiosity. The gentleman described as "A—" or "The Commodore," Mr. Anson Livingston, a most thorough and accomplished sportsman in all the various branches into which gentlemanly sport can be rendered capable of subdivision, had been an habitual and ever welcome visitor to *The Spirit* office, and was probably the most generally known and universally respected representative character in American manhood. His introduction to scenes, familiar to all New York with any pretence to sportsmanship, proved a master-stroke of policy, while our author's transformation of a local publican, an elephantine boor, into the keenest sportsman of the United States, was provocative of irresistible and enduring mirth. The other personages figuring among the woodlands were gentlemen annually frequenting that locality, with whom Herbert became acquainted during his frequent visits to Ward's hostelry, where congregated the members of a famous piscatorial

club, of which Inman, the artist and Uncle Dick Fosdick, the renowned sportsman of Greenwich Village, were shining lights; and hence portraiture of their individualities could not fail to interest Gothamites addicted to the use of the rod and gun. In those good old times the sportsmen of New York and its vicinity constituted a veritable fraternity, united by the strongest bond of friendship; consequently, intimacy with one implied a familiarity with the entire brotherhood, and on this account their peculiarities could be treated in the light of common property.

Some commentators upon Forester's earliest sporting writings have conceived Herbert to have portrayed his own self in the literary creation of Harry Archer; but those intimately acquainted with our author are far from detecting an accurate resemblance. Harry Archer they deem to be merely a delineation of an ideal sportsman, as he should be to maintain the dignity of the craft, viewed from a practical standpoint. In many particulars the creature of Forester's exuberant imagination resembles its creator. Still Herbert, although fond of reputation and at times afflicted with a tendency towards notoriety, possessed not egotistical vanity adequate to parade his personal accomplishments, much less his personal appearance before an indiscriminate public and assuredly he was not in reality like unto the remarkable and incomparable sportsman ideally represented by Harry Archer. Our author could be designated a good shot, and an excellent one under favorable conditions, for, being short-sighted and troubled with some other visual affections, he would shoot with perfect accuracy with the sun upon his back and at fair range. Moreover, he had caused all his sporting weapons and shooting implements, even down to his duelling pistols, to be manufactured for his exclusive use and adapted to his physical peculiarities, while he never took the field without an ample supply of

first-class ammunition and all the improved accessories to insure rapid and accurate shooting. Furthermore, his studiously acquired knowledge of the habits of game and the attention he had bestowed upon the training of dogs afforded him facilities for the display of superior sportsmanship. With the rod Forester was incontestably a moderate proficient, and although he frequently accompanied Porter, avowedly a rodman of the very first water, and Inman, who worshipped Isaaz Walton almost as a demigod, on their piscatorial excursions, it was mainly to glean practical information as to methods in fishing and the customs of fishermen. It was chiefly as a horseman wherein Herbert preëminently excelled, as he demonstrated to the admiration of a delighted crowd of spectators upon the Union Race Course, on the occasion of a match between gentlemen jockies, when, upon an untried horse, temporarily known as Frank Forester, he was beaten by scarce a head by Mr. Purdy, a superior rider, mounted upon a thoroughbred with a previously creditable turf record.

Equally fallacious is the assumption that the heroine of *My Shooting Box*, the lovely Maria D'Arcey, had been drawn from the character and appearance of Herbert's wife. If the portraiture be founded upon reality, the original would undoubtedly have been detected in a mysterious young lady for whom our author was known during the earlier days of his literary career, to have entertained a tender passion, whose portrait, engraved by Cheney from a miniature by Cummings of the National Academy, appears as the frontispiece of *The Magnolia*. To this lady, rumored, at the time, to have been the beautiful daughter of Inman the artist, much Herbert's junior in years, he, as editor of that annual, addressed some lines, which he oftentimes declared to have been the best piece of poetry by him ever written.

TO ESPERANZA.

Ay! thou art pure, and beautiful, and young,
  With thy dark tresses, and thy neck of snow,
As limner e'er portrayed, or minstrel sung:
  No shadow yet hath stained that lustrous brow,
Nor blighting grief its haggard darkness flung
  O'er those transparent eyes, in which the light—
The beaming radiance of a soul unwrung—
  Floats, like the moon mirrored on waters bright,
A peaceful glory, incorrupt by woe,
  And nearest heaven of aught that shines below;

For happiness to thee has been a dower,
  Changeless and constant. Passion ne'er came nigh
To scorch, like summer noon, the delicate flower,
  Bidding its tender charms consume and die;
Nor stern remorse, the coldest, keenest power
  That shakes frail reason on its tottering throne,
Around thee spread the clouds, that still must lower
  When the wild storm, which raised them, far hath flown;
Nor slighted love, nor kindness unreturned,
  Chilled the clear flame that in thy bosom burned.

Sweet as home music to the exile's ear,
  Are thine untutored harmonies of voice;
And thy light laugh, with thrilling accents dear,
  Compels its every hearer to rejoice;
Thy summer-seeming friends, untried by fear,
  Or doubt, or danger—faithful to all, and free—
Thy world, one paradise of deathless cheer—
  Thy life, one voyage o'er a tranquil sea,
Without a rock to break its azure sheen,
Or treacherous shoal the sunny deeps between.

Young hearts have bounded wild, when thou wert by—
  And eloquent tongues have breathed their incense near,
Half aspiration proud—half timid sigh.
  And thou hast but a fondly credulous ear
To creatures of a world—itself a lie!—
  Creatures—that smile and truckle, fawn and kneel,
Giving their breath of life to swell the sail
  That asks no aid, but prompt to turn the wheel,

Veer but one point of fortune's changeful gale,
In impotent revenge, and paltry hate,
That were less than thee, their queen of late.

Oh! wouldst thou never learn to rue thy lot—
To loathe the very race of which thou art:
Scorning it so, that thou canst hate it not—
Oh! wouldst thou never gnaw thy gentle heart,
Undone, deserted, trampled, and forgot—
Then soothe not—love not—list not—nor believe!
Hope not on earth to find one holy spot,
Where foes will spare—and friends will not deceive!
Better untrusting, unbetrayed, to die,
Than look for truth, love, honor, save on high!

In *Graham's Magazine* likewise appeared the commencement of another specimen of light sporting literature: *The Quorndon Hounds, or a Virginian at Melton Mowbray,* consecrated to a description of an English fox-hunt and of sporting characters to be found at that celebrated meet of British huntsmen, which, upon completion, appeared in a neat volume, in 1853, with the imprint of Carey & Hart, leading publishers in Philadelphia. The publication of these fugitive writings proved a source of regret to some of Herbert's sensitive friends, who, while admitting his Sporting Sketches to be clever and entertaining trivialities, preferred resting his claim for representative sportsmanship upon the standard works he had subsequently composed, and of which they, as practical and educated men, were justly proud. In fact, they inclined to an opinion that the author had done damage both to them and himself in his sketches, through his too frequent allusions to convivial, if not bacchanal, scenes as incidental to the exercise of sportsmanship in woodland and upon stream, as thereby an untutored public might deduce an incorrect belief as to riot and debauchery being generated through devotion to pastimes in themselves commendable. In some measure, these friends' stric-

tures proved to be well founded, especially as perusal of his Sporting Sketches had originated an impression that Frank Forester himself was addicted to both gluttony and inebriety, whereas, on the contrary, as a habit, he was abstemious in the matter of eating and rarely indulged in intoxicating beverages, unless in social company, while scrupulously abstaining from the use of tobacco in any form. While engaged in literary labor, he refrained from participation in stimulants of any kind and, while abroad upon hunting excursions, avoided all inducements to transgress moderation in wine drinking. It was only when in company with some intimate friends in the larger cities that he succumbed to temptation, as was natural in a man educated at an English university, at a period when bacchanalian orgies were held to be of no disgrace.

The Field Sports of the United States and British Provinces of North America, illustrated by the author and published by Stringer & Townsend, in 1848, in two large volumes, was the first really practical work of a sporting nature emanating from Herbert's pen, as the result of several years of desultory labor and much consultation with living authorities. Its origin can be traced to some five articles, contributed to the *Democratic Review,* in 1845–6, upon the Game of North America, Herbert's earliest attempt at didactic writing. A visit to Canada suggested the preparation of several additional articles of a similar character, for whose immediate publicity the author could find no available channel. Other subjects were suggested by numerous correspondents, which were treated as a work of amusement, during moments of leisure, until Herbert became himself astonished at the large amount of material accumulating, unintentionally, upon his hands. The winter of 1847 was almost entirely consumed in the rearrangement, revision, augmentation and compilation of these

fragmentary treatises, which, upon the advice of a life-long friend, and one of his executors, Mr. Howe, a lawyer of sporting proclivities, the author expanded the work, the beginning of Frank Forester's undoubted and well-merited reputation as a leading sporting authority during the infancy of literature in that direction in America. To stimulate his exertions towards the completion of his publication, Howe liquidated his debts, contracted while in Canada engaged in making researches, and agreed to maintain "The Cedars" during the time the volumes were passing through the press.

A cardinal feature in the *Field Sports*, the anticipation of which chiefly emboldened its publishers to hazard an expensive edition, proved the illustrations drawn upon wood by the hand of the author. Herbert, a very rapid, accomplished draughtsman with a crow-quill pen, was ever delighted in the exhibition to his visitors at "The Cedars," of an album, replete with varied sketches, executed before his arrival in America, which presented the appearance of artistic etchings, so neatly and pointedly had the pen lines been drawn. When first contemplating the illustration of his sporting works, our author designed recourse to the etching needle, and even executed a specimen plate as evidence of his skill in that line, but the cost of its printing and possible waste of time in an unaccustomed employment dictated preference for wood engravings from autographic sketches upon the block. Unknown to Herbert, an art-loving neighbor placed upon exhibition a number of his pen-drawings at the New Jersey State Fair, where the amateur artist received the compliments of a diploma awarded in testimony of their excellence.

The publication of the *Field Sports* conclusively demonstrated to its author his previous error in persistently avoiding a school of literature in which he found him-

self suddenly acknowledged to be the master. His success in this line revolutionized his dress, his manners, and his habits, for, although unwilling to discard wholly his identity with Henry William Herbert, he employed ingenious endeavors to substitute for his previous self recognition as Frank Forester. Upon every available occasion, consonant with the most liberal interpretation of the rules of decorum, he appeared publicly in shooting-jacket and hunting-brogans, a fur cap upon his head and a dog trailing at his heels, until an inquisitive community became thoroughly familiarized with his pretensions and his appearance. When not in this wise garbed he sported walking-dresses of a marked peculiarity, bright-hued cut-away coats, with glistening buttons, *outre* waistcoats and dashing pantaloons. Although ever a polished gentleman, he grew to be more impetuous in manner, uncurbed in speech, and violent in the display of ill-timed temper. He eschewed his former literary acquaintances, neglected ancient intimates, and sought to surround himself with a new circle of admirers. In brief, those who had known Herbert as the correctly-costumed, superbly-dignified and excessively-sensitive gentleman of a prior hour, priding himself upon the minute observance of social conventionalities, would with difficulty recognize him in his unusual dress, defiant of public opinion, and tempting notoriety with an unexcusable recklessness.

Fish and Fishing of the United States and British Provinces, a companion volume, followed closely upon the heels of *Field Sports*, having been originally published in 1849; somewhat incomplete, it is true. Still this difficiency was made good through the issue, in the early portion of the ensuing year, of a *Supplement*, incorporated in a second edition with the main volume. The undue haste with which the unfinished work had been hurried through the press, although compensated

for to some degree by the speedy publication of the deferred material, militated against its cordial reception by the sporting journals, but ultimately the work passed through some fifteen editions prior to the author's decease, after revision and some additions.

American Game in its Seasons had long been a favorite idea with Forester, who prepared the series of papers subsequently published in *Graham's Magazine*, to constitute a leading feature in a new periodical by him projected and of which he was to be editor, to replace the *American Turf Register*, passed out of existence in consequence of William T. Porter's bankruptcy and transfer of *The Spirit* to John Richards, who entertained no confidence in the stability of a purely sporting monthly. Upon the refusal of his publishers in New York to embark with him in an unpromising enterprise, Herbert proceeded to Philadelphia, where he took up his residence at the Columbia House, the better to be in constant communication with Graham and the artists by him employed. This change of base, however, ultimately turned to our author's disadvantage, as, thrown among a newly-created throng of admirers, impatient to burn incense at the shrine of the sportsman's idol, he relapsed from the rigor imposed upon him through dwelling at his unostentatious home, and recommenced a life of luxurious semi-indolence, discarded through necessity years before. Previously, when in Philadelphia, Herbert had devoted his leisure hours to historical researches in the public library; but, upon this occasion, he consumed a larger proportion of his time in the society of jovial companions, to the sore discontent of artists and printers dependent upon his movements. Happily for fidelity in the game portraits, illustrative of the work then in hand, drawn upon the block by its author, the wood engraver charged with their execution, Mr. Joseph H. Brightly, happened to be not only a clever artist with

pencil and graver, but a capital sportsman, taking a laudable pride in the excellence of these delineations and of his own handicraft. Consequently, he supplied Herbert with game specimens, prepared by himself, and with birds, shot by his own hand, in addition to the correction of errors originating in careless drawing. The book proved an unexpected success, but closed Forester's career as a sporting writer in the Quaker City, whose staid denizens he annoyed and disgusted through embroilment in a bombastic quarrel with a lawyer named Hurst, the recipient of a duelling cartel emanating from Herbert. He, upon the Philadelphian's refusal to accept a challenge, rendered the private matter a veritable scandal through the circulation of a pamphlet, detailing incidents in the course of the broil, which he chose to designate a "Statement of Facts in a Recent Affair."

To cap the climax in absurdity in this farce, which indignant Southern gentlemen openly denounced as an intentional burlesque upon an expiring chivalry, a copy of the vainglorious manifesto found its way into the *New York Herald*, accompanied by facetious and sarcastic annotations, drawing ridicule upon all persons connected with the wretched fiasco. Unpleasant notoriety and sharp critical comments upon this undecorous transaction rendered the city of Philadelphia no longer a desirable residence, and consequently Herbert returned to "The Cedars," and buried himself out of popular sight beneath his own roof-tree.

After this damaging bit of Bob Acreism, the sporting world heard naught of Frank Forester in type for some three years, when appeared his *Complete Manual for Young Sportsmen*, modelled after Craven's *Recreations in Shooting*, and an instructive handbook for apprentices in the art of correctly manipulating a gun in the field. This little work terminated Herbert's efforts in sporting literature, as far as the rod and gun were directly con-

cerned, and virtually his sphere of utility in that direction, as his prior works had been received as standard and exhaustive. Undoubtedly he was entitled to the credit of popularizing sporting literature in America and of having disseminated among educated sportsmen the seeds for a rich harvest in scientific and practical information touching game and its treatment.

The appearance of *Horse and Horsemanship in North America*, issued in two large-sized volumes, at a costly price, in 1857, came as an unbounded surprise upon a majority of Frank Forester's readers, unconscious, through perusal of his writings, that horsemanship might be deemed the especial sporting branch in which he personally excelled. To his intimate friends his capacity for satisfactorily carrying out any enterprise he might be induced to undertake with reference to the Horse, had been so strikingly apparent that, years previous, suggestions to that end had emanated from the Stevenses, Gibbons, Walter Livingston and other eminent turfmen, all of whom held Herbert's accomplishments as a horseman in high esteem and therefore desired to render them of practical service. But the vast store of information, touching the Horse in America and his history, scattered in hundreds of massive calendars and registers, necessitated a labor in researches not at all congenial to our author's temperament, well aware, as he was, that the race-horse could not be treated, like game, as a generality, and that an analysis of each phenomenal case became imperative, to bestow authority on any treatise upon the American horse and his characteristics. To compile material for such a work demanded the expenditure of both time and industry, devoid of hope for immediate recompensation, a perpetual stumbling block in Herbert's ambitious progress, and hence, when his elaborate work did appear in full completion, his friends marvelled greatly at his having surmounted, at a late hour in life, impedi-

ments which had retarded his advance when in the plenitude of youth and of mental vigor.

Forester's work on the Horse being entirely too ponderous and discursive for the ordinary horse owner, it was natural for him to compose his *Hints to Horsekeepers*, a species of condensation of the purely practical portion of his more elaborate treatise, with emendations and annotations, to render it a ready manual for horsemen in the care and management of their animals. *Tricks and Traps of Horsedealers*, an ephemeral pamphlet of some 190 pages, appears to have been the last work of a sporting character engaging the attention of Frank Forester, as it remained unfinished at the occurrence of his death, two chapters having been added by some anonymous writer to complete the little book.

VIII.

HERBERT'S TOWN LIFE.

Up to the period of Herbert's marriage, our author led somewhat of an eccentric life in the great Atlantic metropolis, seemingly without any steady rule for self-government, as he constantly wavered in his domestic course without definite aim and purpose. He evidently was unsettled in his mind as to the duration of his sojourn in America, and perplexed as to the section of the country to be selected for a temporary residence. For a few years succeeding his arrival, he constantly anticipated a recall to his native land, upon the occurrence of some contingency in family affairs he was loath to explain, for Herbert was ever reticent as to incidents in his past life, and very rarely, and then ambiguously, alluded

to his prospects of, or intention for, the future. Certain it is, that he entertained great expectations through the happening of a something or the other, and its forthcoming buoyed him perceptibly during the fluctuations of fortune incidental to his first appearance in a strange land, and tided him over despondency during the numerous periods of depression with which his literary career was obstructed. That Herbert never designed becoming a permanent resident of the United States was apparent in a number of acts of precaution against the possibility of involuntary expatriation, and especially in his causing the title to "The Cedars" to be vested in trustees for the use of his son, a native-born citizen, notwithstanding that the laws of New Jersey permit aliens to hold and convey real estate. Nevertheless, Herbert commingled almost wholly in the society of Americans, and, although his company was courted by his countrymen, he stolidly refrained from association with their local representatives, undoubtedly an error, from a business point of view, as English merchants were then among the most influential residents, while those few gentlemen of British nativity favored by his intimacy were either transient visitors or waifs of patrician origin thrown, like himself, upon American shores by financial shipwreck.

It was propitious for our author's introduction to reputable American society that, at the time of his arrival, there lingered an effective prejudice as to social caste in New York City, since virtually extinct, through decadence of the influence of landed gentry and the uprise of a mercantile patricianism, claiming supremacy by virtue of wealth. The sons of land owners, generally educated men, were either individuals of absolute leisure, or nominally professional gentlemen, whose practice was a secondary consideration, for in those days a moderately rich lawyer took social precedence over the wealthiest of merchants.

Amid this crowd of semi-aristocrats, occupying in America a position similar to that enjoyed by the younger sons of nobility in England, Herbert found himself congenially thrown and received with appreciative friendship. Among his earliest acquaintances came men of about his own age, with tastes, habits and customs like unto his own, patrons of the Turf, of the Stage, of the Road, of the Rod, and of the Gun, bearing surnames of the most reputable families, identified with the local and national administration, in association with whom Herbert, as a representative of British aristocracy, enjoyed advantages and a distinction, unattainable by the ordinary native gentleman, however well educated he might have been. A scholar, a practical sportsman, an accomplished horseman and a man of suavity and polished manners, Herbert soon became the boon companion of the Costars, the Hones, the Anthons, and of that remarkable crowd of worthies given to adoration of turf matters and of field sports, owners of brilliant equipages and of fast horses, who ordinarily congregated at Washington Hall, there to discuss the current sporting topics of the hour. Although a club-house existed at the time, very reputable and well patronized, its disciplinary management, maintained by the wiseacres of a passing generation, was distasteful to the free-and-easy license awarded men about town in a more public and equally orderly place, wherein opinions could be freely exchanged and mutual hilarity sustained without fear of intrusion or interruption. The company at the Washington, although it was a hotel, was scrupulously select, visitors being regarded as guests and subjected to the more stringent rules of decorous etiquette, — the public rooms being conducted after the manner of the old-time coffee-houses of London, familiar resorts of the celebrities of a past century. Moreover, the open character of the establishment precluded the suspicion of indulgence in gaming, a vice encouraged by

club seclusion, but abhorent to Herbert's principles as derogatory to a thoroughbred sporting gentleman. Although a capital hand at whist, he never could be induced to participate in a rubber upon whose issue money depended, and of the mysteries of euchre, poker or brag he was as ignorant as could be an untutored savage. Indeed, so marked was his aversion to games at cards, that during his long residence at "The Cedars" not a pack of them could be found in the house.

The frequenters of the Washington were persons of local note, leaders of their particular sphere in society, —Col. Costar, Wash. MacLean, John Hone, Louis Depau, Anson Livingston, Sullivan Meredith, Col. Pride, Capt. Marx, Washington Costar, the "old *Spirit* crowd," Alderman Bradhurst, and a host of worthies of the town, whose names were familiar as household words with denizens of New York half a century since.

Herbert's connection with the Washington Hall coterie precipitated him into an adventure which, at the present day, would have branded his name with an indelible stigma and effectually blasted his business prospects. At that period in metropolitan society the expiring glimmer of a moribund code of honor demanded, upon frivolous pretexts, resort to the obsolete wager of battle in expiation of implied assaults upon personal integrity, and hence the practice of duelling was then as prevalent among American gentlemen as it is apparently at present among journalists in France. Whether intentionally or not, Herbert, during the heat of an angry debate, uttered words impugning the veracity of a distinguished gentleman, a near relative to a Governor of the State of New York, who, construing the remark into an insult, dispatched a friend to demand an apology or satisfaction in the field. Although avowedly in the wrong, Herbert's self-pride forbade the authorization of an apology, as he had assumed a strong position against the acceptance of

explanations in the case of a duel transpiring but a few months previous. As the challenged party, our author named a ground in Canada near Ile aux Noix, where he intended meeting Capt. Peel and soliciting his officiating as second, despite the fact of its being in the winter season. Overtaken by a blinding snow storm, Herbert was bewildered to such a degree that upon reaching the designated field he discovered that his antagonist had been promptly upon time, had awaited his arrival for a considerable time and then proceeded to Quebec, where, in the mess-room of a regiment, to which Herbert had been elected an honorary member, he formally posted his antagonist for cowardice. Upon return of the belligerents, our author chanced to encounter casually his adversary's second in the bar-room of the Washington, whereupon a stormy wrangle ensued, during the course of which Herbert drew a double-barrelled pistol and discharged it twice at his opponent's head. Whether from nervousness or short-sightedness, the balls missed their intended destination, but passed through a panel of the bar-room door. The human target, refusing to cause Herbert's arrest, contented himself with felling him to the ground and then ejecting him from the premises. An attempt was made by mutual friends to smother details of the affair, but Mr. Bennett, of the *Herald*, having an ancient grudge against our author in consequence of some remark made by him when both were editorially attached to the *Courier and Enquirer*, ventilated the entire business in a series of vigorous articles, daily calling upon people to go and see the two holes made in the Washington "by the descendant of the royal Plantagenets—over the left." Although Herbert's personal popularity secured the adjustment of the difficulties originating from his untoward affair, his hasty action was so thoroughly condemned as to cost him the continued friendship of several of his ardent admirers and

consigned him to social seclusion for many months, during the course of which he toiled with his pen until some kind intercceders succeeded in removing the adverse impressions.

In 1839, Herbert married Miss Susan Barker, a handsome, intelligent and educated lady, of domestic habits, whose father, at the time of her union with our author, occupied the position of Mayor of Bangor, Maine. It has been assumed that Herbert first made her acquaintance under romantic circumstances, while upon a sporting excursion to the head-waters of the Penobscot. Possibly such a tale may have emanated from our author's brain ; still it is unfortunately not founded upon reality. The well-known Joseph Scoville, a Southerner, once private secretary to John C. Calhoun, and subsequently connected with the *New York Herald* and other papers, a talented but eccentric individual, had, when a prosperous merchant in New York, been introduced to Herbert by E. W. Clay, an artist and caricaturist of merit, and at once became one of his most fervent friends and enthusiastic admirers. Scoville had seen Miss Barker at some watering place, and became enamored of her. To facilitate his suit, he conceived the idea of employing Herbert's friendly intercession in his behalf, and, for that purpose, induced him to visit the lady, in his company, at her father's residence, while *en route* for the Maine wilderness. Our author complacently assented, thinking to humor a friend, but, upon introduction to the lady, he discovered Scoville's advances uncongenial to her, and was himself enslaved by her youth and beauty. He, upon leaving Bangor, solicited and obtained the privilege from the father of corresponding with the daughter, and, as may have been anticipated, letters composed by so fluent, polished and poetical an author, addressed to a semi-rural beauty, ambitious and with a romantic turn of mind, accomplished her willing conquest. Translation to New

York, and a closer acquaintance with her husband's infirmities in disposition and temper, soon dissipated the bride's dream of enduring love and promised happiness. Although Herbert loved his wife in all sincerity of heart, and the wife honestly reciprocated his passion, the marriage, on the lady's part, was far from a happy one. Her spouse was passionate, exacting, jealous, and, at times, overbearing, and she herself was a disappointed, hopeful woman, a stranger from her parental home, without female relatives, friends and advisers, buried in the heart of a great city. That Herbert erred against her intentionally cannot be asserted; still he was not always able to keep himself under perfect self-control, and passion oftentimes blinded reason. Of delicate health, excessive sensitiveness and fragile constitution, Mrs. Herbert, upon the birth of her first and only child, commenced weakening in strength, and gradually wasted, until, after a few years of uncomplaining suffering, she passed into the Valley of Death, a victim nominally to the untoward result of some surgical operation,

No sooner had Herbert been deprived of his wife than he felt her loss deeply. He mourned her absence, not for days, but for years, and bemoaned the sadness of his destiny in depriving him of the idol for his existence; from the day of her funeral, he described himself, *infelix*. He suspended his dead wife's portrait, an excellent oil painting, representing her in the maturity of loveliness, a veritable masterpiece by his friend Inman, in the most prominent position in his study, that his stray glances might constantly rest upon her features, and finally carried it with him to the chamber he destined to be that of his own death, that her countenance might catch his closing eyes as the dearest object upon the face of the earth.

Although born in the British metropolis, Herbert was wont to observe that a town life was never ac-

ceptable, but ever unfortunate, to him, it having been his highest ambition to live and die a country gentleman. To this end, apparently, he had devoted his physical energies in a healthy training of limb and muscle; for, although not a heavy man, his frame was powerful, his body flexible, and his ensemble that of a miniature Hercules. Educated among young men not overtroubled with moral scruples, addicted to the use of the wine-cup, and naturally inclined to financial dissipation, our author was thoroughly aware of the temptations of a town life, and, hence, honorably sought avoidance of them, entertaining no desire to be distinguished as a libertine, a profligate, or debauchee. If, by any chance, Herbert's moral reputation has been tarnished, his errors in judgment, or deviation from the path of strict rectitude, can be traced directly to the allurements of metropolitan associations, and a blind obedience to the prevalent usages of fashionable society. In his day boxing was an all-prevalent pastime, almost a fashion with "Corinthians," who nightly indulged in street brawls, while duelling constituted the great panacea for wounded reputations. Still Herbert, who would willingly obey a call to the field of honor, could never be brought to witness a prize fight.

IX.

AT THE CEDARS.

In the earlier days of widowerhood, when the gloom of his bereavement rendered association with old, familiar objects painfully unendurable, Herbert found himself sole tenant of "The Cedars," midway between Newark and Belleville, on the banks of the Passaic. When first

the three-quarters of an acre of land had been purchased, it formed a bleak, desolate hillside, included within the boundaries of the adjacent cemetery, forming an angle, along whose exterior side the highway swept until, reaching the river's edge, it continued its course almost in a straight line along the bank side. The main motive for the purchase of this uninviting piece of ground originated in an impression of security against improvements or innovations, through the implied sanctity of the cemetery against invasion by speculators, for Herbert dreaded the idea of a road, and particularly a railway, being built on the flats beneath his door. Herein, as it would seem, as in everything else, he was doomed to disappointment, as, prior to his death, and despite his ineffectual protests, a branch road was run through the cemetery and his own grounds, to connect Newark with Belleville, so that, as Captain Marryatt has sarcastically observed, the sleepers of a railway lay amid the sleepers in death. But, at the time of his securing ownership, this land was surrounded by a good shooting region, the burial grounds, then almost untenanted, being prolific in game, of which Herbert was legally appointed conservator ; while the vicinity, and the environs of Belleville particularly, presented a succession of picturesque nooks and corners most pleasant to the nature-loving eye. Many of the vignettes, interspersed throughout *Field Sports*, are faithful sketches of romantic spots within walking distance of "The Cedars," made by its owner during his early morning rambles.

The money for the erection of a permanent house for Herbert and for his son after his decease had been sent from England by his father, who appears to have been prejudiced against the stability of the country under a Democratic Administration, inasmuch as he wrote to his son, that had Henry Clay been elected President he would have invested a larger sum ; but as it was, he would remit some

two hundred and fifty pounds. As New Jersey was the only State allowing an alien the privilege of holding and conveying real estate (although Herbert would have preferred a residence in New York State), he, after consultation with his friends, selected the desolate site for a dwelling, isolated and still within sight of a large city, which he subsequently, through the exercise of patience, ingenuity, and manual labor, rendered both picturesque and attractive. In the first place, he arranged a ledge or platform midway down the hillside whereupon to erect his domicile, and thence created a sloping lawn almost to the river's edge, so contrived as to conceal from the sight of guests upon the piazza of the house a plot of reclaimed meadow land reserved for kitchen gardening. After this preliminary reformation he planted the hill with a myriad of cedars, and through this grove cut winding pathways. The house itself was an eccentric piece of architecture, originally designed by our author, who contrived to put in it a hallway and massive staircase large enough for a baronial mansion, and clapped on to the cottage a formidable pointed roof, giving it the appearance of an Alpine chalet. Fortunately, a skillful architect — Mr. Mountain—came to the amateur house-builder's assistance, and remodelled the plan for the interior, so that, through enclosing the piazza with a series of long, glazed windows, he bestowed upon the ground floor a good-sized dining-room and convenient parlor, an ample larder and spacious kitchen, while an addition to Herbert's original edifice furnished space for a convenient library and miniature conservatory combined. On the second floor the practical architect created three contracted bedrooms and one of state, whose bay-window, the cottage's most imposing ornament on the exterior, commanded a delightful view of the Passaic, with glimpses of Newark and Belleville in the distance. Flanked by the hill, covered with cedars, surrounded by flowering shrubs and embel-

lished with running vines trailed around rustic pillars, whence the bark had not been removed, serving as imaginary supports for the steep, impending roof, "The Cedars" presented an alluring appearance as it was gazed upon from the river, and naturally elicited commendatory comments from all wayfarers observing it for the first time.

The cottage, claimed to be of the Mary Tudor style in architectural design, was approached by a wide, winding pathway, entrance to which was had through a fantastic gateway upon the road at the commencement of the domain, whence the visitor passed, skirting the bottom of the hillside, until a sharp turn in the avenue brought him upon the flower-bed, cultivated with remarkable care, beneath the large bow-window, whose panels bore heraldic devices in varnished wood, sculptured with Herbert's own hand. Over one glazed window to the extreme right of the piazza rested a deer's head, with well spread antlers, indicating its service as an entrance to the hall. No bell or other warning contrivance was necessary to announce a stranger's approach, for, along the winding avenue leading to the house, were placed a series of dog kennels, whose chained tenants suffered none to pass without a greeting of barks and growls. Moreover, there was certain to be found wandering about the grounds trustworthy "Sailor," an immense Newfoundland dog, famous for his intelligence, his strength, his benevolent disposition and life-saving propensities. This animal appeared to regard himself as the warden of the shingle castle, for no sooner did he hear the kennel dogs' voices of alarm than he hurried to ascertain the cause for the presumed invasion, and, approaching the visitor, smiled upon him benignly and, turning sharply around, trotted sedately some paces in advance of the stranger, leading him directly to the entrance door. Were Herbert or his servant on hand to do the honors of the

house, "Sailor" merely wagged his tail and retired to his ordinary resting place on the lawn, remaining, however, within easy approach, were his aid to be summoned in defence of master or maid. Still, should none of the household be at the portal, the canine guardian would incontinently stretch his bulky frame lengthwise before the door and, with glistening teeth, most respectfully, yet resolutely announce *ne plus ultra* to be his countersign until relieved by competent authority from further duty. "Sailor" was for several years a feature with visitors to "The Cedars," one or two of whom were hard drinkers, and at times troubled with premonitory systoms of delirium tremens, a condition of things the intelligent animal seemed to comprehend and appreciate, being firmly convinced as to the efficacy of the cold water cure in cases of that deceptive malady. "Sailor's" ordinary employment during summer or winter was patrolling the bank of the river and reclamation of stray articles floating upon the waters' surface, of which he succeeded in collecting a perfect museum, exclusive of drift-wood sufficient to supply his friend, the cook's wants, all the year around. The powerful Newfoundland was known to all the boatmen of the Passaic as a veritable life-preserver for, although he entertained no objection to persons bathing in appropriate costume, no sooner did he perceive an individual take to the water, accidently or intentionally, in ordinary attire, than he dashed in after him or her, as the case may be, and through ingenious exercise of main strength, invariably dragged his victim high and dry upon the shore. In this way "Sailor" frustrated several attempts at suicide, and notably those of two of Herbert's guests, both distinguished in the world of letters, who, beneath the influence of *mania potu*, plunged into the waters of the Passaic while temporarily demented. The dog, seemingly aware of their condition, never lost sight of the gentlemen for a minute,

but, allowing them to take a cold bath, drew them out of the water despite their frantic opposition, almost as soon as he conceived them to have been comfortably wet through. The life of one of Herbert's still living friends was thus saved upon three distinct occasions.

The interior of the cottage, although the woodwork was grained in imitation of oak, was never finished—the walls throughout being covered with a drab wash, the ceilings remaining devoid of kalsomine and the floors destitute of an oilcloth or carpet. Not a window was garnished with curtains or shades; in the summer these apertures were framed with mosquito nets and in the winter rude inside shutters after nightfall protected the inmates against icy blasts and burglarious depredations. In the grand hall, which by the way boasted no communication with the lawn, some attempt at decoration had been made. A pair of antlers, a trophy of arms, a Claymore cavalry sword, an Indian pipe and fowling piece crossing each other, surmounted by a horse-guard's helmet, confronted the visitor at the termination of the immense staircase. Above the pantry door a saddle rack protruded, with no saddle to rest upon it, while near by stood a revolving frame for holding guns, crowned by a stuffed bird, without a weapon within reach.

The principal apartment of "The Cedars," into which were necessarily ushered all visitors, inasmuch as it communicated directly with the lawn, had undoubtedly been originally intended for the parlor, as it was supplied with a huge grate and high mantelpiece. But the widower having little need for a drawing room, had it converted into a large and comfortable study, wherein he toiled, mused and read by night and by day. It was actually the only well-furnished chamber in the house, the bed-rooms being supplied with merely absolute necessities, save the largest one furnished in a really comfortable style, by a visiting friend for a season, and suffered to

remain in order to afford an appropriate apartment for our author's sister during her sojourn in this country. This visit resulted in a family quarrel, tending largely toward the augmentation of Herbert's habitual melancholy, which, from the date of the lady's sudden departure from "The Cedars" under unexplained circumstances, seized hold upon him with feverish tenacity. The chief household article in the sanctum, as Herbert invariably designated his scene of literary toil, was a large writing table, covered with green oil cloth, made of heavy oak with numerous drawers, after the manner of a cashier's desk, into which he disposed of manuscripts, writing paper, correspondence and literary memoranda with a systematic arrangement allowing him to place his hand instantaneously and almost mechanically upon any required article without arising to his feet. Directly facing the revolving chair in which our author placed himself to write at ease, occasionally twisting himself around to consult some volumes laying open upon cane-bottomed chairs placed to the right and left of him, stood a species of open cabinet, in which were assorted reams of writing paper, foolscap, post and note, with envelopes to match. It was one of Herbert's peculiarities to have paper of separate sizes for distinctive use, scrupulously plain, for he held ruled paper in abomination. For translations and editorials he used sheets of foolscap, cut in twain ; for romances and other book work he invariably employed post, while his correspondence was conducted upon cream-laid note paper, perfectly white and clean. Within reach of his hand lay boxes of quill pens, whence he plucked one as his humor suggested, carefully placing those discarded, point downward in a tumbler half full of water, after deliberately rinsing them from ink in a companion tumbler, supplied with a layer of shot at its bottom. His writing fluid was manufactured by himself in a gallon jug from pow-

der which he purchased by the dozen packages in out-of-the-way stationery stores. From no one of these systematic details could Herbert be induced to deviate when at home. Before retiring for the night, it was his habit to devote an hour or so to the mending of his goose quills, a feat by him accomplished with marvellous dexterity.

The only ornament upon the walls of the sanctum was the likeness of the first Mrs. Herbert, one of Inman's masterpieces, a sweet countenance, with an alluring smile, whose soft, melting eyes seemed to follow a spectator as he moved about the room. It was placed upon the wall above the mantel-piece and before it, during gloomy winter nights, unmindful of the cannel-coal fire, blazing with a roar in the grate, would he, when alone, sit for hours enwrapt in meditation upon the past. In the adjacent room was wont to be concealed a small mahogany casket containing relics of his wedding day, a portion of the bridal veil, satin slippers, some bundles of white ribbon, faded remnants of orange flowers and other trifles, mildewed and yellowed from time. These, upon certain anniversaries of events, whose significance was known only to himself, he would religiously handle, press to his lips and shower with tears, for the heart of that stern resolute man, fighting alone the battle of life, would weaken and give way amid emotions of those trying hours, when in positive solitude he mourned the loss of a devoted wife and absence of a son, of whose companionship he had been deprived from the earlier years of boyhood.

Few, not intimate with Herbert, can fully comprehend the unalloyed depression of that gentleman's broken spirits, as years rolled over his head and life at "The Cedars" grew first monotonous and then repulsively melancholy. Naturally a social man, fond of congenial company, hospitable beyond measure, almost from the commencement of his residence on the banks of the Passaic, our author had been disappointed through not being

able to form agreeable acquaintances among residents in the vicinity of his proposed home. His visitors generally came from New York or more distant cities, who tarried but a very brief season, and even then such visitors were few and far between, the majority attracted rather by business, or from a desire to glean information upon matters to him of trivial moment. Occasionally men of celebrity ventured to seek our author in his hermitage, and were courteously received; still, despite the owner's endeavors to render them welcome and at ease, "The Cedars" could not be regarded as an inviting sojourning place, particularly for men fascinated with town life, and from among that class Herbert had selected his trustiest associates.

The domestic economy of "The Cedars" was for years admirable, as its tenant was an ardent lover of order, and all his household arrangements were based upon perfection in regularity, while frugality might be deemed a predominant feature of the establishment, as it was personally superintended by the master of the house. Twice a week Herbert came to New York City, leaving "The Cedars" after an early breakfast, walking through the cemetery grounds to Newark, in which place he waited awhile to give orders for goods and necessaries at certain stores, whom he had patronized for years, and thence arrived in the city upon the stroke of noon, which hour he ordinarily fixed for all his appointments. Exactly at three o'clock, unless detained as the guest of a friend overnight, he started upon his return, and, after collecting up his purchases, reached "The Cedars" in time to partake of dinner, which was regularly served, upon week days, at sunset. When possible to be procured, French domestics, a man and wife, were engaged by Herbert, who dreaded the gossip of servants, and in this wise endeavored to avoid repetition of dining-table conversation among scandal-mongers. After dinner and a cup of

black coffee, our author, when alone, wrote continuously until ten, when he made a tour of his grounds, examined the fastenings of his house, the condition of his weapons and of his dogs. This done, he would resume his writing until the clock struck twelve, when he would brew a glass of punch, arrack being his partiality, and retire for the night, to awaken at about seven in the morning.

During the summer months, Sunday was a holiday at "The Cedars," given to reception of visits from city friends, who would come down in their vehicles or upon foot in a pedestrian party, whenever the weather permitted. The habitual diners almost invariably preferred this preliminary exercise, as the walk to "The Cedars" by the way of Belleville, some eleven miles, occupied but three hours in duration, enlivened by interesting conversation, allowing the excursionists ample time to arrive at the house by one in the afternoon, when a lunch of Dublin stout and Cheshire cheese awaited them. Herbert never permitted a person, however humble his social position, or whatever might be the nature of his errand, to depart from his door without partaking of refreshment. For this purpose a barrel of ale was constantly on hand in the cellar, while a row of pewter tankards, brightly polished, glistened upon a shelf in the larder. After dinner, the cooking of which the host superintended in person, the party was piloted by their entertainer amid the mazes of the cemetery, which could be entered from his grounds through a rustic gate, memorable as the spot where Herbert parted with his second wife, and through which his body was borne to the grave, and thence along Newark's main thoroughfare to the Park House, to partake, at his expense, of a stirrup cup. After the performance of this ceremony, he led the way to the Market Street depot, from which the nine o'clock Philadelphia train, the sole one passing through Newark upon Sundays, whirled his guests into Jersey City. Returning to "The Ce-

dars," after his friends' departure, Herbert habitually followed the high road towards Belleville, as he entertained a singular aversion to wandering around graveyards after nightfall, although the cemetery was a favorite lounging place with him during the heat of the summer days. This aversion he curiously attributed to the presence of snakes, of which he exhibited a nervous dread (although the water front of "The Cedars" abounded in reptiles), from having narrowly escaped the fangs of a copper-head while gunning along the shore, his short-sightedness being such as to render his vision after dark most defective without glasses, which he never could be induced to wear, contending that his sight would improve with age.

Within a short walk from "The Cedars," upon a hill at the termination of a cross lane, was located the scene of our author's singular duel with a lawyer named Valentine, who was undoubtedly partially demented. This legal gentleman took umbrage at Herbert's apparent lack of courtesy in omitting introduction by name to one of his friends, whom they casually met at a convivial gathering and, as duelling was, at the time, the order of the day, challenged him on the spot. Howe, Herbert's friend and adviser, who had a short time previously fought a Mr. Pomeroy, was solicited by our author to act as his second, but declined in consequence of being under the ban of the law. Other friends were approached who vainly interceded to solicit the withdrawal of the cartel, whereupon Herbert declared that he would only fight within a mile of his own house. Valentine rejoined by offering his adversary choice of ground wherever he thought proper, surrendering likewise the privilege of naming the day and hour. A retired officer of the British army, a Captain Nichols, accepted both propositions on Herbert's behalf, nevertheless without his knowledge, and named the next morning at sunrise as

the time for the hostile meeting, and a spot near "The Cedars," well known to all Newark sportsmen as the place for the combat. Nichols, accompanied by E. W. Clay, an artist, and Dr. Warrington, a surgeon of repute, passed the night in Herbert's company at his house and, early on the morrow, started, under pretence of a gunning expedition, for the designated ground where they were shortly after arrival astonished by the appearance of Valentine solitary and alone, thus generating a hope that the affair could be pacifically arranged. Although without a second or case of weapons, the lawyer insisted upon proceeding with the duel, requesting Mr. Clay, with whom he had no accquaintance, to officiate as his friend. Reluctantly the artist acquiesed and, armed with Herbert's pistols, manufactured for him expressly by well-known English makers, the principals took their position. Valentine discharged his weapon at "one," and drew his antagonist's fire, the wind of the ball causing Herbert's hair close to the right ear to shake visibly. To account for his failure in not killing his antagonist, as he declared to be his fixed determination, the lawyer explained that he was not accustomed to a hair trigger, and in most discourteous language, ordered Clay not to set it again. Upon the second giving of the word, Herbert discharged his pistol in the air, while Valentine was noticed to be pulling at his trigger long after the second's voice had uttered the final "three." For a few moments intense confusion ensued, our author vehemently protesting against an evident intention of shooting him in cold blood, when it was discovered that Clay, in nervous excitement, consequent upon Valentine's bitter and discourteous rebuke, had set his principal's weapon at half cock. Valentine, who appeared enraged beyond control, demanded a third fire, and loading the pistol with his own hand took his position on the ground, declaring that he would fire with or without the word. All stood

aghast at the man's extraordinary behavior, when it was suggested that the easiest method of rendering him harmless would be to return Herbert to his place there to receive the fire. For the third time the word was given, but fortunately for our author his antagonist, nervous through anger, missed a steady aim, although making a fine shot, his ball striking the ground a few inches from Herbert's foot, whence it ricochetted, piercing the heavy English shooting shoes he ordinarily wore with two holes, completely running around the ankle. Without addressing any remarks to either his antagonist or the spectators, Valentine dashed his pistol to the ground, hurried to a light wagon he had in waiting and dashed off furiously along the lane towards Belleville. Herbert and his friends hastened on foot to "The Cedars," congratulating themselves that the strange affair failed to culminate in a tragedy and thoroughly convinced as to having had dealings with a lunatic, as Valentine undoubtedly must have been adjudged, as he committed suicide by throwing himself overboard from a sailing vessel a short time afterwards.

X.

HERBERT'S SAD SUICIDE.

The few final years of Herbert's residence at "The Cedars" were tainted with a most oppressive melancholy, notwithstanding the large amount of literary labor he imposed upon himself. The death of his friend Patterson and some former intimate acquaintances produced a serious effect upon him, while few of his more recent friends appeared able to recompense him for their loss. He came to New York City as usual, but neither

frequented the haunts of former associates, nor sought to renew prior friendships, and when accidentally found among old companions, he was morose and misanthropic. Nearly all the *Old Spirit* crowd had deceased, and none of the celebrities of the turf, with whom he had been upon terms of intimacy, could be found in the office of that paper since it had passed into the hands of Governor Richards' succcessors, while the new generation of contributors were personal strangers to him. His quarter century of literary experience had yielded but trivial financial benefit, while bodily infirmities were rapidly creeping upon him, and he commenced experiencing a repugnance to a long-continued residence at "The Cedars," the only place he could call his home.

Afflicted with loneliness to an intense degree, after the departure of his sister, and disappointed, it is stated, in securing the hand of a lady, with whose relatives he had maintained friendly relations during his entire sojourn in New Jersey, Herbert tendered invitations successively to several gentlemen of sporting, or literary, proclivities, to take up their residence with him at "The Cedars." One or two, being bachelors of mature age, temporarily acquiesced in his wishes, but, after a vain endeavor to accustom themselves to the monotony of the situation and the singular humors of their host, whose petulance apparently augmented with his despondency, they voluntarily retired to their former manner of living. Work consequently became a necessity with our author, and when a demand for his productions failed, all hope perished.

Herbert had almost disappeared from sight of the few surviving friends in New York, dwelling in retirement or devoted to business cares, when they were astonished through public announcement of his marriage to a young lady of wealth and beauty, whose name was given to the world as Miss Adela R. Budlong, said to reside in Provi-

dence, R. I. Her acquaintance rumor said was made under very romantic circumstances. During the winter of 1858, serious troubles had been encountered among the laboring classes, in consequence of monetary disasters, and a scarcity of work attended by riots in some of the principal cities. New York, as a labor center, was the scene of numerous disturbances, resulting from the intervention of trades unions, desirous of preventing the employment of non-affiliated workingmen, and several of these local disorders assumed the proportions of riots, to the sore annoyance of the public peace. During one of these disturbances, occurring in an up-town square of New York, a young lady was assaulted by the mob, as Herbert asserted, but for what reason it is impossible to imagine. He came to her rescue and valorously delivered her from the hands of the rabble, whereby he ascertained her to be a stranger from Providence, by name Miss Budlong. Our modern St. George hesitated to pause at this stage in the chivalric drama, but craved permission to correspond with the interesting and beautiful lady. His letters undoubtedly touched her gratitude and her heart, for, within three weeks, she was led a willing bride to the hymeneal altar.

Still several "doubting Thomases" could not realize the accuracy of this story, which bore undoubted traces of fiction, while subsequent inquiries showed the young bride to have been previously the wife of an actor, from whom the lady had secured a divorce. Neither was the acquaintance made through any romantic incident. To a man of Herbert's temperament, existing almost a recluse, long deprived of woman's companionship, and encumbered in financial circumstances, the charms of a young lady, reputed to be handsome and wealthy, proved a temptation unable to be withstood. On the other hand, the reputation of Herbert as an author, the nobility of his lineage, the imagined brilliancy of his future, possible

accession to a British peerage (for Herbert, in his later years, encouraged the expectation of inheriting a title), and the possession of a romantic home, were allurements sufficient to captivate almost any woman. Consequently, it is not wonderful that a writer of our author's ability, burning with an ardent desire to reëstablish a wife in his household, dreaming only to break the weight of a domestic isolation, preying upon his mind and racking his brain, should have married a lady, who, in her turn, deceived herself with the image of a man she did not know much about, and with whose temper and habits she was radically unacquainted. Undeniably, for months anterior to his marriage with her, Herbert's intellect had materially weakened, amid the numerous vicissitudes and disappointments, assailing him towards the close of an arduous literary existence, while his overtaxed brain was gradually succumbing beneath the weight of an extraordinary labor, self-imposed, to meet the emergencies of a renewed marital experience, and of a re-birth of domestic happiness.

The marriage proved an unhappy one. Before the termination of a three-month's bridehood Mrs. Herbert determined upon freeing herself from the shackles of matrimony, while concealing her intention from her erratic spouse, who, detecting her discontent, without fathoming her motive, proposed their leaving "The Cedars" and assumption of a residence in New York City. To this proposal the wife apparently assented, requesting the privilege of paying her mother a visit in the interim, while he secured an appropriate domicile in the metropolis. With this understanding Herbert suffered his bride to depart from "The Cedars" accompanying her as far as the rustic gate opening upon the cemetery grounds, where he bestowed upon her that which proved to be, a farewell, eternal embrace. A few days thereafter Herbert himself quitted his homestead, carrying with him his first

wife's portrait and some selected volumes to take a residence at the Stevens' House, a hotel near the Bowling Green, formerly known as "Delmonico's" where he had secured a suite of rooms in anticipation of Mrs. Herbert's return after a brief absence.

Upon currency of rumors touching his abandonment, Herbert refused to place the least credence in their accuracy, although admitting that some Newark scandal-mongers had attempted to poison his wife's mind and to alienate her affections from him through relations of falsehoods touching his prior dissipation and habits of life. He intimated that a mysterious woman in black had visited "The Cedars," during his absence upon business, to sow seeds of discontent in his household, while in point of fact, this lady in black, an acquaintance of one of Herbert's intimate friends, who had once lived with him at his home, had merely called to gratify an idle curiosity, natural to ladies, as to the personal appearance of the newly-made bride. This trifling incident clearly demonstrates the shattered condition of Herbert's mind immediately preceding the descent of that last feather of disappointment breaking his naturally robust mental condition.

Treasuring a forlorn hope of his wife's love and speedy return, our author visited many of his old-time city friends, and among others, a conspicuous lawyer, at whose office he found a newspaper bearing his address. Mechanically he tore asunder the wrapper when his eye rested upon a marked paragraph—a legal advertisement, emanating beneath the authority of an Indiana court, summoning him to show cause why a divorce should not be granted to his wife, complaining of his cruelty, etc. Although crushed at heart, weak in body and mind, Herbert made a strong and effectual effort to suppress evidence of his internal agitation. He mustered courage sufficient to spend the day in pursuit of his ordinary

avocation and personally to invite some of his oldest acquaintances to dine with him in the evening.

Despite a depleted purse, Herbert had intended to give upon that night of May 16, 1858, a dinner, worthy of his ante-nuptial days, at which to gather the remnants of that social circle, wherein he had flourished years before. He had undoubtedly designed that feast to be crowned with a harrowing catastrophe, impression of which could never be removed from the memory of his invited guests. In fact, after the devotion of a major portion of the day to preparation of the preliminaries to the drama he was determined to enact, it was his intention to commit suicide in the presence of convivial friends, a remarkable termination to a most remarkable existence. But one, however, of the invited guests made his appearance, a former pupil, an excellent sportsman, and at times a resident at "The Cedars," reputed as possessing uncommon influence over his old preceptor. What transpired at that fatal dinner has never been revealed, but, towards two o'clock in the morning, Herbert arose from the table, passed into an inner room, placed himself directly in front of a full-length mirror, and taking aim from the reflection in the glass, discharged a pistol bullet directly through his heart. Before his friend could ascertain the cause of this unanticipated explosion, the suicide staggered back into his reception chamber, uttered his last and expressive words:

"I told you I would do it!" and expired.

Apart from a previous enunciation of an intention to end his days by violent means, reiterated in his dying remark, the documents left behind him by the suicide clearly demonstrate the act to have been committed after long and serious meditation. He had prepared a will, naming his executors, providing for his burial and describing the details he desired to be observed with respect to the headstone to be placed over his grave. He had

written an open letter to the coroner, and another to the press of America, both lengthy communications, setting forth the motives inducing his suicide, while exonerating his wife in the most charitable manner from being regarded in the least as provocative of his death. He desired his tombstone to be inscribed with the significant word *Infelicissimus*, a veritable interpretation of the unfortunate author's mental condition during the last days of his mortal existence.

Henry William Herbert was buried in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, a few hundred paces distant from where originally stood "The Cedars," the grounds formerly occupied by his house having been incorporated into those devoted to burial purposes after destruction by fire of that edifice. For eighteen years his grave remained unmarked by tablet or stone, his relatives in England refusing to devote any portion of the proceeds arising from the sale of "The Cedars" towards suitable perpetuation of his memory. Finally, during the Centennial year, a few citizens of Newark literally fulfilled our author's posthumous request to have placed at the head of his grave a simple slab of Belleville freestone, with the inscription dictated in his will. Low creeping vines with thickly clustering leaves make an appropriate covering for the resting-place of Frank Forester.

"Infelicissimus"

THE HAWKING PARTY.

Dimly gray the dawn is stealing—
  Stealing up the eastern sky,
Loud the red-cock's clarion peeling
  Tells the world that morn is nigh.

Southerly the wind is sweeping,
  O'er the forests sad and sere—
Heavily the dews are weeping,
  O'er the death of the woodland year.

Faint and few, the stars are paling,
  Through the rents o' the rising mist—
Though the fog-wreaths heavenward sailing
  Are not yet by the sunbeam kissed.

All the things that love the day—
  All that feed or fly by night—
Early greet the opening day—
  Early shun the approach of light.

Homeward is the hill-fox bending
  Slyly through the darksome glen;
From their nests the rooks are wending,
  Far and fast o'er field and fen.

Swift the woodcock's wing is gliding
  Down the vale to his lonely brake—
And the teal her brood is hiding
  In the reeds by the lilied lake.

In the yellow stubbles feeding
  Calls the partridge sharp and shrill,
While his hinds the stag is leading
  Toward his holt from the heathy hill.

Lo! the great sun skyward rushing
  Blithe as giant from his lair—
While the lavrock's chant outgushing
  Greets the lord of earth and air!

In their stalls the coursers stamping
  Chide their laggard grooms, this morn.
They their bits should now be champing,
  Bounding now to the mellow horn.

In their courts the pack is whining,
  Anxious, with erected ear—
For the glorious rally pining,
  For the jolly hunter's cheer.

Wake then, wake, each peerless maiden.
  Wake, each gallant cavalier,
Lo! the gale with moisture laden,
  And the month the best o' the year!

Blithe September's days are over,
  Brown October's suns are past,
Sere is now the seeding clover,
  And the leaves are falling fast.

Southern wind and cloudy sky—
  Not a dew-drop on the thorn—
Splendidly the scent will lie—
  'Tis a glorious hunting morn.

Lo! they muster—lord and lady—
  Brow of pride, and cheek of bloom,
Pointed beard and tresses shady—
  Velvet robe, and waving plume.

Housings gay, and bits gold-glancing,
  Bells of falcons tinkling light—
Chargers tall, and palfreys prancing,
  Meet for damsel, meet for knight—

Yeomen tall, with badge and bearing,
  Gather to the bugle blast—
Green-frocked varlets, featly wearing
  Frames whereon the hawks to cast.

Gray-haired huntsman, sage and steady,
  Oracle of all the train—
Hair-brained pages rash and ready
  For the skurry o'er the plain.

They have limmers fleet and fiery,
  They have bloodhounds stanch and slow,
They have terriers grim and wiry,
  They have spaniels slight and low.

Long-winged falcon, merlin light,
  Tarsel gentle, gosshawk gay,
Foes for fowl of every flight,
  Heavy duck, or heron gray.

Choose your coursers—grasp your bridles,
  Lightly leap to the broidered selle—
Lo! yon jennet snorts and sidles;
  Gallant, look to the lady well.

O'er the meadows, gently sweeping
  To the marge of the streamlet clear,
Slowly now the train is creeping,
  Lest the heronshaw should hear—

Where beside the ripplets dancing,
  Still and silent as the stone,
Whence he waits the small fry's glancing,
  Sits that hermit gray and lone.

Now the spotted brach is questing—
  See her feather, see her stoop—
Ho! boy, cease thy timeless jesting!—
  Lo! the quarry! Falconer, whoop!

With his harsh note hoarsely clanging,
  Lazily the air he fans,
Heavily his long legs hanging,
  Slow he beats his sail-broad vans.

Falconer, whoop! fling free your jesses—
  Let the Norway falcon fly!—
Dames, 't will ruffle sore your tresses,
  Would you see this heron die!

Oh! but you must gallop gladly,
  Over dry, and through the deep—
Spur your faltering jennets madly—
  Lift them at the rashest leap!

See! he spies the falcon's pinion,
  Upward! upward! soars he straight—
Toward the skylark's lone dominion,
  Where he sings at high heaven's gate.

Up, and up, in circles sailing,
  Wheels the heron round and round—
Higher yet the hawk is scaling,
  Higher yet the blue profound.

Scarce you see them now careering—
  Now they're lost i' the vapors, dun—
See them—see them re-appearing,
  Far above the morning sun.

Now the hawk, in pitch of pride,
  Meditates his fatal swoop—
Watch him now, howe'er ye ride—
  Watch him, would ye see him stoop.

Lo! he binds him—plumb, together,
  Fifty fathoms through the sky,
Falcon's talon, heron's feather,
  Down they struggle—win or die!

On the greensward faintly lying,
  Heavenward ne'er again to soar,
Hawk and heron both are dying,
  Beak and single wet with gore.

Wo ! for thee, thou bird so daring—
  Doomed ignobly thus to fall.
Long thy bells, like warrior's bearing,
  Shall bedeck the old oak wall.

Long, the theme of knightly story,
  Shall thy gallant feats be told—
Parcel of thy good lord's glory—
  Won by river, wood and wold.

Out ! alas ! I am but dreaming—
  In this cold degenerate day
Naught of high or nightly seeming
  Lives, but in the minstrel's lay.

Knightly sports, and knightly daring,
  Long ago have passed away—
We, their names and 'scutcheons bearing,
  Soon to pass, and be as they.

Well for us ! if, when we perish,
  History bears as high a trace
Of the things we do and cherish,
  As of their renowned race.

But, I fear me, history's showing
  Will for us be brief and bare—
All our modern trumpet-blowing
  Bootless blasts of empty air—

And I only can deplore me,
  As I think, in bygone days,
What my fathers were before me,
  What their labors, what their praise.

THE WIGWAM IN THE WILDERNESS;

OR,

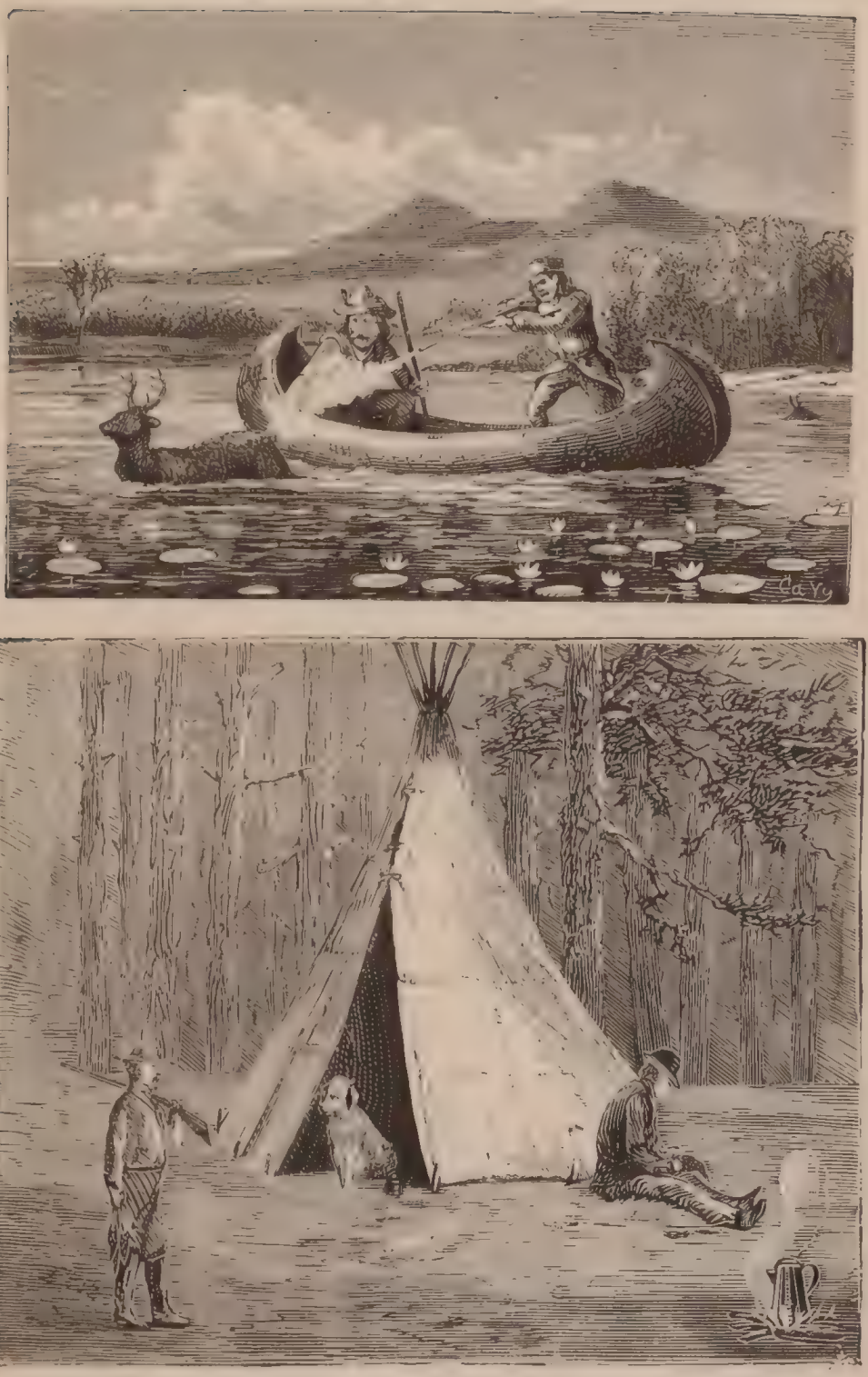
'KY SLY AND HIS COMPANYE.

CHAPTER I.

Ye Companye alle tolde. It campeth oute ye firste nighte. 'Ky Sly hee spinneth a yarne overre ye fire—"A weddin' as warn't a weddin', or a Yankee dancin' master done!"

It was a glorious day, in the early part of the month of September, when a party of three persons, partly moved by the desire of air and exercise, partly by the noble ardor, now in season, for the chase, and, not least of all, by the recent perusal of Hammond's glorious book, anent the "*Shatagee* country," set out from the city, by the Hudson River, with the pious intent of worshipping nature, in her native wood-haunts wild; in no particular places, other than such as should be chance-opened to their vagrant footsteps, but with a general view to those grand solitudes which lie between the St. Lawrence, the Canada frontier, Lake Champlain, and the boundary lines of New York culture and civilization.

They were a party of old stagers, in the woods, they who had gotten together for that frolic trip, of whom I must own myself the head and front, whether for praise or for offending—the first item of their forest experience being evidenced, by the season which they had selected for their visit to the wilderness, when the venomous black fly has yielded up his ephemeral breath, and the trumpeting mosquito himself is gradually dying out under the influence of the frosts, which are early, in these bleak and mountainous regions—the second was shown,



ADIRONDACK LIFE.

in the mode which they adopted of reaching the ground, and the manner of the plunder, which they toted along with them, as well for the purposes of sporting, as for the comfort of the outer, and the consolation of the inner man.

And these modes and manners, for the benefit of future travellers and tourists, I purpose here to set down; at some risk, I doubt not, of being called an old fogy by the fast men of the present day—which, I don't think will set me back any—and, at the certainty of being pronounced a soft, by those strenuous geniuses, who think it a point of manhood to be unnecessarily uncomfortable in the woods, and who belong to that class, who decline the accommodation of a pillow, on a bivouac, as over effeminate and luxurious, even if that pillow be but a snowball; such as Lochiel is said to have kicked from under the head of his nephew, in Montrose's celebrated winter campaign of 1643, indignant at the degeneracy of his clansmen, and of the age in general.

And here, it may be as well to state, that it is not in my purpose, at this time, to spin a long yarn touching the woods, "the hills, the lakes, and forest streams," with all their gay adornments of leaf and flower and fruit, and fleeting lights and shadows, and transient mists and summer-seeming sunshines, and all the beautiful and happy living things, which lend their charms of motion and vivacity and vigorous life to the lovely but lifeless attractions of the earth and the air and the waters. Only, as that princess of story-tellers, the inimitable Scheherazade, herself, had no power to commence her enchanting thread of never-beginning, never-ending witchcraft and romance, until her auditors were made duly acquainted with herself, her antecedents—as the French would call it—her local habitation, and her reasons for narrating strange tales of one-eyed Callenders, and mighty Geneii, released from the puissant seal of

Solomon, in that impulsive manner, against time; so, it appears to me but right and proper, that something should be revealed to our readers, concerning the individooality—as he would have spelt and pronounced it himself—of our guide and *raconteur*, Hezekiah Sly, of Slyville; for so he had denominated the harbor of his refuge, although the *ville* consisted of a single farm-house only, with its necessary out-buildings—and of the way in which he came to enlighten us with the agrestical adventures which I am about to submit; and of which, like Æneas of old, he might have said, "Quæque ipse miserrima vidi, Et quorum pars magna fui."

For, although neither his eloquence nor his loveliness approached nearer to that of the fair narratrix of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, than that of a sharp-eyed, leather-faced, cute-looking, long, lean specimen of Western New York humanity, clad in a tow hat of no particular shape, a linsey-woolsey hunting-shirt of no particular color, and a pair of butternut-dyed home-spun pantaloons, tucked into the tops of a pair of mighty cow-hide boots, might be expected to resemble the charms of a gazelle-eyed and rose-lipped sultana, with eyelids dyed with kohl, and finger-nails tinged with henna, and more yards of muslin in her turban than would have kept 'Kiah in shirts for his lifetime, and voluminous pink taffety unmentionables spangled with golden stars, like the skies on a frosty night, and tiny roseate feet sliding about in yellow morocco slippers—still, in his own way, "'Ky Sly"—for so he was usually called for the sake of euphony and alliteration— was rather a noticeable personage than otherwise; and in short to borrow his own self-eulogistic terms, was "some," if not "considerable," of a feller.

But, to return to our muttons, they, the wandering pleasure-seekers, showed their old stagership, by avoiding to trust their precious lives and limbs to the felonious mercies of the insanely-shrieking tea-kettle, which rushes,

belching forth hideousness and horror, along the beautiful margins of the desecrated Hudson, between pinnacles of immeasurable mountain and abysses of unfathomable water, in the latter part of which it will, doubtless, one day deposit its hundred car loads of innocent victims, to seek no redress and gain no sympathy from the mammon-worshipers of Wall Street, until that day of awful judgment, when merchant-princes shall discover that they were only men, after all, while they fancied themselves gods, and, for the most part, a mighty mean sort of men, at that.

No! no! they knew a trick worth two of that—they were going away from the metropolis of all pollutions, mental, moral, and physical—so that their lives were valuable to them, at least to the amount of pleasure they expected in the country, where they might hope to see one or two honest men, in a day's walk, and to smell one or two odors on the breezy air, which would not remind them of the slaughter-house, the sewer, or the charnel.

Had they been returning to New York, they might have been reckless—they might have committed their bodies to the Juggernauts of the Hudson River Rail-Road, forgetful that its victims, beyond the tortures they may be called on to undergo in this world, may probably be held in the next, to answer for the inexpiable sin of self-immolation.

No, they committed themselves to the steadiest and most sedate-looking steamboat they could find; and, when therein, ensconced themselves in seats on the taffrail, overhanging the rudder; inasmuch as they fully coincided both in the philosophy and the theology of that truly orthodox divine, who being asked, by a western captain, while in the act of rosining up, whether he believed in predestination, and that "what was to be was to be," replied that he did believe irrevocably in that consolatory and fundamental doctrine, but that, "on the hull, he

preferred being a leetle nigher to the starn, when it should come to pass!"

By these means, they arrived safely at Troy, took the canal boat, and passed a pleasant day, contemplating the lovely and rich scenery, through which runs the line of the Whitehall Canal, and the fine bold masses far to the right, of the grand Green Mountains of Vermont, now wreathed in robes of soft, smoky mist, now kindled by the setting sun into piles of ruddy, or crimson, or golden lustre. Nor did the frosty and star-lighted night pass unpleasingly; for eschewing the hot atmosphere of the close and crowded cabin, they huddled themselves down in the little cockpit by the steerage, wrapped themselves in their plaids or Mackinaw blankets, and spun yarns, and blew soft tobacco clouds into the keen night air.

And so, with a chance snooze, or cat-sleep, now and again, and a good deal of what was, I dare say, pretty poor fun, but which, at all events, sufficed to make them all laugh pretty heartily, they got through the night, cozily enough; and came to Whitehall, in ample time to lay in, while the steamer was wooding up, or coaling—it is all one which—for her trip up the lake, a most undeniable breakfast of broiled black bass, lake trout, young partridges, and good home-made bread, to which they did justice, as men by law duly authorized not only to kill, but to consume for their body's good, whatever game of fin, fur, or feather, they might come by, providing only that it be slain in season, and artistically brought to table.

And now, when they found themselves fairly on board their steamboat, and sure to be delivered within a few hours, at the pretty village, which for the present shall be nameless, on the left hand or west side of the lake, whence they proposed to strike off broad into the wilderness, for three or four weeks, at least, without a prospect of sleeping in a bed, or sitting in a chimney corner, they

proceeded to overhaul their traps, to which I have referred, as the second evidence of their old-stagerism in the woods.

And I do flatter myself, that for comprehensiveness, compactness, smallness of compass, and sufficiency of all reasonable comforts, their kits were not easily to be beaten. It is true, that the excursion was to be made principally by water, and that they calculated to travel between one and two hundred miles by lake and river, outside a fence, as the term goes, or in other words, without seeing a human habitation; and, to that end, the three best guides in the country had been preëngaged, and were now, as they expected, and were not deceived in their expectation, awaiting them at their landing-place, with all due preparations made and provided. Still there were many and rough portages to be made; and, for every reason, it was necessary that all baggage, arms, and eatables, should be in the smallest compass, and in the form most convenient both for boat stowage and back loading. Their spare clothes, therefore, were limited to two flannel shirts, one pair of drawers, two pair of socks, a pair of spare shoes, a pair of slippers, a comb and tooth-brush to each individual; beside a set of razors and their paraphernalia, for the good of the party. These were stowed in a light and convenient knapsack, with straps on the top for the plaids and blankets, which each carried as bed-clothes and covering in case of wet weather, the whole not exceeding ten or twelve pounds to each man. In addition to this, each had one of those neat little gallon kegs, with straps by which to suspend them from the shoulders, which can now be got at any gun-shop, and his shot-gun or rifle provided with a sling, his hunting-knife being secured in his belt, and his gaff and fishing-rod to be carried in his hand while on the tramp.

In addition to these, they had for the benefit of the

guide, a campaigning case of leather, of about eighteen inches in length by sixteen in width and depth, containing a complete set of cooking utensils, from stew-pan, frying pan, tea-kettle and gridiron, down to cups, plates, knives, forks, and spoons, all arranged in nest fashion, and perfectly portable with little inconvenience, by means of a shoulder-strap and breast belt. Their provisions, consisting of a good store of ship-biscuit, a couple of flitches of bacon, a few pounds of black tea, and a quantum suff. of salt and sugar, were also packed in bags provided with shoulder-loops and a breast-band, so that they could be easily carried on the back, even with the addition of a birch canoe balanced on the head of the bearers.

For their dress, they had all blue or red California shirts, fustian or corduroy shooting-jackets, breeches, low ankle-shoes, and deer-skin leggings. They were each and all prepared to rough it, and go, share for share alike, both of toil and pleasure, guides and employers; but they intended to get all they could of good sport, good fun, and good living out of the trip, not to do a bit more work, or worry themselves a bit more than was absolutely necessary in order to do the thing up right; and at the time to feed just as well as the season and the place would let us,—

> "For of right good cheer
> In the wild-woods here,
> O! why should a hunter lack?"

and they had vowed a deep vow, that they would be every bit as comfortable, under the broad, blue sky, or the green hemlock bough, as under the slated roof of the city, only more so.

And, to that end, they had brought along their stock and plenishing, their grub and tipple, their arms and ammunition, and had engaged the redoubted 'Ky Sly, with his birch canoe, to paddle myself and my chosen comrade, Alfred Amiger; John Hardyman, the brother

of 'Ky's pretty young wife Hatty, with his natty little skiff to pilot our friend, Fred Somerton ; and a nondescript old nigger, half fisherman, half hunter, two-thirds country hostler, and altogether a humorist, as old as Methuselah, as gray as a grizzly, and as strong as a team of young ones boiled down into one old one, to pull, paddle and pole along a light bit of a batteau with our provender, and to help portage, keep camp, cut firewood and cook.

"What can be nobler in a state than this ?" as Milton asks complacently, after some grand abstraction about freedom, and men speaking free ; or in other words, how is it possible that there could have been a better selected, arranged party of all colors, better constituted, better equipped, with a better commissariat, or a better crew, whether for frolicking or fighting, revelling or roughing it, high life or hardship, sheer fun, or soberest reality, than they who were assembled on the deck of the good steamer "Indian Chief," as she went cleaving her smooth way through the clear, glancing ripples of the silvery Champlain, and they, who were awaiting the companye in the calm glitter of the smoky autumn noon, on the little dock to which they were rapidly sweeping.

Up they came to it, sliding gently along to the pier-head, without a crash or jar ; a bell rings, a line is thrown ashore and made fast to a pile, a bridgeway is thrust forward, and a grinning darkey has got the traps ashore, pocketed his tip, salaamed and smiled, as nothing but a darkey can ; and before friend Sly has shaken Frank's arm quite out of its socket, or finished his ejaculation — "Waal ! you looks nat'ral, Forester, you do, I swow," the fastenings are cast off, the plank hauled in-board, and the graceful steamer is sweeping away, like a wild swan that has only vailed her pinion to spread it anew with redoubled power.

But here are Jack Hardyman and the roan "Canucks,"

and we've got five and twenty miles to ride before we get to Slyville, and here is 'Ky whispering in Frank's ear—

"Don't ye be mad now, Forester, but we've just got to stop to-night at Slyville—we can't get off into the woods this here night, no how."

"I'm sure I never said we could, 'Ky. What in the dickens are you making all this palaver about?"

"Waal, there's Jack's skiff wants caulking, some; and then Uncle Jothe," that was the nigger, "he's been on a bit of a bust last night, and it'll take him all o' this night to get over it, and then—and then—there's the things to stow, and the casting-nets and tackle to look up; and—and—waal, Hatty ses, you is to stay, all on you, this night, anyhow; and so you is, I guess."

"I guess so, indeed," replied Frank, "if Hatty says we is. He's a bold man that would gainsay Hatty. But no excuse is needed; I'm mighty convenient to stop to-night at Slyville, for my part; and we'll have a high time, I warrant it."

"We will, I swow," said 'Ky, enchanted at this unexpected facility; "now gentle-men, all's right here. Mr. Armiger, you git in aft there with Mr. Somerton, Frank and I, we'll bunk in here, amidships, and Jack, he'll put the canucks along. They travel better for him than they will for eree 'nother on us. Is all them traps in, Jack, and the rifles? that's it, go along—'way with you now—slick!"

And, without more words, away they did go, in great style, bowling over a good, smooth limestone road through the woods at a speed of ten miles an hour, which, notwithstanding that they had five well-grown men, and a very considerable load of baggage of one kind and another, the punchy, high-strung little Canadians maintained in high glee, nipping and biting at one another in play, and not showing a single hair turned, when the driver stopped to give them a sup of water at a clear, wayside spring,

midway of the journey. Thus far the road had lain over moderately rolling country, though for the most part level, covered with a dense rich forest of deciduous trees, and affording the sportsmen, from time to time, glimpses of the outlet of the lake to which they were wending their way, a broad, deep stream, with scarcely any perceptible current.

"I guess," said Sly, looking at Forester with a glance which by no means belied his name, "I guess it wouldn't set a chap back none, to take a short dive into that fust-rate French brandy of yourn, Forester. I didn't say nothing, when we was down to Andy Green's tavern, thar at the landin', for if we'd been a goin' to drink thar, 'twouldn't have been manners to pull out our bottles right stret afore his face; and he haint got nothing fit for a constable to drink; and it's pretty well knowed a constable will drink anything, so long as it 'taint water, and he haint got to pay for it. I guess it's pooty much the same down to York, with them are 'stars,' as they calls 'em, ain't it?"

"I can't say, indeed," replied Frank, "we know very little about the tastes and habits of these gentry, except when we see them on a cold night, as often as there's a great fire, or a great Irish row, or a shocking street murder, or, in short, whenever they are particularly wanted, loitering about the entrance of some very low grog-cellar, or asleep in some comfortable corner. That's what the corporation pay them for; to keep out of the way whenever there is need for them, particularly when a rough-and-tumble fight is advertised to come off, at a fixed time, in the Park, the Washington Parade Ground, or Union Square; that, and to see the members of the Common Council home o' nights, when they are tired with their exertions, for the public good, at Washington's birthday, or some other little national celebrations, which are the only chances the poor fellows have of showing

their ardent spirits in the cause of the city, since that terrible fellow Flagg has ignored the tea-room. But how did you know, 'Ky, that we'd got any French brandy along with us?"

"Didn't I see that old brown travellin' keg o' yourn, Forester, and hain't I a'tasted what was in it, afore now; and don't I know that you're too old a hand to mix one sort of liquor into a keg as has got the hang of 'nother? You don't fool this old chap, I tell you."

"Well, I think you have earned a drink fairly, 'Ky, by guessing," said Forester, producing a small pocket pistol, which as friend Hammond says—for I must count such a genial wooodsman a friend, if I never did see him —'did me no hurt that day, though discharged at my own head,' and though I too 'am a temperate man, and can talk right eloquently about the evils of strong drink' —but not a drop comes out of one of those kegs, I tell you, 'Ky, and one of them's full of real French brandy, as you shrewdly surmise, and the other two of the best Jamaica, except one-quarter of a gill each at supper-time —barring chance duckings in the lake, or such like, which may make a little medicine needful. There are three gallons in those three hunting-kegs, and one in reserve among the small stores, and that's all we've got to last all six of us, these four weeks to come; so we shan't have much margin for carousing."

"Well! I'm agreeable, anyhow," said 'Ky, mixing himself a moderate horn, in the cup attached to the flask, with the pure spring-water, "but is brandy medicine arter a ducking?"

"I found it great medicine once," said I, "when I was up among the Chippawas, on Lake Huron."

"How's that 'are?"

"Do tell," exclaimed 'Ky and his brother-in-law, at a breath.

"The yarn, Frank, the yarn!" cried Armiger, and "Hurrah! for the Ojibwas," shouted Somerton.

"Well! there's not much yarn about it," said Frank, "only we were coming home, eight of us, after a ten days' cruise up the Natchedash; and we were within one day's paddling of our camp, and it was Sunday morning, and we'd not got a bit of pork left, or an onion, or a spoonful of tea or sugar; nothing but a few hard ship-biscuits and a few drams of rum. We'd had no luck with game over night, and, though the rice lakes and the river were black with ducks, that morning, 'The Starry Sky,' who was our chief guide, would not paddle us up to them, for love or money; because he was a Baptist Christian, and 'minister say, Injun be d—n, anyhow, if shoot Sunday.'

"To this, no reply was to be made; and we had to make a virtue of a necessity and go hungry. But at last, in tracking down a dangerous *chute*, one of the canoes broke adrift and came near upsetting; when, in plunged 'the Starry Sky' with a whoop, into the perilous pool, boarded the canoe in fine style, and brought her up to shore, leaking badly, and himself shivering like a pointer dog in a frozen snipe marsh. Well, I gave him a thimbleful of rum, and while the most of the Indians were patching up the broken canoe, with gum and birch bark, what does the red devil do but go to work cleaning, wiping out and loading his old nor'west smooth bore.

"'Halloa! what's this, Jacob,' said I, tipping the wink to my friends, 'what for, clean gun? very bad shoot duck, Sabba' day, You not do that, I reckon.'

"'What he sinnify?' retorted my red friend, promptly. 'D—n once, ready for drink rum, Sabba' day; only d—n twice, shoot duck, eat good supper. D—n once, d—n twice, all one thing—repent once, he finish!—now go shoot duck!' which he did, incontinently; and speared half a dozen fine black bass into the bargain. So that we

had fresh fish, mallard, widgeon, and wild rice for supper, instead of ship biscuit and salt. I can't say much for the morality of my tale, but we found that dram great medicine against hunger, I tell you ; and my yarn's a true one, which is more than can be said of most such !"

"Good for you, Frank," said Hardyman, "we'll have to set 'Ky agoin', to beat that 'un, when we oncet fairly gits camped out."

Well, away went the team again ; and now, the nature of the country began to alter ; the hills became steeper, longer, and were often broken by ledges of bare rock ; and the deciduous trees made way for a fine open pine forest—not a stick short of a hundred feet to the first branch, not a bush of underwood, and the road running as straight as a Roman way, up hill and down dale, through the long perspective of red stems, bronzed by the evening sunshine, which streamed full down the track as it ran due westward, as grand and glorious as the interminable aisle of some great gothic minster.

The rippling sound of the outlet, as it poured away unseen, through a deep dingle to the right, with now and then the hoarse roar of a fall, told the hunters likewise, if their eyes had failed to do so, that they were getting up among the mountains.

"Git out that 'are shot gun o' yourn, Frank," said 'Ky, "we've got to crawl up the Long Mountain, anyhow, and ef we put old 'Spot,'" and he pointed to a tall blue-mettled stag-hound, of the old southern breed, which was trotting along lazily, as it seemed, by the side of his friends, the ponies, but keeping up all the time to their best pace, "ef we put old 'Spot' thar into the bush, he'll be skeering out one or two o' them big wood rabbits acrost the track to-rights ; and ef we take one or two o' them home for supper, it'll make Hatty feel good."

"Well," said Frank, uncasing his gun to order, "Hatty

must be made to feel good, whatever comes of it. But will 'Spot' condescend to hunt rabbits?"

"'Spot' 'ull hunt anything I tells him to, from a chipmunk or a gray-squir'l to a big bull moose, or a painter. He'd hunt you, ef I tell'd him to. Hie up, 'Spot,' hie up! Skeer out them big jackass rabbits—hie! old hound."

And away, sure enough, went the old dog, as if he understood him, just as 'Ky pulled up to cross a little muddy run at the foot of the steep ascent, which he called the Long Mountain.

As the team paused here, though it was but for a second, the quick eye of the woodsman—and a better than 'Ky Sly never trod forest soil—caught sight of a fresh track in the ooze, by the side of the stream. It was a round cat-like tread, but, unlike a cat's trail, showed the marks of long, blunt claws, which did not seem to be retractile, like those of the rest of the race.

"By thunder! who'd ha' thought it Jack," cried 'Ky, as he examined the recent trail, "there's been a 'Lusafee'* about this here run, since we come down, this morning. That's what some calls a 'Injun devil,'" he added, turning to Frank, "they're death on rabbits, and fa'ans and young lambs, anyhow; but I did not think as there was one so nigh about hum, as this here feller. We must set the boys on to his trail, with the traps, Jack, else he'll be arter them youngest lambs, sartain, when the cold nights come on. Well! get away, put them along a bit, Jack; let them step out, else we will never git acrost the backbone of the mountain."

Well, not to make a long story, 'Spot' did drive two or three brace of the American varying hares, which had not yet put on their winter clothing, across the road; and For-

*"Lusafee," provincial for "*Loup lenier.*" The Lynx, "*Felis Canadensis.*"

ester had the luck to bag a leash of them, over the heads of the steady canucks, without pulling up; so that everything bid fair for Hatty being made to feel good, and consequently, for the party's meeting a first-rate reception.

By-and-bye, they topped the crest of the Long Mountain, and under their feet lay a green wooded lap, full of birches, with their silvery stems, dark purple twigs, and golden yellow leaves, the first to change in autumn of all the trees of the forest, and the outlet brawling through it, over a pebbly bed, a broad, shallow, turbulent trout stream. Beyond this lovely glen, rose a second low, rounded ridge, covered partly with deciduous trees, partly with lordly pines, above which towered a thin column of blue smoke, in which the hungry voyagers were not slow to decypher the sign of Slyville; but seen beyond the ridge, stretching far away toward the horizon, framed by a ragged boundary of wild and broken mountains, lay a long sheet of burnished silver, crossed by a wavy wake of blazing gold, projected from the red sun, which was sinking in the west, in a flood of dying glory. This was "White Lake," the first of the splendid chain of inland waters, on which the hunters meant, like Earl Percy of old, "their pleasure, three autumn weeks, to take."

Down the hill they rattled, and over a clattering wooden-bridge across the outlet, when lo! and behold, from out a white-walled cottage, "all with vine-boughs overrun," which had escaped their notice, lying *perdue* by the waterside, there came forth by all odds! the most magnificent figure of a woman, one ever set eye on in his life; and tripped lightly up the slope before the drag, without turning her head to look at the fast-approaching wagon, though it came on with a clatter enough to wake the dead.

She was very neatly, even coquettishly, dressed, for the backwoods; with a white frock, pink kerchief, and pink

sun-bonnet, set rather jauntily on the back of her head. Particularly noticeable were a clean pair of heels, set off by a pair of well put-on, white cotton stockings, and neat low-quartered shoes.

Altogether, Frank marvelled. It was exactly one of those figures which set one a dreaming all sorts of imaginary charms in the unseen face ; and put him all agog, until he can fairly envisage the charmer. It was clear, at a glance, that it was not the delicate and rather *petite* person of the pretty hostess, Hatty ; and Forester knew also that, save Hatty, there were no other adult members, feminine, of the family at Slyville ; wherefore he the more marvelled.

"Aha!" said he, "Master 'Ky, I see now why Hatty laid an embargo on us, for to-night. Got company, hey ? By Jove, I never saw such a figure as that girl, in my life ; and what a stepper, too ! You need not have been afraid of our being glad enough to stay, with such a temptation as that, at Slyville. Who is she 'Ky—is her face up to her figure ?"

"Tha-at ? oh ! tha-at's Nelly," drawled out friend 'Ky. "Her face ! wa-al ! some thinks it is, and then agin, some thinks it isn't. But for my part, I counts Nelly a pooty nice kind of a chunk of a gal, I does."

Then came a quizzical glance, which Frank could not exactly fathom, pass between the two brothers-in-law ; and Jack Hardyman rolled his quid over in his mouth, as he invariably did, when anything rich was coming. Frank twigged it, and sat expectant, but said nothing. They swept up abreast of the charmer ; she turned, dropped a curtsey, and such a smile—so radiant.

"*O Giove Omnipotente!* Oh ! by the Thunderer !" as Sly would have translated it. Black as the ace of spades, yet not without a trace of that placid, impassive, massive style of beauty, which one can admire in the

Nubian Sphynx; with soft velvety eyes, and dimples, literally overflowing with good-nature.

"How do, Nelly?" said Sly, with a cute glance at Forester. "Ya-as, I call Nelly a pooty nice kind of a chunk of a gal, I does! and you hadn't need to look so shame-faced, nuther, Frank; you ain't the fust white chap, by a heap, as has been taken in by Nelly's back. That's why she never looks around, till the last minnit; and then she's sure to be full of laff, she is, to think she's took some one in, sartain."

"She come all-fired near gittin' a white husband, too," said Jack Hardyman, looking back, half bursting with suppressed laughter, "and a pro-fessor at that, too." And she would ha' got him, too, if it hadn't been along of them loco-foco matches as Squire Jem Brown sot off all of a suddent."

"Shet up your darned head," said Sly, energetically, dealing his brother-in-law a dig in the short ribs that would have keeled over the hippopotamus in the Zoölogical Gardens, but which produced no effect on that worthy but an explosion of terrific laughter, and a series of most excruciating winks. "Ef I couldn't talk no better sense nor that, Jack Hardyman, I'd jist keep my head clost, forever."

Frank saw at once, both that thereby hung a tale, and that this was no time to have it. He determined to bring it out, however, all the same, in due season, and he did draw it too, as those of his readers will soon discover who will lend him their ears a little longer.

But now the party swept up to the gate opening on the well-kept door-yard of Slyville, and out came pretty, blushing, merry Hatty, with a fat, curly-headed, blue-eyed young one hanging on to each side of her nicely frilled pink and white gingham apron, on hospitable cares intent; and so, for the time, all was welcomes and introductions; and Nelly and the story were forgotten, as if

they had never been. Supper was served the moment the companye entered, consisting of every delicacy that a thriving and well-managed farm can furnish; for it must not be supposed that friend Sly was one of those loafing, and never well-to-do specimens of humanity, a mere hunter; far from it, he was a rich, thriving farmer, with a splendid tract of above three hundred acres under cultivation, about two-thirds of which are unrivalled meadow and pasture land, by the lake shore; a couple of hundred acres more of first-rate woodland, with the best house, prettiest wife, and finest garden in the country. The road, by which they had come to his house, stopped short by the lake, turned at a right angle to the northward, and went off through the woods to Port something or other, on the St. Lawrence, and thence following the great river, found its way to Ogdensburgh, at the mouth of the Oswegatchie, and thence to Oswego and Rochester. Slyville, therefore, being the only convenient house for a hundred miles in any direction, often did duty for a sort of extemporaneous hotel, for the better class of passengers, for which friend 'Ky's purse became all the heavier, and his wife's skill in matters culinary and epicurean, waxed in due proportion.

During supper, which was bountiful as well as dainty, and seasoned with wit as well as good humor, and a hearty welcome, nothing was said which bore in any way on the anticipated story, but when they had got stowed away in the chimney-corner with the pipes, and jorums of hot rum, some one made a chance remark concerning the newly organized society of "Know Nothings," as they are called, which is making such a stir in some parts of the country; and Fred Somerton, who is a bit of a politician, asked Jack Hardyman if there were many of them in that part of the country.

"Waal," said Jack, after musing for a moment or two, "I dun' know as there be. I carn't say as we knows

much, up hereaways in the woods; but most of the folks knows suthin'. There's some o' them Dolittles left about, I guess, though," he added, with a quizzical look at Hatty.

She blushed up, fiery red, in a minute, with a "Hush't with your nonsense, Jack, you're seeh a tease!" and then she simpered, and blushed more, and stole a sly glance at Forester, out of the corner of her bright eye, as if to ask, "are you up to it?" But 'Ky, who sat in the corner, next to Jack Hardyman, repeated the former admonition, by dig in the ribs No. II., and precisely the same formula which he had used before.

"Shet up your darned head, Jack. Ef I couldn't talk no better sense nor that, Jack Hardyman, I'd jest keep my head clost forever!"

Whence Frank concluded that Hatty, and Nelly, and the pro-fessor, and the loco-foco matches, and the Dolittles, were in some sort connected; and how they were so, he determined to set himself to find out, right speedily.

Supper passed, bed-time came; and all hands slept like tops, and awoke like giants, refreshed by slumber; and, after a catch breakfast, got under way with the flotilla of birch canoe, clinker built skiff and light bateau, with all the traps on board, and the old hound, "Spot," and his younger comrade, "Ringwood;" and a fresh breeze getting up with the sun, dead astern of them, stuck up their blanket-sails, and went sliding away over the smooth water, dead before it, without the trouble of paddling.

Trolling lines out, was now the order of the day; for they were running just about fast enough to make the bait-fish play beautifully on the swivels; and they had soon on board half a dozen fine silvery lakers, weighing from one-and-a-half to three pounds; and, at last, Frank struck a teaser, that made his click-reel talk Gaelic in great style for twenty minutes, and when he was closely

gaffed by 'Ky, he put the scale down to an ounce or two below seven pounds.

As the sun got up toward the meridian, the breeze fell, and betaking themselves to the paddles, they made a beautiful wooded island in the mid-lake, covered with a pretty growth of birch, aspens and red alders to the water's edge, and hemlocks and red cedars on the upland, at about two in the afternoon.

Here we halted for nooning, and Uncle Jothe bestirring himself, we soon dined luxuriously on broiled lake-trout and boiled potatoes, a big bag of which had been added to the stores by Sly, with the pork fat which had dripped from the fish, for seasoning. It may be added, however, that while dinner was under way, Frank took a round with Spot and his shot-gun, when much to his astonishment, that omniscient quadruped flushed two couple and a half of cock before him, in easy shot, out of the alders by the shore, which all came to bag; and, afterward, treed a brace of ruffed grouse, which he ignominiously slew sitting.

After dinner, a smoke and a siesta, they got under way again and paddled their best, all hands, until, just at dark, they made "Camping Island," as Sly had christened it, where they found a good shanty ready built, requiring only a supply of fresh hemlock tips for a bed, and a store of fire-wood, both of which were soon forthcoming under the active ministry of Jothe.

A supper, more elaborate than the dinner, followed. They had a Meg Merrilies' stew, or game chowder, if you will, of fried pork and onions, potatoes, ship-bread, ruffed grouse, and varying hare—they had the big trout, boiled, with a drop of vinegar and salt water for sauce—they had woodcock roasted in the wood ashes—they had a drop of prime French brandy, with their cold lake water, to wash down the substantials, and then they had black tea and pipes, by the blazing watch-fire, in the

beautiful calm moonlight, with the delicious air murmuring over them, loaded with aromatic odors stolen from the pines and junipers around. What could they have had better; nay! what half so good, at Delmonico's or the Union Club?

Well, after supper, they were lying off, as they say; and, as I know no other phrase that better exemplifies the thing, why I say so too—when suddenly an idea came into Frank's head, and he started it on the instant. He determined to try the talisman—

"Well, Jack," said he to his next neighbor, "I think, after our hard day's work, we are pretty much all of us 'Dolittles' now."

'Ky jumped upon his feet, as if a snake had bit him; "Darn your skin, Jack. So you've ben and told the hull raft on 'em that old story, have you?"

"Hain't done nothin' of the kind, nuther," replied Jack Hardyman, stoutly, "but I will to-nights, leastwise if you don't up and tell it yourself. I will, by thunder, 'Ky; and I'll git Frank Forester here to set it down in that 'are Feeladelphy Magazine, and then the hull country 'll know of your cavortings!"

Thereupon, of course, all joined in chorus, and it was not long before 'Ky had to give up; so after taking a long whiff of his pipe, he lifted up his voice and narrated as follows:—

"Waal, you see, it was just six years agone, this month—and I was a kinder big lad, een'amost a man—and I owned all this farm then, only my old mother was alive, and she kind o' governed; and old Jothe, he was sort o' prime minister, as they calls it; and I hadn't much to say about the farmin', and that's God's truth, anyhow; leastwise, as far as head-work went; they'd let me plow, when I'd a mind, that's a fact, for I could draw the straightest furr' of all on 'em; and if there was a wild colt to be broke, oh! 'Ky was wanted then, no one

could back a vicious one, like 'Ky, for sartain ; and if there was an ugly critter among the cattle, as they was all skeered of, oh ! it was 'Ky, he'd go down and tackle the darned beast, sartain. 'Ky warn't afraid o' nothing that went on four legs, nor two, nuther—'Ky warn't, and that's jest the way they soaped me. I was the best shot in the country, and the best rider, and the best oarsman, and the best hunter ; and, though I ses it, as shouldn't, I was a long ways off of being the wust farmer ; and I was sure one day to be about the biggest land-holder in the town, or the country either, for that matter. But warn't I green, though, in them days—and I thought quite a consid'rble of myself, too. I had begun to feel my oats, you see, and I wanted to be sparking up to the gals, and I tried to slick myself up some, and I went to singin' school, and I tried my wust, but it wouldn't come to nothin', no how.

"I was kind o' bashful like, the wust kind—I warn't feared 'zactly. I had stood up, rough and tumble, to a bar, and whipped him with my wood-knife, and I'd shot a big painter, afore I was sixteen ; and I'd whipped the bully of old Herkimer, down to the Court House, in a fair stand up fight—and I warn't afeard of no man—and I could talk up pooty good too, when there was nothin' but men about. But when it came to the gals, the more I wanted to talk up just the more I couldn't ; and they was always pokin' fun at me, and orderin' me about, and it was 'Ky here, and 'Ky thar, all the hull time, and I hadn't a comfort in my life, and they all a'laffin' at me all the time ; all 'xcept Hatty, you see, for Hatty was always kind o' gentle and kind like, and didn't like to hurt no sort o' creetur's feelin's e'en if it was a dumb one's ; and a most mighty dumb critter I was them days, and no mistake."

"You was so, 'Ky," put in Jack Hardyman in a consolatory manner, "I mind well—"

"Oh! jest you shet up, you, if I wor green, I warn't so awful green as all that comes to; and I never looked half so spoony as you did, Jack, that time I pitched you stret into the swimmin'-hole afore all the gals, for cuttin' up some o' your shines on me. Waal, to get on, I kind of liked Hatty, and I tried to work up to windward of her some, and one time I kind o' conceit, that she notioned me a bit, and then again I didn't know what to think.

"Waal, Hatty was livin' down then, nigh to the landin', in the big stun house with the great black walnuts in the door-yard; her father he was squire then, and he com' to be judge arterwards. And Hatty, she was the pootiest gal in the place, and the smartest and the best; and she'd advantages too, I tell you, Forester; why she was down to Mrs. Willard's, at Troy thar, three quarters; and, when she come back, she knowed everything.

"I tell you she was a scholar, and she danced, and played the piano. Oh, I tell you she was a monstrous sight too smart for me, and is now, for that matter.

"But some how she seemed always to have a kind o' sneaking kindness for me, and she was content to have me along side of her, and keep her company, at parties and pic-nics and so on, and ef I didn't say much I liked to look at her, and be near by her; and she didn't snub me like the other gals did; and she seemed to like to have me near her, too. And I was happy, now I tell you. I don't know how' twas, you see, for I don't know nothin' about sympathies, and romance and sich, but it seems to me now, as I look back on't, that I jest liked Hatty because it was Hatty; and she liked me, because it was 'Ky."

"That's it, jest," said Jack Hardyman, "and I never did see, what ever she see to like in you, no how."

"Nothing can be more correct or more philosophical, 'Ky," said Forester, "without knowing it, you've hit on

the very thought, which some very clever people have called the very finest thought of a great French writer and philosopher."

"Waal, may be 'tis; I don't know nothin' about philosophy nor French, but I do know that, arter all, its jest as well Hatty did like me, for in the eend I guess it was I saved her the heartbreak.

"Waal, bime-bye, thar came news in the village that there was a new dancin' master comin' to teach all on us young folks dancin', and manners, and perlite behavior, and how to stand, and how to walk; jest as if we didn't know how to stand, as had stud up to better men nor ever filled his shoes—let alone bars and painters—or jest as if we didn't know how to walk, as could rack off more miles afore breakfast than he could in a week. And then he was to teach us what to do with our hands—gosh! but I'd like to had my hands under his snoot, the first time as ever I seen him—and how to hand the gals down stairs, and into supper, and how to hoist rumbrellas, and such falderals.

"Waal, he was one Pro-fessor Gam-mut, they called him, but I thought all along he acted more like gam-mon, but when I sed so they was all down on me right at oncet. And wasn't he sich an elegant gentleman, and hadn't he sich elegant whiskers and sich dear, sweet mustashers, and sich weeny little feet all in varnished gaiters, and sich white hands, all in yaller kid gloves. Oh! there warn't no sich a man no how, as Pro-fessor Gam-mut! Waal, now, I can't say but he was a good-looking feller, and a genteel-looking feller; and he dressed fust rate, in a blue coat with gold buttons, and black cloth pantaloons that sot as tight as wax to a right handsome leg; and his hair, it was all curly like a poodle dog's, and his mustachers oiled as slick as silk—and didn't he dance beautiful! Waal! it must have been a pleasure to folks to see the way him and Hatty used to dance, at the publics,

waltzes, and polkas, and redowas, and I don't know what all; and it was a pleasure to some, I heard say. But it warn't no pleasure to me, I tell you; and I got jealous, and made a fool of myself, as men does e'en a-most always, when they do git jealous; and I blowed out at Hatty, and gin her a piece of my mind; and she gin me back a piece of her'n, and then I sulked and she sulked; and I left off goin' to see her; and I quarrelled with Jack here, and she got sad, and I got mad, almost, and things went wuss and wuss, and when we met in the street, she'd look 'tother way—and then I tried to spark Sall Mills, to see if I couldn't set Hatty jealous; but Sall Mills reckoned as she didn't want no other girl's cast-off beaux, and so I gin up. And the news came as Hatty was a goin' to marry the Pro-fessor, and they was a'most always together like; and I don't know how it was. Hatty she says now, as she only carried on so all-fired to bring me to; but if she did that warn't the way; and I sulked jest to bring her to, and that warn't the way nuther. But I do know if she was a-meaning to marry that 'ar scamp—for a scamp he was, and a darned black-hearted scamp, too—it was all my own fault; and it was all Heaven's massy as she was saved arter all.

"Waal! I believed as she was a-goin' to marry him, and Gam-mut believed it too, and I got a feelin' so bad, as I couldn't stay to see it, no how. So the folks at the farm, they wanted a new team of horses, and they'd heerd tell of a fine span someways off in Vermont, beyond Montpelier, and I concluded to go arter them, as a change wouldn't do me no harm, any how. So I up, one fine summer morning, and across the lake, and into Vermont, and away! over the country, arter them 'ar horses. Waal, I found them, and I bought them, and a pretty good bargain I made on them, too. So I was a-coming along homeward, one day, in my wagon, about six miles 'tother side of Montpelier, with my old sorrel

in the shafts, and the new team hitched on behind, and it was a right hot day, and I was clean tuckered out, and sorrel was tuckered out too, and the new team they was tuckered out, and I was lookin' sharp, I tell you, for some place where I could get a rest, and a bit and a sup for myself, and a drink for the horses, and bime-bye, we came to a poor bit of a ricketty, tumble-down house, as had been better in its day, but the piazza that had half tumbled down, and half the window panes were broken and stuffed up to keep the wind out, with old hats and flannel shirts; and the garden was all gone to rack and ruin, and over the door was a sign, 'Hiram Dolittle, tailor, making, mending, cleaning, and repairing,' and by the window was another sign 'Cakes and Beer.'

"So, though it was a mean-lookin' place, I thought I'd go in and take a rest anyhow, and see how the beer'd go. I went in, and on a sort of bench there was a miserable looking, lean, withered old man a-settin' cross-legged, stitching away, as it was for life; and beside him a tall, thin, yellow, bony woman, een'amost all skin and bone, pressing the seams, as the old man turned them off, with a heavy goose. A half a dozen of the nastiest kind of children, some on them eatin' green apples, and some on them suckin' nasty, unhullsome candies, was all around, about—but there was a kind of something in them children's faces, and in the old tailor's face, as came across my memory, as if it was in a dream. I couldn't tell, if it had been to save me, where I'd seen them 'ere faces; but I had seen 'em somewhere afore.

"Waal, the thin, yellow woman, ses she to me, 'What is't, mister?' and ses I, 'I see you sell cakes and beer, and I want to take a rest and a bite and a drop, and to give my horses a drop too, for it's a hot day, ma'am,' ses I, 'and I and my horses we're pooty well tuckered, atween the heat, and the dust, and the want of water.' So she opened the door for me, into the parlor, and bid

me welcome, and sent her biggest boy to water my horses, and brought me the cakes and beer; and though it was all very plain and very poor, it was jest as clean as a new pin, and I could see, in twenty little things, the signs of better times gone by; and the marks of what I didn't know the meaning of then, but Hatty's taught me that since, refinement.

"So I sot, and I sot, and I munched my cakes and sipped the root-beer, and I kept up a most consumed thinking, mostly about Hatty, and what a fool I'd a ben and made of myself, and sich like. Waal, all at once, I raised up my eyes, and what should I see over the mantel but a picter of the Pro-fessor—a picter of Gam-mut of Baltimore, here in a poor tailor's shop, 'tother side Montpelier. I rubbed my eyes, and I looked and I looked again, and I raised up and changed the light; but still, there warn't no doubt, it was Pro-fessor Gam-mut.

"Waal, I hollered then, as I wanted to pay my bill, and when the thin, yellow woman, she came in, arter I had paid her the bill, ses I, 'Waal, Miss Dolittle, so you've had the Pro-fessor here! Great man, the Pro-fessor! Is he any kin o'yourn, the Pro-fessor, that you keep his portrait here over your chimbly?'

"'Pro-fessor!' ses she, all in amaze. 'Massy alives! dear man, what dew you mean?'

"'Waal!' seys I, 'may be you'll tell me that aint a portrait of the Pro-fessor, may be you will, Miss Dolittle.'

"'Dear man,' ses she, 'what you means on airth, or under heavings, by your pro-fessors, I dun know. That 'are's the picter of my good man, Peleg Dolittle, as was; and as is in Abraham's buzzum, now. He was a good husband, while he lived, and we didn't want for nothin', then. But we went down to York, to git better wages, and he tuk sick and died; and, since that, I'm a poor disconserlate widder; but I'm my Peleg Dolittle's widow still anyhow, and them's Peleg's young ones, tew, as you

saw out by yonder; and old man Dolittle he works, and I works, and we manages to make both ends meet somehow. But it's hard work now my Peleg's gone.'

"Waal, I listened and I looked, and at last ses I, 'Then that's not the picter of the Pro-fessor Gam-mut, Miss Dolittle? I'm to onderstand that, hey?'

"'Your to onderstand,' ses she, 'as that's the picter of my husband, as was, Peleg Dolittle, tailor; and cuss your saace,' ses she, 'the quicker you're out o' my house the better.'

"Waal, I quit I tell you, and the way I came home was a caution, and when I got to the landin', the first question I asked was, 'Is Hatty Hardyman married to the Pro-fessor, yit?' and they up and told me she was not—and then I met Jack Hardyman, here, and I up and told him everything jest as it fell out, and he believed me, because I don't lie, and never didn't; and so we laid a plan, and we went up together to old man Hardyman's, and we was shown into the parlor; and there was Hatty and the Pro-fessor, *tate-aa-tate*, as they calls it, and, when we comes in, Hatty she rises up, quite pleasant, and ses she—

"'Why how do you do, Mister Hezekiah,' ses she, 'why you've been quite a stranger in our place.'

"'The young gentleman's ben on his travels, to improve his parts,' ses the Pro-fessor, with a sneer.

"'Waal,' ses I, 'I don't know so much about my parts, but I've improved my mind some, since I left. I've learned one or two things.'

"'Indeed,' ses the Pro-fessor, 'and if I might be so bold, where did you learn them?'

"'In Varmont,' ses I, 'way up above Montpelier.'

"'Ha! indeed,' ses he, like as if it kind o'stuck in his throat, 'and what did you think o'the country up thereaways?'

"'Oh, for the country,' ses I, 'the country's well enough, but I don't think much of the people no how.'

"'Why,' ses he, 'what's the matter with the people?'

"'Oh!' ses I, 'there's too many of them Dolittles among them altogether.'

"'Dolittles,' says he, 'what d'ye mean by that?'

"'Oh!' ses I, 'Dolittles, both by name and by game, that's what I mean,' ses I, 'and it's a poor country too. I never seed but one goose in the hull on it.'

"'Only one g—g—goose?' sed he, kind o' stuttering.

"'Only one goose,' ses I, 'Pro-fessor; and that was in a poor tailor's house, and his name was Dolittle, and thar' was a poor, thin, yellow woman a drivin' that are goose for a livin'.'

"'Drivin' a goose for a livin', Mr. Hezekiah!' ses Hatty, 'that's a very odd way of makin' a livin', seems to me, Mr. Hezekiah, and a very poor way, too.'

"'You'd a thought so, Miss Hatty,' ses I, 'ef you'd a seen that poor, thin, yellow woman. But she'd a mighty fine picter over her mantelpiece, Miss Hatty. She had now, I tell you, Pro-fessor, and that was the picter of a Dolittle too, one Peleg, and went down to York to better himself at tailoring, and he tuk sick, and died one day, and left that poor, thin, yellow woman a widder, and them nastiest sort of children—they was mighty nasty children, Miss Hatty,' ses I. 'He left them orphans. But I think he'll come to life agin, one of these here odd days, that Peleg Dolittle, I swon I do,' ses I, 'Pro-fessor Gam-mut.'

"So the Pro-fessor he banged up, and, says he, 'I've heerd enough of imperence and folly for one night; and I hope, Miss Hatty,' ses he, 'when I come next to see you, there'll be no boors here!'

"So he quit; and Jack Hardyman and I told Hatty the hull truth: and atween laffing and crying, there was a high time of it. And we settled, as Jack should go over

into Vermont, and see as what I sed was true; and Hatty she was to keep on with the Pro-fessor, and encourage him any ways and all ways, so as he shouldn't take the skeer, and streak it afore we were ready for him.

"Waal! Jack Hardyman went; and Hatty kept the Pro-fessor hanging on; and I fixed our plan, right, with Black Nelly and Jem Brown, as was the squire, and when Jack, he came back and reported it all jest so; I'd got it all fixed slick with Jem Brown and Nelly; and Hatty'd got it all right with the Pro-fessor.

"You see, Frank, he'd persuaded on her to consent to a run-away-match, and to be married afore the squire. And Hatty she'd consented; but she was so modest and so shy, that the ceremony it must be done in the dark, and they must meet in the dark, under the big oak tree, in Love Lane, and they musn't speak never a word; but jest go to the squire's office, and git through with it. And Hatty promised as she'd bring her brother Jack, and a young friend of hers as bridesmaid, and a young friend of Jack's as groomsman; and Jack he was to give his sister away. And all was fixed; and Jem Brown he was consenting; and the very next night was named, at nine o'clock, when the moon would be down, and all as dark as Sodom and Gomorrah.

"Waal! you see, Forester, we'd put Black Nelly up to it, and she was to act Hatty; and we got her up slick I tell you; all in white muslin, stiffed and starched and flounced and furbelowed, with orange flowers in her white bonnet, and a big thick white veil; and she went, leaning on Jack's arm, and Hatty and I went, arm in arm, together, as bridesmaid and groomsman; and that was the first time we'd been arm in arm for many a day.

"Waal! we met at the big oak tree, in Love Lane, and Jack delivered Nelly over to her ardent lovyer. And we see him squeeze her and kiss her more nor twenty times, as we went along; and every time the Pro-fessor he kissed

Nelly, Hatty she pinched my arm, and so we soon came to a kind of right understanding.

"Waal! we got to Squire Brown's office, and all went on right, 'til the ring was on the darkey gal's finger, and all was finished, all but the last words as would have made them man and wife, for sartain.

"But jest then, Jem Brown he stops short, and begins to hem and ha! and at last, says he, 'Blame it all! I can't recollect nothin' in the dark; I must have a light anyhow, and look at the statoot, else it'll be a weddin' as isn't no weddin', arter all!' and as he sot off about fifty loco focos all at oncet, and showed the black face of the bride, and Jack Hardyman, and me, and Jem Brown, and, what was wust of all, Hatty Hardyman, all a laffing at him, fit to kill, and Black Nelly a bustin'—it all comed over him at oncet; and he jest turned as white as ashes, and he made tracks in a minnit, and no one ever heerd tell on him again in these parts; but I guess he went back to Mrs. Dolittle, and all the little Dolittles, and the goose! and I guess he's there yit, ef so be you care to go and look him up, Frank Forester. As for me, why I married Hatty the next week, and I haint repented of it yet, and I guess she haint, neither.

"And that's what I call 'a weddin' as warn't a weddin', and a Yankee dancin' master done.'"

"CAMPING ISLAND."—[Page 139.]

CHAPTER II.

Ye Companye parteth Companye—It buildeth ye wigwamme—Fredde Somertonne whileth away a wette daye, teellinge "Howe hee raisedde ye winde in ye Islande of Elye!"

To say that the companye slept soundly, and were troubled with no nightly visions, after 'Ky Sly's droll narration of the parti-colored nuptials and the discomfiture of the doughty Dolittle, is to say, merely, that they slept on hemlock tips, in a shanty overhung with pine boughs, fragrant with aromatic perfumes from the resinous cedar branches, which snapped and crackled at their feet, now flashing into a fitful blaze, now wreathing odoriferous clouds around, as sweet as those which entranced wandering Ulysses' soul in the magic grotto of Calypso.

To say that they arose from their lowly beds refreshed and strong as giants about to run their course, is to say only that they started from their slumbers at the stentorian whoop of Sly, reverberating through the long-drawn forest aisles, long before the earliest village chanticleer, where villages and clearings are, had saluted the first paly streaks of dawn. The sky was still dark overhead, so much so, that the feathery branches of the tall evergreens, which tossed and sighed in the incense-laden breeze above their heads, presented to the eye only a solid vault of blackness, unrelieved by the brilliant groundwork of a morning sky, and checkered only by the ruddy gleams, which flickered fitfully upward from the watch-fire, tinging the deep verdure with a brighter green, and gilding the russet boughs, until they glanced like that magic spray revealed to Æneas by the voice of the Cumæan sibyl among the black oak-shadows of the Avernian grove. To the eastward, however, where one of the long vaults of the pine-wood opened on the lake-shore,

and gave a glimpse of the distant horizon, a faint yellowish lustre was creeping up the blue vault, converting its deep cærulean hue into a greenish, transparent tint, like that of the pale aqua-marine.

One solitary owl, of all the tribe which had made the haunted woods resound their melancholy minstrelsy, during the earlier watches of the night, was wailing, far away, in some hollow dingle of the hills, whither the precursor of the morning had not yet penetrated. The long protracted howl of the gaunt wolf, which had, once again, come sweeping to the hunters' ears on the wings of the night wind, from the distant heights of Tahawus, the Indian "mount of thunder," was heard no longer; but, in lieu of these, the mournful, quavering cry of the awakened loon swelled up from the lake, and the lively twitter of a few matutinal phebe birds and small wood-wrens, arousing from their slumbers and calling to their mates among the pine-leaves, began to be heard above the drowsy hum of the night insects, and the diminished din, which the katydids, those shrill cicadæ of America, had continued until now, while revelling over their pure potations of the cold night dew.

Then, as the east lightened more and more, and the edges of the thin clouds, floating high in the pure atmosphere above the limpid lake, began to assume an amber tinge, to brighten into living gold, and then to blush rosy red, the liquid notes of the wood-thrush might be heard rising sweet and mellow from every shrubby brake, and the sharp, saucy chirrup of the American robin rang merrily among the tree tops.

Once or twice, during the early, gray gloaming, while, after the refreshing bath in the clear ice-cold waters of the lake and the brief forest toilet, the woodmen were employed about the camp, each at his own allotted labor, a singular and inexplicable sound came surging over them in mid-air, without their being able to discover or even

conjecture its cause. It was not the fitful voice of the breeze, which sometimes roars like a distant cataract among the billowy tree-tops; it was not the far sound of falling waters; it was not the gathering of a storm among the hills; it was not, once again, that strange, mysterious noise, unutterable, indescribable, which is, at times, heard by the wandering trapper or wild hunter among the mighty Adirondacks, smiting his secret soul with supernatural horror, and which has gained for one spot in those stern solitudes, the strange appellation of the "Whooping Hollow," supposed, as it is by many persons, to be referable to subterranean agencies of fire or water, or to the escape of pent-up gases, which may not unnaturally be deemed to exist in these mineral and confessedly volcanic regions. It was a peculiar, soft, rushing or whizzing sound, which would rise, as it were, out of the distance and silence, sweep rapidly over their heads, far, it would seem, above the loftiest of the pine-tops, and passing over, die away again, until the forests were once more hushed, unless for their own peculiar music. Intervals would ensue of some ten or fifteen minutes, and then that fleeting stream of sound would recommence, grow louder and louder, until it overpowered the songs of the birds and the sough of the west-wind, and then decrease and vanish.

Fred Somerton was the first who noticed it, and called our attention to this singular, harmonious noise—

"It is Walter Scott, I think," said he, after he had fixed our observation, "who has pointed out, that there is nothing in nature so like to what one imagines of the cry of an Ossianic spirit, as the low wailing sigh which succeeds the lull in wild, gusty weather, when 'rocking winds are piping loud;' but, if he could hear this sighing rush through the dark skies, like the flight of vast aërial armies, he would, I can almost swear, have discerned in it the unnumbered flap of ghostly vans, the

swift resounding march of those 'millions of spiritual creatures,' which 'walk the earth unseen,' during the hours of darkness, fleeting to their dim dwelling-places before the unwelcome advent of Heaven's blessed light. What can it be, Frank Forester? You are the more knowing of us three, in the sounds and sights of the wilderness; though I suppose there are a precious lot of both, for which you would find yourself hard enough put to it, if you were called to account."

"A precious lot, indeed," replied Frank, "and this, most assuredly, is one of them. I should have said it was the wind in the leaves, if there were breeze enough to make it, or if it were, in any wise, continuous; or the sound of a torrent, mellowed by distance, if it were steady, or if there were any torrent, tumbling down the rocks here-away, that we might hear, rising and falling with the wind; but there is not a waterfall of any weight, within these twenty miles."

"And this noise does not rise and fall with the wind; but either comes and goes whither it listeth, like the wind, but independent of it," said Alfred Armiger; "or, as I am almost inclined to think, makes its own wind, and brings it with it. Hush! there it comes again. It is wondrous sweet and solemn."

But while they were listening and marvelling, up came, from the lake shore, whither he had descended, some time before, for the purpose of catching brook trout for our breakfast, at the outlet of a small spring brook, crashing over the sere leaves and dry branches, which thickly carpeted the ground, the heavy tramp of the matter-of-fact, unimaginative Sly.

"Hello! boys," he exclaimed, while he was yet as far as it was possible for him to make his voice heard—"what the plague are ye all about, lounging and lazing here reound the fire, when the pigeons is drivin' overhead as thick and as black, and e'enamost as low as the big

rain clouds, when a storm's a brewin'? Come, git up, dew, good lads, and buckle to your guns, right away, and hurry down to the shore, so as you can see 'um. There's a big roost on 'um, I'll warrant it, a mile or two away yonder to the northward, and they're a driftin' away to the southward, like a thundergust. They'll be done flyin', tew, as soon as it's well light; so ef you wants to git the nicest kind of a mess for dinner or lunch, or whatever it's you call it, jest up with your shot-guns, and off. Jothe and Jack Hardyman, they'll take the canoe and skirt out into the lake, jest off the shores like, and gather what falls in the water."

"Pigeons! so they are, by the holy poker!" cried Frank, on whom the solution of the enigma flashed as clear as light, the moment the word was spoken. "Pigeons, and a roost, and the rush of their countless wings! and we, fools of fond fantasy, dreaming of Ossianic ghosts,

'Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
While ye mingle may.'"

"Sperrits," exclaimed the literal-minded Sly, stooping as he spoke to one of the small liquor kegs—"Sperrits! What, afore you go? Waal! I don't know as there be so much harm in that thought, nuther; for this here is a fever and agy kind of place, like. But, for my part, Frank, I'll not mingle mine none, that's sartain! but jest take it clear. Here's whiskey, and that's what you calls white, I reckon; and here's the old Jamaiky sperrits, and them's red; but what you means by black and gray sperrits, that's above my count, I reckon. Look lively, though, ef you will drink, for them flocks is gettin' scarcer and scarcer, now, and afore long they'll have quit flyin' altogether."

Loud and obstreperous was the burst of merriment

which hailed 'Ky Sly's application of the words, and commentary on the meaning of the well-known quotation; and these were still renewed, once and once again, at the curious quaint expression of the woodman's quizzical and shrewd features, as, half aware that he had made some blunder or misapplication of what had been said, though utterly unaware wherein his blunder lay, he turned from one to another of the party proffering in turn to each, in vain, the pannikin of "sperrits," with which, saving himself alone, no one seemed at all inclined to grapple, until his brother Jack did him reason.

And here, while the whole party were busily occupied in hunting up powder flasks and shot pouches from the corners of the shanty, in which they had been disposed; and taking possession each one of his own familar gun, I will pause to observe that, with all due reverence to that great departed genius, the late lamented Cooper, with all proper respect to my friend, if I may so presume to designate him, Mr. Hammond, whose delightful "Hills, Lakes, and Forest-streams" have charmed so many readers, the musing, philosophical, half-sentimental, half-romantic woodman, moralizing wisely and pleasantly on the habits of all the animal kingdom, drinking deep lore from the pages of the great unprinted book of nature, learning the love of God, the love of his brethren, the love even of the brutes, which he is compelled to slay for a livelihood, imbued with high tastes and perceptions of the external beauty and the inner meaning of the rude, the grand, the soft, the stern, the magnificent and the sublime of picturesque scenery, is to me the inhabitant of the unknown realms of poetic fancy, and of those realms only. No meditative "Leatherstocking," wiser in the untaught lore of nature, the simple yet sublime philosophy of the forests, than the sagest of scholarly and college-bred divines, no quietly droll and originally perceptive "Tucker," have I ever encountered, in my

wanderings by mountain, morass, wildwood, and lonely river.

Many a one have I met, indeed, of whom it might have been spoken and spoken truly, as in the words of the last mentioned worthy :—

"Let me tell you, Squire, twenty odd year in the Shatagee Country, and among the Adirondacks, brings a man acquainted with a good many curious things to talk about, and he needn't tell anything but the simple truth, to get up a pretty tall name, for shooting, as you say, with something besides a rifle. Between old Pete Meigs and I, we never stretched the honest truth. Any man that went with him into the woods might be sure that, strange as the story might be the old man told, it was gospel truth. He was proud of his knowledge of the ways of the wild animals, and the things he'd seen in the woods, and he was principled against deceivin' the man that trusted him. No man ever came back after a tramp in the woods, that wasn't wiser, and that in solid truths, than when he started."

Yes ! many a rude wild forester have I met, on whom your finical and superpolished man of cities would have looked with a cold, careless eye ; whom your snug, indoor naturalist would, perhaps, have tried to elucidate, as to facts of natural history ; but who yet had stored up a fund of facts, who possessed a treasury of accurate and real information as to the times, the seasons, the habits, the "ways," in a word, of the wild animals, that would have dismayed a fanciful and theorizing Buffon, but rejoiced the heart of a Cuvier, a Buckland, or an Audubon. But it is in the observation, and the certain knowledge of bare facts only, that I have ever found them rich ; and neither in the application of those facts to theories, nor in drawing from them the simplest of deductions. I have never met a moralizer, never a theorist, never an enthusiast, in the pursuit even of the knowledge which

he had pursued; never one, who could appreciate the utility of that knowledge, in an abstract sense, or understand its appreciation by others, as anything more than a useful adjunct to the hearts of venery and forest-craft. Above all, never have I met, in all my life, a single natural man unformed by culture, and untinctured by the humanities of letters, who had even a remote perception of that love of natural beauties, and delight in the contemplation of the picturesque, which so fills and captivates the mind of the cultivated man; and which is, I believe, almost the surest standard of his artificial education.

To the hunter of the woods, the dawning of the most gorgeous sunrise that ever kindled earth and air and water into glory, is but the morning of a fine autumnal, or a hot summer's day. The most magnificent array of mustering storm-clouds is but to him the gathering of influences portending a "pesked stormy day;" the deep forests are deep forests only; lonely, perhaps, and prized for their loneliness, since the loneliest places are the chosen haunts of his quarry; but neither grand, nor solemn, nor speaking any language to his heart, beyond the mere dry matter of fact of the case.

To him the most sublime of precipitous crags is but a plaguy, break-neck kind of place; and the noblest prospect over the wide expanse of lake and level forest, island and green savannah, and secondary heights, laughing in the sunlight, or emerging half-seen from the mist, are valued only in proportion to the actual extent of the view spread before the eye, to the accurate information gained of the face and topography of the surrounding country, to the probabilities of its abounding with game for the hunter, or of its opening a wide field of mill-sites and cultivable champaigns to the adventurous settler, or of vast mineral wealth to the prospecting mineralogist—things utterly apart from the wild romance of natural

scenery, which, to his uneducated taste and unformed capacities, are altogether as a sealed book.

Of every one of this class, whom it has been mine to know, how shrewd, quick, and observant soever, though dull and unpoetical the truth, it might with truth have been predicted in the words of the poet of the fells, the pure and simple-hearted Wordsworth—

> "In vain through every changeful year,
> Did nature lead him as before;
> A primrose, by a river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And nothing more."

And I am, in some sort, inclined to the belief that not only a delicate and artistic culture is necessary to prepare the mind for the appreciation of natural beauties, but that the admirer of such, in order to be a genuine and thorough admirer of nature, should have been, at times at least, a dweller amid other scenes, devoid of the picturesque, the sublime, and the romantic; that he should have known the lack of these, and learned to value them by the very force of contrast.

Such was not 'Ky Sly; such was not my old and trusty friend, Tom Draw; both knowing where to find the shadiest wood-bowers, the coldest and most sparkling sources; but knowing that, in consequence of their appreciation of their real merits, not of their ideal beauties; both loving to lie softly on the thick mossy greensward, and both rejoicing to feel the balmy west wind breathe gently on their heated brows, but regarding neither with the artist's eye, or the poet's fancy; but having no farther praise to bestow on the one than this, that it came soft and pleasant to tired limbs and aching bones; or, on the other, than that it "smelt good, breezin' up from the buckwheat, arter the late rains." More than this, I have never found in the countryman; and more than this, unless it were some quaint fun, scarcely

considered by himself to be fun, that party looked not to find in the redoubtable 'Ky Sly, of Slyville.

Half an hour followed, during which the reports of the ringing shot-guns from the lake came full and frequent; and during which, Frank Forester, who found little sport in that sort of gunnery, known as flight shooting, and practised upon animals which he never could be induced to regard as game, took up his gun and stole off into the woods in a direction whence his quick ear had detected a rolling noise, like the rapid beating of a muffled drum. This he had recognized for the drumming, as it is technically called, of the male bird of the ruffed grouse, being, like the gobbling and strutting and tail-spreading of the peacock and turkey, his mode of collecting his seraglio of hens about him.

At the end of that space, the old tin horn, blown up loudly from the camp-fire, recalled all hands; and all made their appearance laden with the dainties of the wilderness. Frank brought the drummer, whom he had shot, in the very act, upon his log, three plump hens, and a couple of the great northern or varying hares, which turn white in winter, and which some persons call wood rabbits; which had bounced out of their forms among the fern and briars, as he stole gently with an Indian foot, through the wood-paths, and so had fallen victims to his rapid aim.

Fred Somerton and Alf Armiger were not far behind, bringing in literally by scores the fat and tender young of the wild roost, which had not donned the glistening plumage of maturity, but were still garbed in humble gray, showing therein their fitness for the board of the forest epicures.

But breakfast was by this time bounteously provided from stores ready at hand, before this liberal but unexpected supply. The great tea-kettle bubbled and overboiled with strong, black tea; the trout, broiled wood-

man's fashion, suspended from slim twigs before the crackling blaze, split open and held apart by skewers of juniper-wood, each transfixing its morsel of fat pork, had cooked the sea-biscuit soft in their savory drippings; a pile of great mealy potatoes, roasted in their jackets under the wood-ashes, such as would have made the cockles of an Irishman's heart rejoice, sent up volumes of steam from a broad platter of freshly-stripped birch bark; a tin pannikin filled with rich honeycombs from the pilfered stores of the wild bee, by the brisk and sweet-toothed darkey, who had found out the bee-tree in his hunt after dry, light wood, perfumed the air around; and, to complete the delicate repast, 'Ky Sly, who always kept a bright look out toward the main chance, and who, on his own hook, had smuggled a griddle and a bag of rye meal in among the stores, was tossing off slap-jacks in a profusion and with a skill which showed that he had taken not a few lessons from the book of his own neat-handed "Hatty."

With hunters' appetites and hunters' glee, all fell to the savory and wholesome messes; and by the time that the sun had rolled away the thin mists from the breast of the lake, and showed the whole rotundity of his great disc above the tops of the pine forests, which formed the limit of the horizon, breakfast was fully discussed; the sable servitor was busily employed washing up and stowing away the utensils in our light barks; while the band, careless and happy as if they had been in deed, as they were in feeling, monarchs of all they surveyed, lay at their ease on the dry leaves, inhaling from the long pipes the calm consolation of the Indian weed, and perfecting the plans for to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, all to be spent in freedom, sport, and jovial exercise,

> **Where no dun's footsteps e'er intrude,**
> **To break the sylvan solitude.**

The welcome stock of game, which had, as if of its

own set purpose, come into their larder, fully sufficient to last them for, at the least two days, with the help of a very moderate supply of the foreign delicacies, and of the trout, which they were sure to take by trolling, while speeding on their way, rendered it unnecessary that they should, as it had at the first been proposed, give up a whole day, before proceeding on the trip, to a general hunt, by separate squads, for the purpose of procuring game enough to subsist them, until they should arrive on the best shooting grounds and choicest waters.

So it was put to the vote and carried *nem. con.*, that they should get under way forthwith, and sail, wind favoring, or paddle in the calms, or against adverse breezes, without varying a yard from the direct route, or turning aside to take the most tempting quarry, or ever pausing to shoot or snare such as should offer, unless it should throw itself directly into their way.

It was seven and a half by 'Ky Sly's vast turnip-shaped pocket horologe, the only thing, be it observed, of the watch kind in the posession of the party, when they pushed off into the silver expanse of the lake. There was not a ripple on its surface; not a motion in the clouds, which, in the water, as in the air, floated double cloud and shadow; not a quiver in the golden leaves of the aspens, which slept like golden trees in the clear depths of unfathomed water. The sails, therefore, were furled, our light masts struck, and with oar or paddle they broke the bright mirror, over which they sped, into ten thousand sparkling, many-pictured fragments, cheering the way as they went with many a hunting call, and many a hunter's chorus.

The scenery, through which they journeyed, was of the most glorious; but, as they dashed onward with unabated speed and undiminished cheer, they had not the time to tarry to examine it, nor have I the space wherein to describe it.

Mountain after mountain cast its huge shadow across the watery path ; bay after bay opened its long-withdrawing shores, now lined with snow-white sandy beaches, now green with natural savannahs and bordered with beds of water-lilies, now fringed with dense underwood, or walled with giant precipices, to their fleeting gaze ; island after island rose from the bottom of the waters, revealed the depths of its forest aisles or woodland meads to their eyes, as they shot by it and again sank in the wake and vanished into distance.

Long before noon, they had gone over twenty miles of distance, and the negro's heavy bateau, heavy as compared to the light skiff and birch canoe, had long been left hull down in the rear, when the hunters' appetites, sharpened by the Spartan whet of honest labor, began to tell them, in spite of the hearty morning meal, that the hour for the mid-day draught and mid-day morsel was approaching.

Nor were they not prepared for this ; for if their tardy friend of the bateau had in charge the more ponderous of the stores, each boat had its own slender apparatus, biscuit and salt and pork, its own flagon and the cups and hunting knives of its crew, and what more is wanting save the light-wood, the chemical match, and the fish, flesh, or fowl, of water, earth, or air.

Four of the pigeons had been duly plucked and cleansed before starting ; and, just as the sun reached the zenith, "the companye" landed on an islet rock, not fifty yards in diameter, conspicuous for its one singularly shaped pine tree, resembling more the tufted stone pine of Italy, than the Heaven aspiring cones, erect on giant trunks,

"Fit for the mast of some tall admiral,"

which are peculiar to the northern forests of America. The spreading tree, shooting out its branches, almost horizontally, at some twenty feet above the root, over-

shadowed half the area of the island, like a huge green umbrella; and under its shadow, not ungrateful during the languid heat of the hazy Indian summer noon, there was speedily gathered a pile of dry drift-wood, which before many minutes, had blazed up into a quick glancing fire and subsided again into a pile of white-hot embers, above which the pigeons soon exhaled odors, sweeter to those hungry epicures, at least, than gales from Araby the blest.

While they were grilling to a turn, Frank made it eight bells, and spliced the main brace, with a moderate pull of the old Jamaica, duly tempered with the clear lake water. The whole halt, including the fire making, time calling, the cookery and consumption of the nooning, did not in all occupy above half an hour; but that brief lapse had allowed old Jotham, who had continued all the time plying his oars with his long, measured stroke, to make up so much of his lee way, that he was in clear view at about a half mile's distance, as they put out from the isle. One of the party instantly jumped ashore again, heaped a fresh pile of drift-wood on the embers, placed a liquor flask in a conspicuous position by the fire, planted a fish spear, with a red flannel shirt hung on it for a signal, on the shore, and reëmbarked, with a loss of two or three minutes to the van guard, and a gain to the good old darkey of a drink and a meal, which he would probably have hesitated to take, however hungry, without orders.

As they got under weigh, some one fired a heavy duck gun, and as the old man turned his head at the well-known signal, a wafture of the hand indicated the meaning of the notice, and they soon afterward saw him put in, make fast his bateau to the shore, and land at the extemporaneous flag-staff.

In the meantime, the canoes sped onward, meeting no adventure, and the hunters adhered strictly to their reso-

lution not to diverge from the direct line, though more than once they were sorely tempted.

The first time, on opening the headlands of a beautiful little bay margined with green savannahs, which were in their turn bordered by feathery coppices, under whose cover it would have been easy to creep up to leeward within easy gunshot, they descried a noble buck with wide-spreading antlers, feeding perfectly unsuspicious along the shore, in company with a pair of slim and graceful does. It was a sore temptation, but they had meat in plenty, and time was scarce, and they were strong and resisted.

Again, when the sun was getting low, they saw a huge bald-headed eagle make a stoop from his perch, on the bare summit of a dead weather-bleached pine, at a plump of young wood ducks, some thirteen or fourteen in number, which were about half grown, though unable to do more in the shape of flying, than to skim along the surface with outstretched wings and pendant legs, rippling the glassy surface—technically known as flappers; in which state of flapperhood, be it known to all sportsmen, epicures, and asses, who are neither one nor the other, they afford the most sport to the gunner, and most succulent delight to the *gourmet*.

The eagle, for once, missed his stoop and lost his supper; the flappers scuttled away, all necks, wings and legs, in the wake of their anxious mother, into a narrow belt of wild rice, which waved round a projecting point of marsh, and were in an instant lying *perdu* in the safe shelter of the herbage.

The great shadow of the discomfited eagle's wings, magnified to ten times their size, as he soared slowly and sulkily upward to the sun, flitted across the rice marsh; and the woodmen well knew that, if they choose to pole the canoe through the tall stalks, under the influence of that terror, not a skulking duck would rise from its

covert until the bows of the light bark should almost touch it, and that not a bird of the plump could escape them.

Fred Somerton, who was a late importation from old England, now on his first experiment of American woodcraft, and who had never seen, much less shot at, a live wood duck, which he knew, however, to be the loveliest of its tribe, begged hard to be allowed to have one shy at them; Alf Armiger puffed a large whiff of smoke through his nostrils, and swore that, stewed, with the suspicion of an onion, a whole red pepper-pod, a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and a gill of Jamaica, in default of port wine, they would not go so bad for supper; and Frank, who cared more for the shooting than he did for the eating, though he cared a good deal for both, partially sympathized with Fred, and would have ceded the point; but Sly was stately, dignified, inexorable; so the wood ducks were left alone in their glory, and the little flotilla shot on to the outlet of the lake, which they reached when the sun was two hours high.

This outlet is a swift, arrowy, glancing stream, of some thirty or forty feet in width, rushing in a clear volume, five or six feet deep, over a succession of long inclined planes of snow-white gravel, now and then darting in a long, swift shoot over a limestone shelf, worn as smooth and as slippery as glass by the action of the current, and occasionally, though seldom, sleeping in a deep tranquil pool, as black as ink, with the white bubbles, from its last swift descent, eddying like beads of pearl over its dark bosom.

The distance between the upper lake, from which it had its issue, to the lower and far smaller pond of which it was the feeder, is not, it is probable, much above three miles in a direct line; but measuring all the sinuosities of the stream, it must have been fully thrice that distance. Now it was Sly's great ambition to clear this

defile and encamp on the lower lake shore that night, even if it should be necessary to borrow an hour or two of moonlight; and this for solid reasons. In the first place, this done, one other day's paddling would bring them to their appointed place, which he described as the very paradise of trout fishers and gunners. In the second, the ground, at the outlet, was too wet and soft to afford a proper camping ground, and to a woodman's eye, it was clear that there was neither hard wood nor light wood to be found within many hundred rods; the whole neck of low land, between the lakelets, being covered with a small growth of thick-set and tangled white cedars.

On, therefore, all agreeing to the necessity, they pushed manfully, the black evergreens overcanopying the whole channel of the brook, and suffering only a feeble twilight to enter those silent recesses.

So swift, however, was the current now, that it was no longer necessary to use the paddles in order to give propulsion to the skiffs; for the stream unaided swept them on at the rate of at least six miles the hour, and in the rapids it was the steerman's duty, who alone wielded his light implement deftly in the stern, to check their way, lest they should be swept on some stony point, or into the stag-horned branches of some fallen tree, which would have impaled their light bows, and brought them to a disastrous stand.

This task devolved, of course, on 'Ky Sly, Frank Forester, and Jack Hardyman; for, although Alf and Fred were sufficiently *au fait* with the paddles to keep them moving briskly and in time, as mere propellers, neither one of them was at all up to the nicety of the art of steering a canoe. These, therefore, in virtue of their greater experience, taking their positions in the sterns of their respective vessels, the others were directed to place themselves forward, gun in hand, in order to take advantage of whatever chances might offer at duck, plover,

snipe, or bittern, all of which were said, at times, to frequent the swampy margins of the outlet; with no other charge than to keep an occasional look-out for boulders, snags, or any other chance obstructions in the channel, of which they were instructed to keep the steersmen duly notified.

And here, as they sped gayly onward, Frank's canoe leading the way, Fred Somerton was speedily remunerated for his loss in the refusal of 'Ky to permit his *chasse* of the wood ducks; for, as they rounded the very first reach of the whirling brook, up sprang, on swift and startled wing, three of those lovely water fowl, one of them a superb drake in the full glory of his plumage, two of which fell, right and left, to the rapid discharges of his two barrels.

Before they reached the shore of the lower lake, where they were to encamp for the night, no less than five wood duck, five little bitterns, a great snow-white egret, and a dozen or two of plover and sandpipers of different varieties, had rewarded the delighted gunner's skill and patience.

Arrived at their camping place, not until the moon was up, where they were joined, two hours later, by their sable-liveried henchman, the usual formalities of camp-pitching, fire-kindling, cooking and supping having been duly performed, after the tea-kettle was exhausted, and the pipes smoked out, the whole party were so thoroughly done up by the incessant labor of the day, that they were glad to stretch themselves on their bed of hemlock tips, and were in a few minutes buried in a sleep so calm and composed that all the vociferous hooting of a huge Virginian horned owl, who had chosen to locate himself, for the night, among the topmost boughs of a gigantic pine hard by, and who passed at least one half the hours in yelling out his discordant defiance against their watch-fire, failed in the smallest degree to trouble their repose.

Long before daylight, the vigilant Sly once again aroused them; and, after a hurried meal, while the skies were yet black as midnight, refreshed from their healthful slumbers, they once more launched their barks, but this morning with a fresh and favoring breeze, before which they spread their light sails, and careered joyously down the lake.

It was scarcely yet broad daylight, when they reached its extremity, whence there were two ways of proceeding; one by a portage of about half a mile, which carried them over a bold strong neck or promontory, direct into the waters of the long lake, at the embouchure of one of the tributaries of which lovely sheet they proposed to erect their wigwam—the other, by a long detour down the course of a sullen, stagnant, winding watercourse, through two smaller ponds and their connecting links of wood creek, into the same lake, at a point some twenty miles distant.

By this roundabout course, it was necessary that Jothe should proceed at all events with the bateau, since that roomy and commodious transport was of too ponderous materials and of a construction far too cumbersome, to be carried over the crags and through the difficult wood roads by which they must proceed, if they determined on the portage.

A council was therefore called, and pipes being lighted, the question was discussed *Indico more* over a good smoke; when it was decided that the baggage-boat should proceed by the detour and join them at the falls of the White-water, on the following day, Hardyman being detached to the aid of Jothe; while the sportsmen, with 'Ky and the lighter vessels, should cross the neck and strike at once into the lower sheet of water.

The negro and Jack were detained, until they should all have got across, since their sturdy aid was invaluable, as many trips had to be made in order to bring across all the baggage, part of which, as the axes and provisions

for a couple of days, had to be transferred from the bateau, of which they must hold themselves for a time independent, to the lesser boats.

By ten of the clock, they were across the ridge, launched and careering under sail, dead before the breeze, which freshened up so much as to curl the lake into a succession of small white-capped ripples, over which they bounded gleefully, "blessing the roughness for the speed it gave."

That day, they made no halt for luncheon, contenting themselves with a bit of biscuit and cold fried pork, saved from the morning's meal; for they had a long day's run before them, and their guide noted signs in the time, which told him, beyond a doubt, that there would be rain on the morrow, and that, therefore, no time must be lost in reaching their destination, and in preparing a wigwam, which should shelter them securely from the descending torrents, which his knowledge of the woods revealed to him beforehand, as clearly as though they had been written in a book.

"In the afternoon," I quote here from Mr. Hammond's delightful and graphic description of the signs of a coming rain, "in the afternoon, a haze gathered in the air; a veil, of thinnest gauze, seemed to be drawn over the heavens; a halo surrounded the sun; the tree-frog sang louder than ever; the ducklings sported more joyously, and all the signs, spoken of by the guide, became more strikingly manifest."

By dint of steady perseverance, sometimes plying the paddle in aid of the sails, sometimes, when the puffs came too strong to suffer them to persist in carrying on, striking the canvas altogether, and trusting solely to the stout ashen blades, they conquered time and distance.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, they made a long stony point, running out far into the lake, and on rounding it, entered a narrow, blind-looking channel, among

tall wild rice, water-lilies, and marshy plants of all kinds. Up this they paddled for something better than a mile through low marshy meadow-land; the stream, however, at every hundred yards' distance becoming more marked, more distinct and swifter, until it, at length, determined itself into a manifest and considerable river. At a mile from its mouth the canoes entered the high ground, where its margins were clothed with tall forest trees of hard-wood timber; oak, hickory, and maple, with a few scattered chestnuts, and, here and there, the colossal trunk of a black-cherry tree.

Another mile, and the banks became steep, abrupt and broken, with the gray rocks, at times, cropping out of the thin soil, while the hard-wood timber yielded to tall and thrifty evergreens, noble spruces, beautiful feathery hemlocks, and, now and again, a colossal pine, among which the silvery stems, the dark puce-colored sprays and twigs, and the golden yellow leaves of the birches, the white poplars and the aspens, glittered out in beautiful contrast and variety.

Suddenly the gorge seemed closed before the face of the voyagers, by the sharp turn which the river made round a sheer rock of schistous limestone of some sixty or seventy feet in height, about which it swirled fiercely, at a tremendous speed over a shallow bottom of the same formation; which was broken here into a succession of low sloping steps, down which the torrent, for now it was little else, rushed in a long arrowy rapid, with a descent of some five or six feet in the space of less than a hundred.

Up this, with some expense of labor, and some exertion of nerves and sinews, the vessels were forced; another angle was turned, and they, at once, opened one of the most beautiful scenes their eyes ever witnessed. It was a large, calm, circular pool or basin of more than three hundred yards diameter, bordered on all sides by a beautiful

confusion of broken crags, smooth, yellow, sandy beaches, dense woods growing almost into the waters, and barred at the upper end by a huge mass of shattered crags, feathered with birch and poplars, springing from every cleft and cranny in its sides, and crested, like the casque of a warrior, by the dense plumes of the dark-tufted evergreens.

Down a chasm, in this rocky wall, not above twenty feet in width by seventy or eighty in height, overcanopied by the rich hemlocks, which dipped their feathery branches in its snowy foam, plunge after plunge of clear dark-green water, alternating with floods of cream-like surges, rushed with a voice of thunder—raging at being thus comprest into that narrow compass—the wild, impetuous river.

One unanimous exclamation of wonder and pleasure burst from all lips, at the unexpected and romantic spectacle, which thus met their eyes, and 'Ky Sly pointed with his paddle to the descending sheet, exclaimed in a voice of triumph—

"Waal! ya-as. I kinder thought you'd holler some, when you comed to see that ar'. That ar's the fust fall of the 'White-water,' and thar, near on to it, we're to camp this here night of grace, fellers. So let's git ashore. You'll have time enow to study the falls out, I tell you, fur I'm blamed ef I don't 'blieve we'll have a storm will keep us housed these tew days. So bustle, boys, afore it comes on to us."

It needed, you may believe, no other exhortation to stimulate the young men to the utmost; they had yet a good two hours' of daylight left them, wherein to build, furnish, and secure the wigmam; and it is wonderful how much work four pair of stout and energetic arms, directed by a clear and comprehensive intelligence, and working with a will, can accomplish even in a shorter time.

At about thirty yards' distant from the edge of the

basin, a little below the fall, there was a flat ledge of rock about a foot above the level of the water, sloping gradually upward to the north, when it disappeared beneath a rich deep vegetable mould, thickly covered with the most beautiful green moss that can be imagined, forming a natural carpet some twelve or fourteen feet in width, by a hundred or two in length, running immediately below the perpendicular face of a step or ledge of limestone rock, varying from two to four yards high, the flat top of which was again covered with the same moss, and above which the hill rose in a succession of the same sort of shelves or ledges.

At twelve feet distant from the front of this cliff, and with the same space intervening between them, 'Ky Sly had soon driven two stout forked uprights firmly into the earth, with a cross-piece laid upon them parallel to the face of the rock, which was at that point about nine feet high, at an elevation of five feet from the ground.

From the rock to the cross-piece a number of camp-poles were laid for rafters, lashed to the beam, at one end, with strips of birch-bark, and secured at the other by flat stones, heaped on the extremities, which rested on the ledge. These rafters were then covered with plates of birch-bark, stripped from the largest of the trees in the vicinity, overlapping each other like shingles, and secured by a few nails, which had formed part of the cargo, and by small slabs of the slate-like schistous limestone, which naturally splits into thin flakes, laid here and there over the intersections.

This afforded a roof as secure as that of any slated or shingled house; and when the two ends were closed by rows of thin rods reaching from the ground to the eaves, interwoven with spruce and hemlock boughs, so as to be perfectly impervious to any ordinary rain, and curtained without, as a farther protection, by the boat-sails, the

party were as comfortably housed as they desired, and in condition to set the weather at defiance.

So soon as the boats were unladen, leaving Fred Somerton and Alf Armiger to the necessary duties of making the camp-fire, cutting hard-wood for the night, cooking supper, and stowing away the traps in the wigwam, as the night had now fallen, Frank and 'Ky Sly stepped into the birch canoe, carrying their knives and rifles with them, in addition to a broad, flat board, set up perpendicularly, so as to make a sort of screen, in the bows, with a narrow shelf attached to the front, on which was secured a large wax candle, such as are used in carriage-lamps.

Paddling rapidly down the stream, they soon reached the spot where they had observed the moist green savannahs on the shore, and the luxuriant beds of lily-pads, which bordered them, as they came up the river; and here, confident that they should not be long without finding venison, they lighted their candle, and stole along, wearily and noiselessly, within the shadow of the shore. Nor had they far to go; for, before they had been absent from their friends a single half hour, the glaring light was reflected from the eyes of an unhappy stag, which stood at gaze, in timid and foolish admiration of the blazing candle.

For a moment his eyeballs only glittered out of the darkness, like two globes of living fire; but, in a second or two afterward, as the little bark shot up noiselessly to within twenty feet of the motionless animal, his curved branching antlers might be indistinctly made out, above those fatally lustrous balls; and then the whole of his tall and graceful form looming up, gray and large, against the shadows, as he stood knee-deep in the shoal water, among the broad lily-leaves.

Then came the sharp crack of the deadly rifle; a gush of white smoke shut out the view, for a moment; and, when it cleared away, the gleaming eyes no longer reflected

the candle-light, and no living thing was discernible, within the illuminated circle. But a feeble splashing sound, as of something struggling with faint efforts in the water, and a low sobbing bleat, announced that the missile of death had been sped surely on its errand.

The next instant, the canoe ran along side of the scarcely gasping carcass, and Sky's keen knife, severing the jugular, speedily extinguished the last relics of life, and the noble buck died without struggle; so mercifully mortal had been the wound, planted right in the center of the forehead by the unerring shot.

"A beastly murder enough;" said Frank, in low and almost sad soliloquy. "How men can call this fire-hunting sport, and pursue it for fun or pastime, is to meoneI of the mysteries that set all revelation at defiance. I should just as soon think of going into a sheep-fold and knocking over a fat wether, for diversion, as I should of going out in this sneaking, snobbish, cowardly fashion, for any other purpose than to get the meat."

"Waal!" responded the practical-minded 'Ky, "the meat had to be got, enyways; and it be got neaw. So I kinder think we'd abeout as well be shapin' towards hum; for I felt a big drop on my face this minute, and afore twenty minutes we'll have it up and deown, as sure's you shot that ar' buck; and a mighty nice, clean shot 'twas, tew."

"Nothing to brag of," replied Frank, who had laid aside his rifle, without so much as reloading it, when Sly had hauled the animal into the boat. "It was not twenty feet away, and I could see the sight of my rifle, fair against the twirl of hair on his forehead, as clearly as he saw our candle. A child could have shot him as well as I."

"I carn't say for that," said 'Ky, dubiously. "There's some children, I dar' say, might; but then agen, there's

a heap more as mightn't. The ball's right through the middle of the curl, enyhow."

It now began to rain in earnest, and before they had made their way back to the camp, at the falls, both the adventurers were, as Sly observed, "a pootty consid'ble degree wetter than they was when they started, and the honor of the thing warn't so much to be bragged of nuther; but the venison was fat, there was no gainsaying that, and seein' as they wouldn't have nothin' else to do but eat and drink, and smoke and snooze, to-morrow, it was just as well to have the critter, anyways."

A mighty watch-fire was blazing gloriously, as they rounded the angle into the basin; and in the light thereof, as they passed to and fro in front of the ruddy glare, intent on their culinary cares, Fred Somerton and Alfred Armiger stood revealed.

"I swow!" said 'Ky, as he saw how these green and inexperienced woodmen, as in the plenitude of his own conceited powers, he had loftily looked down upon them, had been employing their spare time, "them boys is some, arter all."

When they saw that the rain was going to be a real direct downfall, with no wind to drive it in this direction or in that, but a down-pouring deluge, against which no fire could hold out, they had set to work on their own hook, and had cut four long, light, forked staddles, which they had planted a little wide of the four corners of the blaze, and got slender poles on the top of them for string pieces, at least ten feet from the ground; and upon these, by means of extemporaneous, twelve-foot, wooden pitch-forks, they had got rafters into place, and covered the whole with a mass of wet reeds, with rice, moss, and river trash, which effectually sheltered the fire from the falling deluge, while the latter kept the green stuff so thoroughly saturated, that the heat could not dry it up to the point of ignition.

When the hunters had sufficiently admired the genius of the kitchen builders, for so they termed their edifice ; and when the kitchen builders had bestowed sufficient encomiums on the glorious buck, who, when divested of his leathern coat, promised to cut up far more wholesomely fat than a Wall Street millionaire, whose death is lovelier far than his life hath been, and fuller of promise to his rejoicing kinsfolk, 'Ky and Frank Forester disembarrassed themselves of their dripping garments, donned dry red California shirts and trousers, and draped their plaids or blankets about their shoulders, and resolved to be as cozy as might be. Then all sat down 'round the supper-kettle, which steamed and bubbled in the midst, offering no inapt representations of a magic caldron ; the two last comers themselves in no small degree resembling a pair of rubicund Samiels, if one can imagine Samiels in pairs, or thinking of them as sitting down, in cozy conference with Caspar and his brother foresters of the Freischutz, over a seething tea-kettle, and hissing rasher. As on the previous night, so soon as they were filled and satiate, like Homeric heroes, of food and drinking, like those same heroes, they speedily and safely bestowed themselves upon their hemlock beds under the blankets, not of Tyrean hue, and slept serene in undisturbed repose, until, above the green leaves of the forest,

> "The ladye of the light, the rosy-fingered morn
> Rose from the hills."

Then all arose, and found, as 'Ky Sly had distinctly prophesied, that the weather was neither more nor less than a steady down-pour of rain, without a prospect of abatement, a ghost of a chance of pulling a trigger or casting a line on that day, or for all appearances, on the morrow either.

After the wigwam, therefore, had been put in order and cleared out, the blankets rolled up, the hemlock couches freshened, wood cut and piled for the fire, the

dogs fed, the breakfast cooked and the men fortified, so soon as the pipes were replenished, it began to be asked what should be the order of the day, beyond listening to the deadened roar of the cataract, the heavy pattering of the shower upon the roof of the hut and among the forest leaves, and gazing out despondently upon the long lines of the descending rain, which fell so thick as to present a sort of gray veil to the eyes of the hunters, and to conceal from them, even the foliage of the trees on the farther shore.

"Well," said Frank, laughing, "I don't see that there is much for it, other than that we should 'sit on the ground and tell old stories'—not perhaps exactly of 'dead kings,' but of such things merry and dolorous, as have befallen any of us in our various peregrinations, whether in parts foreign or domestic. Mr. Sly gave us his experiences the other evening as to 'the parti-colored wedding.' Cannot some one of you boys come up to the scratch, with some yarn that will take the shine out of those same queer nuptials? I think, Master Frederick, I've heard tell of a strange adventure in which you bore a part, in the Isle of Ely, once; so, suppose you let us have that."

"Well," answered Fred, "I'm agreeable, if you want it. I was not the actor, only a witness; but it is about the coolest example of raising the wind, I ever heard of; and it did end in some marrying and giving in marriage, like our friend Sly's yarn, though not, as in his case, personal or particular to me the narrator. The best part of the whole is, that it is true to the letter, and that there be those living, of good repute, in the good city of Philadelphia, who knew the originals, and, an' they list, can speak to the truth of what I tell."

"Away! with you, then, or it will be dinner-time before you get through."

"Aye, aye, sir. Once upon a time, as the story-tellers

always begin, when George IV. was king, a lot of us junior and senior Sophs. thought it advisable to remain at Cambridge, as is sometimes done by the superstudious, who intend to take his degrees, during the whole of the long vacation, lasting from the middle of May to the latter end of October, instead of returning home to our fathers' houses, and anxious mothers, who, I am afraid, had in this particular instance, a very strong and not wholly unfounded suspicion that we were out.

"It must be understood, that when young men stay up, as it is technically called, to read, during long vacation, it is expected of them to keep the most regular college hours, to observe the most stringent college rules, to eschew supper givings and wine parties, to be more studious, in a word, than in term-time, and in the strictest sense,

'To shun delights, and live laborious days;'

this being the implied and received condition on which it was permitted to 'stay up.'

"Now, it so fell out, that on this particular long vacation, we who had resolved on staying up to read, were, by no manner of means, the most determined reading men, in the University, but belonged rather to the gay set, although we all intended to make a dash at the honors.

"It was not, therefore, very surprising that, after sticking to it very regularly for some three months, until the first days of September, rising at six, reading fourteen hours a day—"

"Readin' fourteen hours!" exclaimed 'Ky, thunderstruck, at what seemed to him the audacious immensity of the falsehood. "Fourteen! Waal! I have heern some whoopers in my time, but sich a one as that 'ar. Fourteen! Whe-ew! Whar' did the books come from? Say! Jest as ef you could make me believe as there be enough on 'em in the world anywheres."

"Not presuming to dispute your calculation, as to the amount of volumes in all existing libraries," replied Fred Somerton, quietly, "I shall beg leave to reiterate that, of reading fourteen hours a day, we got pretty considerably tired by the end of three months—"

"Guess you did, likely," put in Sly, who clearly believed himself mystified. "I could believe that, anyhow."

"The rather that we limited ourselves to three glasses of port wine per diem, and instead of larking our thoroughbreds across country, constrained ourselves to a one hour's constitutional gallop on the Trumpington Road. By the middle of September, then we voted that we had read enough—"

"Read everything, I guess, as was to be read, as ever was writ, or printed, afore that time, I sh'd say," interrupted 'Ky.

"And so, it was determined that we would 'stay up' no longer, but ask for our *absits* and away! One bright September morning, when the sun was glancing brightly on the hoar frost, which spread its lightsome net-work far and wide over the stubble fields, from which the rich crops had been harvested, and over the broad green leaves of the turnips, when the woods were beginning to put on their red and yellow garniture of autumn, we got under way, and off to the fens of Cambridgeshire and the Isle of Ely, and thence into the great game preserves of Norfolk and Suffolk; where some of us had friends and relatives, and where we hoped to obtain permission to shoot over lands swarming with hares, rabbits, partridges, and pheasants, and inaccessible, for the most, to the ignoble vulgar, the *oi polloi* of the University.

"We set out, then, a dashing cavalcade, no less than four two-wheeled dog-carts, each drawn by two splendid well-groomed prads, driven tandem fashion, and piloted by a gay and gallant gownsman, perched on a driving seat as high as the box of the Norwich mail, which rattled up

Bridge Street and into Jesus Lane, just as we set off in procession.

"Broad-brimmed beavers, Newmarket cut-aways, blue bird's eye neckerchiefs, white corduroys and white-top boots, set off each dazzling driver; and, by the side of each, leaning back, with folded arms, the smallest and most jauntiest of tigers. Behind the seat of each was, strapped in its neat oak case, his Manton or his Moore, the luggage was stored unseen in the well, and from the gratings of the boot, outpeered the sagacious faces of high-bred, racing-looking pointers, or silky setters, proving the taste and judgment of the respective owners.

"The first team was driven by your old friend, Harry Archer, Frank, who was the best whip, the prime shot, and the king of the company, with his Yorkshire groom, Timothy, beside him; a black cob, perfect in shape, style, and action, and well up to twelve stone weight on his back and twelve miles an hour, in the shafts; and, on the lead, a superb 'gray Orville' thorough-bred, that had won a king's plate at Northallerton, and carried his rider across the Catterton drain brimfull, where it was twenty-eight feet from bank to bank.

"Next in place, came the hero of my tale, John King Hawk, a Somersetshire man, nothing less, not over-above tall, but 'tight and trim, and light of limb,' active, good-looking, if not handsome, clean-built, strong and brave, one of the briskest boys in the University, and among the best of its classical scholars. He wagoned a pair of strawberry roans, rare ones. Neither of them showed much blood, nor had any hunter cut about him; for their owner was better at tooling a team, than at sticking to the pigskin; but they were handsome, round built, square-action prads, good for eleven miles the hour, and groomed quite up to the mark.

"After John King drave a gigantic Scot, a Highlander of the Northwest Highlands, Angus McTavish, known

in his college, solely as 'the laird,' and one of the best, if not the best, of the lot.

"His wheeler was a bay, sixteen-hander, a prodigious slashing trotter, which had been, scarcely, defeated by the world-renowned American 'Rattler'—his leader, a vicious, lean, ewe-necked, chestnut mare, which Rintore had sold to 'the laird,' because he could not ride her, and which 'the laird' hung on to because no one but himself could drive her.

"Last of the stud came I, with a blood-bay hunting-mare in the wheel, and a jet black blood-colt by 'Jerry,' on the lead, thinking myself as good as the best of them.

"Every tandem carried its key-bugle, and each had, in one of its company, master or man, one who could make it 'discourse most eloquent music.'

"Whither we went, or what we did, it is not in the province of this history to relate. Suffice it to say, that we slew our game in the field, and the arch-enemy, Time, as it became true-bred Cantabrigians to do—that September passed, and October came; that pheasants succeeded to partridges; and, in short, that the happy vacation-days were well nigh at an end, and term-time close at hand, when, on a gorgeous autumn evening, we came spinning along, altogether, at a rattling pace, some two hours before the sun should go down, over the capital macadamized road which leads by a descending plain into the pleasant town of March, in the Isle of Ely, three good days' drive from the famous University, which we were bound to reach on the third day thereafter, on penalty certainly of rustication, perhaps—since we were absent in some sort without leave either parental or academical—of expulsion.

"Wild and free-hearted, we had laid no plans, and kept no accounts. We had started from the banks of the slow Granta, each with pockets full of tin; we had paid our bills just as it happened, one to-day, one to-morrow,

and no questions asked or references required, as the advertisements say; and no one of the party had so much as an idea, what any other had in reserve in purse or portfolio.

"At about a mile distant from March, there is a turnpike gate, in the flat; and down we came to it, all four, dashing along in high style, with perhaps fifty yards interposed between each spanking team.

"Up to the gate, came Harry, the gray in a hand gallop, the black cob in a solid, square, twelve mile an hour trot.

"'Next team pays,' shouted Harry, to the bowing gate-keeper, as he shot through the gate, not choosing to break his pace.

"'Next team pays,' shouted John King Hawk, impudently resolved to keep the second place.

"'Hoot awa, mon! ax t' lawin o' the last mon,' cried the laird, impotent to pull up the vicious chestnut, whose head was well down, and tail well up, preparatory to a set to.

"Up came I—'Six shillings if you please, sir,' said the grinning pikeman. Into my pocket went my dexter claw, in search of change, and found eighteen pence.

"'What change have you got, Jack?'

"'Three half-pence, sir,' with a knowing touch of his hat, replied my Jack, well known as the 'cunning Cockney.'

"'Blow a halt, Jack,' cried I, pulling up square.

"So the bugle sounded a halt; team after team pulled up, and a council of war was held, at the end of which it appeared that, after paying the toll, we stood thus financially, clearly in a bad fix.

"Harry Archer, £0 0*s.* 0*d.*; Timothy, £0 0*s.* $^{3}/_{4}$*d.*; John King Hawk, £0 0*s.* 0*d.*; boy, Peter, £0 0*s.* 0*d.*; the laird, £0 0*s.* 0*d.*; man, Donald, £0 0*s.* 0*d.*; Ned Somers, £0 0*s.* 0*d.*; Cunning Cockney, £0 0*s.* $^{1}/_{4}$*d.* In a

word, our funds amounted to one penny sterling, from which eight hungry men, eight hungry horses, and eight hungry dogs were to be fed, bedded and liquored; and a hundred miles to be travelled in the next two days; on the pain of loss of degrees, loss of all hope of serving his majesty in army or navy, in the church, or at the bar. No friends, no acquaintances, no banks, no hope of a loan!

"'It's no use crying; forward ho! sufficient for the day is the evil thereof,' shouted Harry, and away we went, with a clash of hoofs, a rattle of wheels, and a *tan-tà-ta rà-ra-râ* of all the four key bugles, through the half-deserted streets of the quiet, little town of March, in the Isle of Ely, and up to the door of the Red Lion, as if we had been owners of hundreds each, instead of the sum, equitably divided, of one half farthing sterling to each individual of the party.

"Such cavalcades seldom entered March; and as we dashed through the streets, windows were thrown up, and heads, black, brown, red, and gray, ringletted, braided, cropped and curl-papered were protruded by scores. As we reached the Red Lion, out rushed the fat landlord, hat in hand, all broad grin; the smirking landlady, all genteel welcome; the pretty barmaid, all fuss and flutter; the hostlers, waiters, even boots! all agog, and on the alert, for the anticipated golden harvest.

"'The first thing,' said John King Hawk, 'to be done, is to see what we can have for supper.'

"'Anything you please, gentlemen,' said the landlord.

"'Everything in season, that is,' smirked the landlady.

"'And what may be your ideas of anything and everything, might I inquire?' asked John King Hawk.

"'Prime beef steak, sir; young fat chickens; Yorkshire ham, cold, not cut; hare and partridge, gentlemen; home-brewed ale, that I boast of, gentlemen; some old port, that I bought a bargain at Parson Vinesauf's

auction, and some London Particular Madeira, as my lord gave me, when I quit his service to set up the Red Lion.'

"'Ah! that is something,' said John King quietly; 'well, we'll say hare soup, beef steak, fricasseed chickens, cold ham, partridges, roast, with bread sauce, all the vegetables you can raise—put the London Particular into cold water, the port—half a dozen, landlord!—to the kitchen fire. We'll sup at eight o'clock. Horses into the best stalls. Eight pounds of hay each, a bran mash at sunset, two quarterns of old oats. Can you manage that, landlord?'

"'Yes, sir,' with a profound obeisance.

"'Then,' said John King Hawk, 'we had better take a walk, and look out for the second thing.'

"'And what may that be?' asked I, something scandalized and thunderstruck by the proceedings.

"'To see how we can raise the wind, to pay for this supper; and, to keep us until we can get back to Cambridge.'

"'A much harder matter than ordering supper,' said I.

"'Not a whit more than eating it,' replied Jack King, 'fortune favors the brave.'

"And so she did that time. For, before we had walked a quarter of a mile down the neat high street, we came to a pretty house, the best we had seen, with a carefully kept flower-garden in front, a green door and a brass knocker and doorplate, on the latter of which was inscribed, in legible characters, 'John King Hawk, M. D.' 'Ring the bell.'

"'Fortune has favored us,' quoth our comrade, 'and I will ring the bell. It is my cousin.'

"Suiting the action to the word, heeding no remonstrance—for it needs not be said that our John King Hawk had no cousin in the town of March, in the Isle of Ely, and that he, and we all knew it—he did ring the bell.

"The door was opened by a spruce, jovial-looking, bald-headed man, of forty or forty-five years, dressed in a broad-skirted black coat, drab kerseymere breeches and mahogany top boots, looking much surprised and a little frightened at the sudden irruption at such a lot of dandy cantabs.

"'I beg your pardon sir,' said our John King Hawk, 'is this Doctor John King Hawk?'

"'That is my name, sir,' the M. D. made answer.

"'And you are from Tiverton, in Somerset,' said our John King.

"From somewhere in Somersetshire, sir, my family came two hundred years since.'

"'Allow me to take you by the hand. I am a John King Hawk, too, and from Tiverton in Somerset; our family have long known that a branch had settled somewhere in the Eastern counties, and have long been in search of our lost cousins. It is by the merest accident that, passing through your pretty town, I have by good luck alighted on you. I must not lose sight of my new cousin. You must sup with us. We have ordered a first-rate supper at the Red Lion.'

"At first the Doctor was surprised, and thought it all a hoax; then, when he was convinced that our man's name was truly 'John King Hawk,' and that he did truly hail from Tiverton in Somerset, he began to debate sagely on coincidences, then to admit the possibility of cousinship; and, finally, for he was a jolly little soul, he accepted our invitation to supper.

"The landlord's supper was better than he had boasted it; his home-brewed ale was curious; his port crusty; his Madeira really particular. We had a glorious evening of it, and, before the doctor went home, the least bit in the world mellow, he had learned the unsatisfactory situation of our finances, and had from us a promise that all four of us would dine with him the next day early, and make

an evening start for Cambridge; and we had from him a 'Please pay to Henry Hase or bearer fifty pounds sterling,' in other words, a Bank of England flimsey for that satisfactory sum. There was a very pretty Marion Hawk, the doctor's daughter, at dinner, and in after days our John King Hawk made her a wife, without the trouble of changing her name. The day but one after that, we were in Cambridge; saved our time; returned the other John King Hawk his £50 flimsey; took our degrees in due time, and, what was the funniest thing in the whole story, it turned out at last that our John King Hawk and the other John King Hawk were cousins."

"That's not the drollest pint in that ar' story, by a darned long shot," interposed 'Ky Sly, "leastways if so be, as you've told the story true."

"What is it then?" asked Fred Somerton, a little dryly, for 'Ky's interruptions had in no wise delighted him. "What is the drollest point then, if you please, Mr. Sly?"

"That you ever paid the man back his fifty pounds," responded Sly, "ef ever you did pay it back—but that I don't say as I believe, for one."

Great was the discomfiture of Fred Somerton, and great the rejoicing over it.

'Ky Sly's prediction held good as to the endurance of the rain, throughout that day; but just before sunset, the weather slackened sufficiently to give us a chance of catching a few rousing, speckled trout, which took the scarlet Ibis fly furiously in the discolored water; and the sun, setting with a clear gleam in the west, just before he went out of sight, gave us pleasant auguries of a fair day and fine sport for the morrow. And we turned in, rejoicing.

CHAPTER III.

'Ky Sly and his menne are visited in ye campe by straunge interlopers, whom they bringe to booke—How Jack Hardyman and nuncle Jothe rejoined them, and who came with them, bringing a jovial person and a facetiouse humor.

The sun rose gorgeously on the following day, above the tops of the tall evergreens, which were yet glittering with the heavy rain-drops, which, undisturbed through the calm stillness of the night, and unexhaled as yet, hung all the sprays thicker with lustrous gems, than ever were the tresses of a court lady studded with oriental diamonds on a gala night.

There was not a breath of air abroad to wave the thin gold-colored foliage of the aspens on the river shore, or to dissipate the column of snowy spray which rose above the falls of the "Whitewater," in a tall, motionless column, strangely contrasting its cold, ghostly purity with the almost black masses of the feathery hemlocks, against which it cut sharply, and from which it stood out in bold relief.

At the summit only, where it towered above all the tree-tops, and spread out, five hundred feet aloft into an airy and fantastic capital to its aspiring shaft of like immaterial fabric, it caught the slant rays of the slow-rising sun, which kissed its paleness into a blush more delicate and faintly roseate, than that which mantles to the transparent cheek of the coyest maiden.

Save that one motionless and pearly-tinctured mist-wreath, there was not a speck of fleece or cloud, or vapor to be seen in the pale crystalline skies, up which the faint yellow light crept with so gradual an increase. The waters, too, of the great placid pool, into which the foam flakes and bubbles of the Fall soon subsided, had that

peculiar transparency which is never so remarkable as during that most lovely season of the American year, universally known as Indian Summer. Even where there was still a swift swirl on the surface, and where long veins of frothy spume marbled its dark azure, it was so pellucid that the reflected rocks and the brown gnarled pine-stems and the overhanging foliage were to be seen distinct and tangible, though swimming round and round in the eddies of the whirlpool—but where, close beneath the cliffs on the farther side, it lay perfectly tranquil and unbroken, no mirror could have given back the imagery of the crowded banks, with more beautiful precision.

Every brilliant lichen, every tuft of dry yellow grass, every clump of verdurous moss that carpeted the surface, or sprang from the crevices of the schistous rock, every silvery birchen stem, every pyramid of golden-hued foliage slept there, inverted in the still, colorless water, so accurately drawn, that no mortal eye could distinguish where the reality ended, where the illusion began.

It was nearly six o'clock, and broad daylight in the forest, and the mighty watch-fire, which had blazed through the live-long night at the feet of the drowsy Nimrods, had subsided into a mass of glowing embers; yet, sleep still sat heavy on the eyelids of 'Ky and his company, not one of whom seemed to have turned over on his soft aromatic bed, since nature's soft nurse had smoothed him with her benignant influence.

The very stag-hounds, who, tethered by long buckskin leashes to the supports of the camp, lay coiled up in the soft moss, as near to the ashes of the fire as their fastenings permitted them to creep, were silent and asleep. The hoarse cawing only of a few vagrant crows, winging their way high up in the illimitable atmosphere, came interruptedly to the ear, mingled with the muffled roar of the cataract, and the occasional splash of a magnificent black bass, as he would throw himself in the wantonness of

sport high out of the water, and fall back on his scaly sides at full length on the resounding surface.

Suddenly, a distant cracking, as of dry sticks under a fleet, light footfall, came up from the thickets beyond the river; and then the laborious panting of some large animal, and the violent rending of the bushes became audible. The hounds started uneasily, rose from their lairs, snuffed the air, pricking their long pendulous ears, and the elder dog uttered a long, low, impatient, tremulous whimper. Forester moved restlessly on his couch of hemlock boughs, as the well-known sound fell on his half-conscious ear, and he stretched one arm abroad, with the fingers working, as if to clutch at something, but sleep was still too heavy upon him, and the noise too indistinct thoroughly to arouse him.

The next moment a sight presented itself which, had he been afoot, would have sent the blood in boiling torrents through every petty artery of his body. On the opposite bank, just where the shattered limestone crags rose some ten or fifteen feet, overhung in their turn by a densely tangled thicket of hemlock and stunted pine, above the last creamy pitch of the surging water, a great dark-brown animal, not much inferior in size to a three-year-old colt, with a magnificent pair of widely branching horns bending abruptly forward, and two tremendous palmated brow-antlers projecting above its eyes, broke from the covert, and stood for a second's space, on the brow of the precipice, as if hesitating whether to take the desperate plunge into the surgy cataract. His coat was almost black with soil and sweat, but all the forepart of his neck and broad chest, and all the powerful and sinewy forelegs were white as snow with the thick foam flakes. His blood-shot eyes had a terrified glare, that was discernible even at that distance; and his tongue, black, swollen, and convulsed, protruded from his retorted lips. His nostrils painfully distended; the great tears

rolling down over his hairy cheeks; the agonizing labor of his struggling flanks, showed the prodigious efforts which he had been making to escape, and the imminence of the peril from which he was flying.

It was a cariboo, or American reindeer, of the very largest size, fourteen tines on his mighty antlers, clearly revealing to the practised eye of the hunter the great age to which he had attained. The shyest, wariest, most suspicious, most rarely seen, as it is the fleetest, and with the exception only of the moose and elk, the largest of all the natives of the American wilderness, this great deer eschews the range of man with the wildest caution, defies pursuit, except when the hardly crusted snows yield that support to the broad snow-shoe of the pursuer, which it denies to the sharp hoof of the pursued, and shall not meet by accident the eye, even of one who makes the wilderness his dwelling-place, once in a lifetime.

Yet there he now stood, within easy rifle-range of the camp-fire, the odor of which his acute sense of smelling must have long since detected; for what little wind there was, blew directly down toward him, and in plain view of the two fierce stag-hounds, which immediately opened on the view with so savage and impetuous a burst of yells as brought every member of the company to his feet, startled into wide wakefulness, and on the alert in an instant. But as they sprang to their legs, and, at the strange, unexpected sight, which so astonished their awakening eyes, snatched hastily at the shot-guns or rifles, which leaned against the posts or hung from the rafters of the wigwam, undismayed by the yelling of the hounds, and the sight of the men, his deadliest natural enemies, the great deer turned his head to look behind him, and, with a loud whistling snort and a hoarse bray of terror, tossed his antlered frontlet and leaped straight out from the crags into the mid air. The next moment

he had alighted in the very middle of the second arrowy shoot of the falling river, where the water was churned into a yeast of swaying foam by the hidden points and angles of the rocks over which it was projected with such violence.

Twice or thrice, the huge helpless carcass was seen, tossed and rolled over and over, as it weltered in the irresistible torrent, and then was lost to view in the creamy surges, which filled the gorges at the foot of the Fall.

Before, however, any one of the spectators had time even to wonder at this strange procedure on the part of this wild denizen of the woods, much less to cock a rifle or to let slip a hound, the antlers emerged from the spray, the head of the great deer crested the waters, and, swimming with prodigious strength and speed, evidently unharmed by his fall, he came directly toward the camp, through the boiling eddies, his apprehensions of man quite overmastered by some more fearful terror.

"Dew tell!" exclaimed 'Ky Sly, in the extremity of his amazement. "Who ever heered tell o' the likes o' that?"

And, with the word, he cocked his rifle and raised it slowly to his eye, covering the broad frontlet of the cariboo with the deadly sight. But his purpose was at once frustrated, for—

"Hold! hold!" shouted Forester, and in the correct apprehension that no verbal interruption would avail to check his ally's proceedings, followed up his exclamation by knocking up the muzzle of Sly's piece, with the barrel of his own gun.

"Look out for the panther, man alive—let the deer go; but in heaven's name! mark the panther!"

"The painter!" cried poor Sly, almost dolefully, as his rifle exploded in the air, sending its missile on a harmless errand through the tree-tops. "I dun know nothin' abeout painters."

"Then look out," cried Frank, "for here he comes!" And as he spoke, with a prodigious bound, as if shot from a catapult, the long, lythe, tawny body of the gigantic cat came clear through the yielding pine-boughs, and landed on the brink of the crag, upon which the deer had paused a moment before, ere he took his despairing leap. The fur bristled like erected quills along the back of the fierce beast of prey; its tail, which stood on end, as it leaped into view, was expanded almost to the thickness of its body; its green malignant eyes, seemed literally to flash out living fire; its keen, long, snow-white fangs were clearly visible; and its thin blood-red tongue, lolling far out of its parched jaws.

It seemed that the panther had not suspected the vicinity of the cataract, all its faculties being probably engrossed in the fury of the pursuit; for, whether it was from the sight of the foaming water, immersion in which is not much relished by any one of the feline race, or from the unexpected company into which he found himself intruding, he certainly showed some inclination to relax his pursuit, if not to desist from it altogether; for he gathered himself up with a strong effort to brace his feet on the brink of the ledge, and to avoid the perilous plunge.

But he was too late; the impetus of his previous speed could not be checked, and, to save himself from falling headforemost, he also took the leap, but in a style far inferior to the proud and majestic spring of the royal cariboo.

In like manner, he too was whirled over and over in the foamy water; in the like manner, disappeared in the frothy, broken water; in the like manner, emerged from it and came onward in pursuit, though with a sort of indecision, as if sulky spite only urged him to persevere in opposition to his apprehensions.

The cariboo, which was carried down rapidly, though

swimming strongly and fearlessly directly toward the camp, as if to crave protection at the hands of those whom at another time it would most warily have avoided, passed exactly in front of the smooth ledges of rock to which the canoe and skiff lay moored, and took land with an effort at some fifty or sixty paces from the camp-fire, while its cruel pursuer was yet in the middle of the rapids.

Despairing of getting his piece reloaded in time—for Perry's superb breech-loading arms, which are destined as far to surpass the celebrated Minnie rifle, as that weapon outdoes old-fashioned Brown Bess, and to produce greater alterations in the practice, both of warfare and the chase, than any other invention since the discovery of gunpowder; and the introduction of the percussion cap was not then invented—Sly had thrown down his own rifle and snatched up Forester's double-barrelled duck gun, a heavy serviceable tool of ten guage and ten pounds' weight, which chanced to be loaded with two of Eley's green wire cartridges of swan shot.

Alf Armiger and Fred Somerton had only their ordinary fowling-pieces, but each had, by Frank's advice, loaded one barrel with a well-patched ball, of twelve to the pound; and be it known, that within a couple of hundred yards, no instrument sends a ball much sharper or truer than a good London made double-barrel.

The panther was now about thirty yards distant from our party, which had advanced in their eagerness to the last verge of the rocks, and had evidently made up his mind to mischief, for he was coming right at them, glaring grim rage and defiance.

At this moment Armiger aimed at his head coolly, and fired, but missed, the ball dashing up the spray about a foot's distance behind him, having overshot the top of his skull by an inch or two. Fred Somerton followed suit, pulling trigger number two, and sending his bullet

clear through the left ear of the enraged brute, which replied to the compliment with a sharp savage growl.

Frank waited, still holding his rifle at half-cock, fingering the trigger gently, across his person. He wished earnestly to obtain and preserve the panther's skin; and he well knew that if the animal were killed clear, by a ball through the brain, in that deep whirlpool he would inevitably sink, and be lost without a possibility of being retrieved. But while he was debating, as coolly as if he were entirely undisturbed, what he should do next, Master Sly brought the matter to an immediate crisis by slapping both the green cartridges straight into his face, at thirty yards, in quick succession.

The sight was now truly appalling. The shot which had struck the fierce beast of prey, was not heavy enough to penetrate the skull, the front of which, in all animals of the cat species, is not only very hard and solid, but somewhat conically shaped, so that slugs, or even ball, if they do not strike perpendicularly, are easily deflected, inflicting only a superficial wound. This was, then, the case in the present instance; the whole scalp and face of the unfortunate brute were cruelly lacerated by the shot; his ears were perfectly riddled; and, as it soon appeared, the sight of both the eyes was more or less entirely destroyed. On receiving the two almost simultaneous discharges, the savage head sunk for a moment into the frothy water, which was almost instantaneously discolored by the blood, which gushed from the wounds; but it immediately reappeared, the features indistinguishable from the gore, which bubbled out so fast as to defy all the cleansing properties of the "White-water."

With a fearful cry, half scream of anguish, half roar of fury, the beast reared himself two-thirds of his length out of the water, growling and snarling fearfully, like a domestic, when much enraged, striking fierce blows blindly on all sides, with its powerful paws, the talons of

which were displayed all unsheathed, for nearly three inches of length, until the water was lashed into spray.

"A mere waste of ammunition, that, Friend Sly," said Frank, quietly, "and what is much worse, a mere piece of wanton cruelty; you might as well have shot at an elephant, with mustard-seed, for all the chance of bringing him down, as at that cougar's head with swan-shot. I never killed one in my life, nor saw one killed, but I learn that no animal is more tenacious of life."

While he was speaking, the cougar never for an instant ceased from his savage cries, and battling with the water swimming madly round and round in small circles, as the stream drifted him down into the central whirlpool, making no headway toward either shore, and appearing not to care or not to know, whither the current was sweeping him.

"Upon my word, 'Ky," continued Forester, who had been watching the convulsive struggles of the animal with mingled feelings of wonder and compassion, "I believe that last shot of yours has blinded him. I am almost certain, from his actions, that he cannot see. What the mischief is to be done, now?"

"Done? Why, just put one of them pinted-bullets out of your big rifle, right stret between his eyes, that'll fetch him quick enough; I swow."

"I don't like it, Sly," returned Frank; but he cocked his rifle, while he was speaking, and half raised it to his eye. "He'll sink, to a certainty, if I shoot him there, and hair nor hide of him shall we ever see again."

But, as the words left his lips, there came, up the wind from the pine woods whence the animals had first appeared, a peculiar long-drawn dissyllabic cry, not far unlike that of the domestic cat, calling for her mate, although fifty times more powerful; nor did it seem far distant. It was no sooner uttered, than, blinded although he was, and almost mad between rage and pain, the male

cougar heard it, and, turning to the sound, uttered a fierce quavering sound, that could strictly be called neither howl nor roar, approaching more nearly to a human scream, infinitely quivering and protracted, than to any other note of a wild animal, which made all the forests ring, and would have struck terror into fainter hearts than those which thrilled to its influence with more of excitement than of fear.

"It is his mate, by all the powers of the woods!" cried Forester, lowering the butt of his rifle. "Load up with ball, boys, every barrel, we shall have need of them, I tell you; and it's well for us the river is between us, and that he's making for the other shore."

"Waal. It be so, I swow;" replied 'Ky, obeying orders with a hand that nothing could render unsteady, while Fred Somerton, though as brave as steel, fairly shook with the violent excitement. The wounded panther meantime, for although such is not correctly his name, he may be, as he is in common parlance universally so termed, as being the American equivalent of the great spotted cat of intertropical Africa, had swum directly back toward the ledge from which he had plunged, guided by the oft-repeated resonant wail of his mate, which came, nearer and nearer, through the forest, though after his first terrible response, the male had struggled silently through the water.

At length, whether he could see dimly through the mist of blood which overspread his wounded optics, now that his attention was called to the approach of his female, or that chance only and the sounds directed him, he reached a spot where the schistous rocks, instead of descending by steps to the level of the pool, sloped down in a long shelving ledge, which disappeared under the foamy surges.

Up this, shaking himself violently, the wounded brute scrambled so vigorously, as to show that the pain, which

he suffered, in no sort detracted from his agility or strength, and when he gained the upper level, he replied with a note almost similar to that which came floating to his ears. At the same moment, the female cougar bounded from the hemlock thickets above, with a low joyous utterance of recognition; but, as she did so, Forester's rifle, which had not ceased to follow the male, since he had turned shoreward, gave out its sharp flash and short whip-like crack; and, almost before the sound of this had reached even the ears of his companions, close as they stood to his side, the animal sprang four feet into the air, fell headlong, and scarcely once tearing the moss with his talons, in a last convulsion, died without uttering a sound. The long, acorn-shaped slug had entered the nape of his neck, fracturing the last vertebral articulation where it joins the skull, and had come out between the eyes, killing him, as nearly as it may be, without a pang.

At first, it appeared to the spectators that the new comer did not suspect the cause of her mate's remarkable somersault, for she came down the cliffs full tilt to meet him, and leaped upon his carcass open-mouthed, and with her broad paws extended, as if in play, with the claws sheathed, much as one sees kittens disporting themselves when in frolic with one another on the hearth. It was but a few seconds, however, before she seemed to discover that all was not as it should be; for, finding that the other cougar would not stir, and made no reply to her calls or caresses, she snuffed about his muzzle and nostrils repeatedly, with a low moan, licked the blood which was welling so copiously from his wounds, and then, as if for the first time perceiving the presence of the enemy, of whom she had not as yet taken the smallest notice, though the hounds had kept up so continual a baying as might have well nigh sufficed to wake the dead, setting one foot on his body, erected her neck, laid back her ears

until her head showed almost as flat as that of a rattle-snake, switched her tail viciously about her flanks, lifted the other paw, with all its talons extended, as if to strike, glared at the hunters with her green eyes glowing like fire-balls, and spit at them with a harsh hissing growl of spite and defiance.

Clearly it was well for them that the wild river was interposed between them.

Those who know how rare an event it is to see a cougar, or any other carniverous wild animal, in its native woods, unless after a long and difficult chase, who are aware how cautiously they eschew the vicinity of man, and how timid they are of approaching or attacking him, even when they are suffering extremity of hunger; would have marvelled to see how resolutely the she-cat stood there guarding the carcass of her slaughtered comrade.

That in defiance of their numbers, and of the bold front which they opposed to her, she would have charged them unhesitatingly, but for the intervention of the swift and roaring water, none of those who did behold her doubted. That even thus, she was marvellous well disposed to do it, was clear as day; and so stood matters, when Frank, who was still engaged in loading his own rifle, thought proper to encourage his fellow-hunters, who all stood, although with ready arms, inactive, except the doughty Sly, who had sneaked stealthily down close to the brink of the stream, where he had discerned a stunted pine-tree with a projecting crotch, or knee, upon which to rest his gun-barrels.

"Now Fred, now Alf, take a crack at her. Don't let that confounded Sly have all the fun to himself. Let drive at her together, while she shows you a full front."

Both guns bellowed among the rocks with a full ringing echo, as different as can be imagined from the crack of the rifle, and a short snarling growl answered it. One ball had lodged in the muscles of her neck, the other

struck off a fragment of rock from the ledge, on which she stood, under her belly. The next instant, Sly, who fired from a rest, and who, from the station he had chosen, commanded a full view of her broadside, discharged the heavy duck-gun with his wonted deliberation, and did summary execution. The ball entered immediately behind her fore-shoulder, passed through her very heart, and lodged inside the skin of the broad chest, on the farther side.

On receiving the death-wound, she bounded forth with a furious roar, then suddenly falling forward, with her massive arms outspread on the rocky pavement, lay licking the wound with her long pliant tongue. Suddenly, she half rose again, staggered about, aimlessly, for a few seconds, then lay down once more, uttering a succession of deep angry growls, which at length subsided into a sickly moan, couched her head between her paws, rolled over on her side, and with one spasmodic shiver, was dead beside her mate.

"Waal!" said 'Ky Sly, after heaving a long-resounding breath, and carefully reloading the barrel, which he had just fired, "waal! ef that don't beat—what does beat, 's above my guess, altogether. Two painters in one afore-breakfast! I'd like to be told, who ever heer'd of sich a job aforehand—ef they war hunters! What d' you say, Frank, anyways?"

"Why, I say this," Frank replied, "that if we have made a good before-breakfast, as you call it, we've got it still before us, to make something of an after-breakfast. I shall not be satisfied, for one, if that cariboo is not brought to book; though little enough I thought about cariboo, before I saw his ugly face this morning. So, I say, do you set to work and get the fire going. It has burned pretty low, while we were snoozing, in the first place; and fighting cougars, in the second. But get some of that light wood on it, Alf and Fred cut up last

night, and we'll soon have it going like a lime-kiln. You, Fred, get the kettle on, make lots of tea, as strong as brandy; get a score or two of murphys roasted in their jackets, under those embers, and a dozen or two of collops, out of the shoulder-blades of that buck, I fire-hunted before the storm, broiled on top of them; and with the aid of some toasted ship-biscuit, we shall get along, I'll warrant it, though I am as hungry as a hawk, and though I'll guarantee old Sly to eat four men's rations, this fine morning. You and I, Alf, will take 'Ky's skiff across the pool, below the force of the water, and get those two cougars over. We must have them hung up in a couple of high trees above the reach of the minks and foxes, not to speak of the chance of a wolf or so, who would be sure to spoil their jackets before we could get them off; and I would not lose them for two hundred of the cool, down upon the nail. That done, we'll hold a council, and see if we cannot appropriate that fellow for our dinner, whom we saved this morning from being converted into cougar's breakfast."

"I'm convenient," said 'Ky, bustling about to collect the wood, and kneeling down to blow the ashes into a blaze; "now, Mr. Somerton, ef you're bound to be cook, look 'about, dew. That cariboo 'll take a most perdigious sight of running deown, I tell you; and ef we've got to run him 'tell he stops, we wont camp here, noways, this night. Them coal-ashes is hot enough e'enamost a'ready, stick in them potatoes as you've cleaned—what dirt there's left on to 'em the fire 'll take off, a darned sight cleaner than that 'ar water you dabblin' in all the time. That's it, slick enough. Now then, hurry up them collops, or else them fellers 'll be back here, with the painters, a' cravin' breakfast, and a blowin' up, I'll a warrant 'em, like sixty."

Thereupon, Fred applied himself to his task, ever a grateful task to him, with such a will, that when the

skiff came back on its brief trip, loaded with the first and largest of the cats, which was, of course, the female, since, according to Lord Byron,

> "Femininely meaneth furiously,
> Seeing all passions in excess are female,"

the perfume of the fat venison, smoking crisply on the gridiron, and hissing above the coals, while the great mealy potatoes hissed, yet louder, under them, gave note that the morning-meal was so near at hand, that Sly was called upon to cross over in the birch-canoe, and lend a hand with the second panther; their size and weight, proportionate to their gigantic strength, even more than to their stature, making it a matter of no small difficulty even for two powerful men to handle them and lift them into the boats.

With his aid, as third hand, however, the lift was soon accomplished; the skiff and canoe shot blithely back to their moorings; and, after a few minutes devoted to admiration of the soft, silky, dense pelage, tawny-fawn-colored above and silvery white below, of their massive arms, their felonious talons, the splendid sets of ivory displayed by the *rictus* of their angry jaws, and the mingled power and grace of their exquisite proportions, bark-ropes were soon twisted of sufficient toughness to bear their ponderous weight. Then, 'Ky having mounted into a giant pine, which overshadowed the wigmam, shooting out close to the brink of the rock-terrace that sheltered it, and passed the cords over two branches, declared by him, in reply to Frank's interrogation, to be "'sponsible," the huge felines were securely made fast by the gambrels, and swung up among the evergreen boughs, beyond the observation of men, or the reach of wild animals.

This done, not a minute before eleven of the clock, as announced by 'Ky's horologe, did the hunters spread themselves on the soft moss, around the tin plates and

pannikins, which were ranged about the smoking grid-iron, now serving in the place of a more lordly dish; the birch-bark platter of potatoes, and the teakettle of black-tea, singing from the bed of hot wood-ashes, piled under it half a foot deep, on a flat stone, before Frank's post of honor at the head of the board.

For a while the feed proceeded in silence, for the whole party were, in reality, too hungry to waste many words in talking; but at length the pipes were lighted, and, the relics of the breakfast being bestowed away, for the moment, the council began as follows—

"Well, 'Ky," asked Frank, between the puffs, "I hear you have told Fred that cariboo will take a prodigious amount of hunting before he can be run down. Now, be so good as to tell us why so, and where he is gone to—also, where shall we find him?"

"Me say all that, is it?" replied 'Ky, more *Hibernico*, by asking another question. "Waal! ef you dew stop 'till I tell it, you'll stop long enough."

"But you say we need not look to camp here, if we set out to follow him. Why?"

"Waal! you could see with your own eyes, as he'd got a most orful skeer on it, when he went by, hereaways; and I'll allow he'd not stop; 'till he had to stop, for want of wind to go no longer; and it's likely, that would be where there was lots of water somewhere's nigh. I rather think, it will be where some stream puts into the big lake, where it ain't neither so wide as he couldn't swim over it himself easy; nor yet so narrow as them all-fired painters could easy fix to foller him. That cariboo, he knowed, all the same as you or me, or betterly, it's as like as not, as no or'nary river nor stream wouldn't stop them painters; and that's why he come down right a' top of the 'White-water' Falls, and pitched hisself right into it, as a kind of a last hope, I reckon, as that might skeer them off; and I'll allow tew, that it might have skeered

the fust, ef so be, he had a chanced to come down on't a thought later, arter the deer was oncet out of sight. But it warn't to be; and that deer see the painter tew, and see us tew, and that wouldn't lessen his skeer any, so he'll jest leg it as hard as he can, wondering, all the hull time, I b'lieve, that he's let have a chance to leg it, 'till he comes to a place as he knows, 'll suit him."

"You give the cariboo credit for a good deal of *nous*, Mr. Sly," put in Alf Armiger, "and a considerable knowledge of the surrounding country. How do you know his thoughts so well? for I fancy he never told them to you?"

"How did Frank know as there was a painter on that cariboo's foot, when he jumped into the drink, that he knocked up my gun-muzzle in sich a plagued hurry. Yeou tell me that, neow, afore you comes a examinin' me?"

"You're too smart on him, now, Sly," said Fred, who was not ill-pleased to see the shine taken out of Alf, who somewhat affected the dictatorial over him, in woodland matters. "You'll have to ask that of Frank himself, I fancy."

"There ain't no great smartness in asking that; nor there won't be in answering it, neither," said 'Ky, quietly; "nor there warn't much in my not seein' on it, afore Forester did. But he allers thinks quick—quicker, it's like, than I do, ef not truer in the long run—and so soon as he had spoke, I see it, sure enough, without asking no simple questions. That 'ere cariboo would not have run so wild like, and would not have taken that orful leap, nohow, least of all, in the face and eyes of us humans, ef it hadn't known there was something arter it. Now it warn't a bar—for a cariboo knows as a bar carn't put it up to its best footin', no how. It warn't a wolf, or a pack of wolves; for 't ain't much their ways to hurt big game, this season of the year; that ef it had been

wolf, we'd have heerd 'em holler. It warn' Loosafie; 'cause Loosafie don't ventur on moose or cariboo, nor much on full-grown deer, neither; but sticks to fa'ans and wood-rabbits, and sich like. So to make short words on it, it could't be nauthen but painter—and I see that, jest as soon 's I heerd Frank say it. And neow, as you've heerd it with your own ears, and see it with your own eyes, you know as it warn't nauthen but painter. Waal! now, perhaps, you allow, as I may know whar that cariboo may ha' gone tew, and the reason why."

"We have heard the reason why," said Frank, nodding his head. "Now tell us whereabouts."

"Waal! allow, that cariboo was started by them 'are plagued painters, on the nigh side of old 'Bald-top,' yander, where there ain't no river nigher than this tumblin' 'White-water' here, and the lake deown beyont. It made stret tracks for this here shoot, jest as soon's he knew what was on his track—that shows he warn't lost in the woods, nohow; nor didn't know, both whar he was, and whar he was agoin' tew. Neow, as he is oncet acrost this 'White-water,' and allows as the painter is acrost it tew; for he must allow that, seein' he can't tell as Frank he'd shoot the one, and me the t'other of them 'tarnal critters, why, I allow as he'd foller on to the lake, ef so be, he could foller on, at the very pint as is likeliest to suit him, knowin' the danger as he's in, and heow to escape from it. Don't that sound kinder reasonable, Forester?"

"Go on, 'Ky. You'r right as a book," said Frank, replenishing his pipe with his favorite mixture of Kinnekinnich and tobacco.

"Waal! over, hereaways, there's a big rattlin' brook comes down over the great boulder stones, and makes the nicest kind of mash where it puts into the lake; and jest stret acrost, not more'n a mile and a half or tew miles away, there's a big maple island. Everywhere else, the

lake's all of five miles acrost, and that cariboo, fixed as it was when we see it, wouldn't never make a show to swim five miles, when swimming tew would serve jest as well; for there ain't no painter in these woods as would have a look to swim to Big Maple Island, more'n he would to New Orleans. So I allow that mash at the brook's mouth, is the very pint, as 'll suit; and, consequently, as he'll make for. Neow, when he gits thar, he'll be pretty well tuckered out, I tell you; and when he finds as the painters have gi'n in, or gi'n eout, or fall'n behind, some way or others, he'll lay deown to rest, jest so far 's he can wade out good, amongst the long grass and the deep mash-mire and the lily-pads. From that 'ere mash, he is beound not to stir a rod, this here night, more'n to feed up and deown by the moonlight, unless he's skeer'd agin; and arter one sich a skeer as he's had oncet this day, I allow 'twont be a plagued big thing that 'll skeer him. You sees it all neow, Frank, jest as well 's I dew—that is, ef yew didn't see't afore. How is't?"

"I see, 'Ky, plainly enough; but as it will be of no use to move yet awhile, you may as well proceed, for the advantage of our friends."

"Ef yew say so, I'll say on, sartain; but I don't b'lieve as 't 'll advantage them much, no how. They ain't the fellers to be advantaged easy, in the natur' of wood critters."

"Many thanks for your good opinion of our wisdom, Mr. Sly. I speak for both at once," said Armiger.

"You're welcome to't, sartain," that worthy made reply, not having forgotten the rig which he conceived to have been run on him, in the fourteen-hour-a-day reading yarn. "It ain't fourteen hours, or fourteen years, nuther, for that matter, of book-wisdom, that'll give a chap ra'al wood-wisdom. Is't so, Frank?"

"It's not so," answered Frank; "but let them be now,

'Ky, and finish out your lecture upon the idiosyncracies of the cariboo."

"There ain't no idiotcy abeout no cariboo, as I ever see," continued Sly. "Not so much idiotcy, by ha'f, as to make him quit lyin' deown and feedin' in the heat of the day, in them lily-pads and sweet mash-grasses, so long as thar' comes nauthen' nigh hand to skeer him; or to make him stay thar' restin' and layin' in the cool 's much 's one minnit, arter thar' do come anythin' aneerest him. Dumb beasts ain't never idiots, as I heerd tell on; but, ef so be, he war a human bein', thar' wouldn't be no keountin' on him, I consider. Waal, that 'ere cariboo, leastways, onlest I'm a great sight more mistaken than I thinks to be, he's knowed, jest 's waal as we know, these tew hours and better, as them painters has lost his trail, and gi'n in. I don't allow, as I said afore, as he knows whether they've gi'n in, or gi'n eout, or what's the reason why they've done one or t'other, or both at oncet, as the case raally is; but he knows it, and there he is, e'en a'most sartainly as you may put it, waded eout to the deepest water, as his long shanks will let him stand in, with his big horns laid flat back along his neck and his big ears 'long side on 'em, and little more'n his eyes and his snoot above water; and, likely, them so mixed and kivered up with black wet lily-pads as you couldn' right well know which from t'other. Waal! he's heerd the loon holler on the pond, likely; and he's heerd the robin and the wood-thrush whistle in the tree-tops; and he's seen the fisher steal along the shore; and the wild-duck paddle with her brood in the cricks and bays; and the shadow of the eagle's wings sweep over him, for all the world, like the shadow of a cloud; and he hain't taken the skeer at none of them things; for he knows all of them, and he knows them to be friendly or harmless, leastwise. But jest let him hear one whine of them 'ere painters in the brake, or one whimper of

them 'ere deer hounds, if 'twere at ha'f this distance, or let him catch one snuff of your smell on the wind, and for all as nice as you think you be and sweet, I'll warrant you, he'll smell you a mile off and better "——

"It's very queer he didn't smell us twenty yards off, then, this morning," said Fred, with a loud laugh, at what he imagined to be 'Ky's blunder, pointing to the rock from which the animals took their plunge.

"No. It tain't very queer, nuther, ef yew knowed it, on'y," said Sly, with a contemptuous grimace; "but yew don't know it, nor you ain't likely to know it, nor nothen' else, ef you won't hear tell to them that dew. That cariboo didn't catch smell of yew, because he come deown wind on yew; and he come deown wind, because there was that up wind as the smell on' skeered him more'n anythin' could skeer him, as could be deown wind, anyways; beside knowin' as heow the lake was down wind, and that, in the lake, lay his solitary chance of gittin' clar of what was up wind. Now, dew yew see, yew pesked onquiet kritter, yew, as warnts to heer, and yit carn't heer a man tell eout?"

"Yes! yes! I'm like the panthers, Mr. Sly; I've gin in, and gi'n eout, both: and I'll keep my head as close as you desire it, if you'll only go on."

"Waal! dew keep it closet, for massy's sakes alive—for there's a pesked sight of stuff come eout on it, this day, as couldn't dew no mortal kinder good to anythin' dead or livin'? Waal! I was a tellin', as I allow as that cariboo's thar in that mash, jest as wide awake 's a catbird, and like to keep so. Neow, to take them canoes, and git well deown wind below him, and hide under the brush at the swamp eend of Big Maple Island, and then to let the rest of the party take them tew hounds, and come deown wind a'top of him, and so skeer him stret acrost to the island—for, to the island he's jest as sure to put, so long as this wind holds, as I'm sure to put for

home and Hatty, when we've got tired of this here spree —that I allow's the way to circumvent that 'ere cariboo, and e'enamost sartin to dew it. And I allow, tew, as I'd be willin' to try it on, but for one thing. There may be two or three things," he added, counting upon his fingers, "agin our dewin' it, and dew it first-best, tew; still, ef 't warn't for that one thing, I'd resk it."

"And that one thing is?" asked Forester a little curiously—for even he, though well accustomed to the marvellous craft and skill, amounting almost to instinctive foresight, of a veteran woodsman, had been astonished by the apparent certainty of Sly's deductions; and, in a great degree, ignorant of the immediate localities, was at a loss to follow him.

"That one thing," said Sly, glancing upward to the sun, which had already declined beyond the meridian, "is time. No tew pair of hands, not the best at paddlin' as was ever made, could carry a birch canoe down to Big Maple Island short of four hours. It would be tight scratching for yew and me, Frank, to dew it in six. Neow, yew and I, we can't go togither, noheow; because, ef we dew, who is to hunt the dogs to the mash, which no one knows whar it is, but me; and when thar's no one as the dogs would hunt for, anyways, onless it was yew or me, one or t'other. Still, as I said afore, ef thar' war' time, why I'd resk it. Ef thar' war' eight hours' daylight, I'd resk gittin' deown to Big Maple Island, with Mr. Armiger, in the canoe. And I'd resk leaving yew, Frank, here in the camp, with Somerton, to set quiet by the fire, or ketch trout and bass in the 'White-water,' till we'd ben gone six hours, then to get onder way with the deer hounds. I'd resk your finding the mash, and I'd put up my pile on eour gittin' that 'ere big kind of cariboo. But as things is, to resk it, this here night, is to lose it, and nothin' else."

"That's bad," said Forester; "but I can see that you

are perfectly in the right, Mr. Sly. Yet I hate to give up that cariboo, I do assure you."

"I hain't gi'n him up, for one," replied Sly. "And what's more, by a great shot, I ain't agoin' tew, onlest this wind war agoin' to change, and I don't allow as't will change, this here night."

"And, if it do not?"——

"We'll have that cariboo, I reckon, anyheow, to-morrow; and ef Jack and Jothe come up with the bateau, this night, we'll have him, sartain."

"Heaven send they may come up, then, Mr. Sly." said Fred Somerton. "What do you allow to be the chances, for it seems to me, that you foresee everything?"

"Some things I kin," said 'Ky, more tickled than he would have willingly confessed, by the overt compliment, even of the greenhorn—"but then agin, some things I carn't. But I allow the chances to be good. Jothe is gittin' to be a pooty old nigger, anyheow; and he never did pull a fast oar, at best; but now slow and sure's the best, one can say, for poor old Jothe."

"And surest at being slow, I'm afraid," said Frank.

"It's so, Forester. But Jack, he pulls an orful smart pair of sculls—and old Jothe, he's fust best to tote things on his head, over the portages."

"I wish to mercy he could tote the bateau up the lake, on his head, then," said Armiger, laughing; "but I fancy the bateau would beat poor old Jothe, and Jack Hardyman, into the bargain, to carry on their heads."

"The lake might, I allow," said 'Ky Sly, looking worthy of his name; "but as to the bateau, I'd be loathe to tell Jack, as that nigger, or any other nigger, for that talk, could not tote a bateau on his head. He's see queerer sights, I've heerd him tell of, than one nigger carryin' one bateau on his head"——

"Why, what the deuce! did he see, one negro carryin' half a dozen bateaux on his head?" asked Fred.

"Or a schooner, perhaps, it might have been, Mr. Sly?" Alf cooly suggested. "It could not have been a full-rigged ship, I should suppose?"

"Waal! it warn't. Nor it warn't no one nigger carryin' nothen.'

"What was it, Mr. Sly?"

"Waal! it was jest one hundred niggers, and every live nigger on the hull lot, carryin' a new wheelbarrow on top of his head."

"What can you possibly mean, Sly?" asked Frank, for his curiosity was now fairly awakened, and he imagined that, for the first time in his life, he had caught his old chum attempting a dead quiz.

"It's a fact, Forester, jest's sure's I set here," answered 'Ky. "I've heerd him tell on it more'n twenty times, and swear he warn't lyin', at that, and I b'lieved him, for I never did hear him lie in arnest, and you'd better b'lieve me."

"I do believe you, certainly. But where was it? Come, tell us all about it."

"'Twas away deown in the Island of Jamaiky. But I ain't agoin' to tell it. I carn't tell it, as it should be told, anyways; and Jack, he's beound to spin his own yarns. And what's more'n that, we're wastin' our time, the wust kind, with the skins to be takin' off of them painters, and everything to fix for a great hunt, to-morrow. Come, Forester, we'll put it to the painters, while these tew chaps take the fishin'-tackle, and ketch us a mess of fish for dinner. Heow'll that suit?"

"That will suit, first-rate," replied Forester; "and so, without wasting any more words, let's go at it, or we shall not be through before night falls."

And, with these words, he and Sly divested themselves of shooting jackets, waistcoats and neckcloths, and tucking up their shirt-sleeves to the elbows, were soon as busy as veritable butchers, divesting the slain cougars of

their furry coats, *secundum artem*, in order to be cured, in due process of time, and converted into hearth-rugs, and the like, for the decoration of Frank's winter quarters.

During these operations, which occupied the hunters for several hours, giving at the same time ample employment to the jaws of the staunch deer-hounds, who liberally and largely banqueted on the livers and hearts, which latter 'Ky Sly insisted upon, as the surest recipe for giving courage to the stomach of the hounds, which thus acquired the quality chiefly ascribed to their fallen enemies, the day waned rapidly. It was in vain, that, in view of this article of 'Ky's creed, Frank plied him with questions, as to the place whence he had derived it; whether from the practice of the red warriors of the Abenakis, who thought to appropriate to themselves the valor, endurance, and contempt of danger, possessed by their captive enemies, by the simple process of eating morsels of their hearts, grilled on the ashes of their funeral piles—or from the lyric poet of Rome, who states, the Creator, in the process of manufacturing the race of Japhet,

"Insani leonis
Vim stomacho apposuisse nostro."

But his efforts, for this end, were, as usual, of no effect; since Sly resorted to his ordinary mode, whenever the conversation took a turn toward "book-larnin'," to which he had never "seriously inclined his ear," and which he consequently regarded with singularly fluctuating feelings, at one time of profound respect, and at the next moment, of equal or greater contempt, and sheltered himself under the shield of an assumed impenetrable stupidity, wholly at variance to his strange, cute shrewdness in matters of practical utility.

At last, the skins were reduced, literary, into *exuviæ*, the heads and claws being neatly and effectively dissect-

ed, so as to leave the bones alone in their proper position, with the fangs and talons adhering; and, after being thoroughly anointed, inside and out, with arsenical soap, were stretched on frames of light wood-work, for exposure to the autumual sunshine.

This done, the carcasses were carefully buried, in order to prevent their decay becoming offensive in the immediate vicinity of the camp, and brush, loaded with stones, were heaped above the pits, frustrating the efforts of the wolves and lynxes to disinter the remnants.

Scarcely was all this accomplished, before the gentle anglers made their reappearance, loaded with scaly spoils. A supurb silver and azure lake trout, of nearly thirteen pounds, had rewarded Alf Armiger's patience, who had contented himself in bottom-fishing, with a piece of deer's liver on his sockdollager hook; while Fred Somerton, who was the best fisherman of the party, and despised anything short of the fly-rod, click-reel, and long line, came burdened with above a score of beautiful black bass, next to the speckled trout, the gamest of all fish, ranging from ten ounces to six pounds in weight, three or four of the largest fairly pulling down the patent angler's balance to that figure.

They had not long arrived, and the companye was beginning to despair of the appearance of Jack and Jothe for that afternoon, at least, and to talk of the propriety of preparing an early supper and early bed, in order to insure an early start to-morrow, when a stantorian whoop roared up the gorge from beyond the turn.

In an instant, every man of the party was on his feet, and Alf and Fred were looking toward their guns, dubiously.

"That's nuther Jack's yell, nor Jothe's, noheow," soliloquized 'Ky. "Nuther of them tew can wake such a roar as that, onlest they was to bust for it."

"I should say that was Tom Draw's bellow," said

Frank, who had caught up his glass, and brought it to bear on the mouth of the pass; "but that's not possible; for how, on earth! should he have brought his four hundred pounds of 'too, too solid flesh,' hitherward, through these mountains?"

But the next instant, as Jack Hardyman's bateau swept round the point, closely followed by a large double canoe, paddled by three Indians, or negroes, with a second Daniel Lambert crouched in the stern, steering, Frank dashed his Dollard to the ground, careless of damage or danger, and rushed with an answering war-whoop, to the shore.

"Fat Tom—who-whoop! Fat Tom! by all that's lucky and ridiculous!"

"And who may Fat Tom be?" asked Fred, the last importation.

"The heaviest man, the largest heart, the wittiest tongue, the openest hand, the biggest soul, in all America, be the other who he may."

"Waal! we'll have a time on't, this night, I swan," said 'Ky, with a broad grin, "and that cariboo, he's ours, sartain.

"Not forgetting the one hundred niggers, and the one hundred wheelbarrows," said Fred. "I'm bent to hear that, before I sleep, let what may come of it—and so, all hail to Fat Tom!"

CHAPTER IV.

Ye Fatte Manne relateth how he gatte thar—Jacke Hardyman telleth ye tale of ye hondred niggers, and ye hondred wheele-barrowes—They starte to hunte ye Cariboo, and howe they thrive thereinne.

"How be you, Frank, how be you, boy?" bellowed the jovial old cock at the top of his lungs, as he came sweeping up in his canoe in all his dignity, with his three sable functionaries, for it turned out that they were all of that complexion, plying their paddles lustily. "Right glad I am to see you. I began to think I'd niver have got here, onder heaven, and I guess as I shouldn't neither, if I hadn't chanced, by best kind o'fortin, to come across Jack Hardyman and uncle Jothe, here, out aways yonder in Round Lake."

"And how the deuce you did get here, is a thought beyond my comprehension," said Forester, laughing heartily, as he shook the fine old fellow by the hand, and introduced him by the name, so well known and beloved by all true lovers of sportmanship and sportsmen, honest Tom Draw of Warwick, to his fellows.

"Come up to the fire, Tom," continued Frank, "and we'll see if we can't hunt you up a drink, one way or other, though we are something of a temperate party here, between the necessities and the proprieties of the case, and let us have your adventures. Now then, bustle boys, bustle and look lively with the dinner, for with the work before us, we can't afford to be lazy. We must be afloat and under way, 'Ky tells us, by three o'clock in the morning."

"Why, what in thunder's afoot now?" cried old Tom, "onder way at three o'clock! afore sunrise—and you too, you darned little critter, as sets such a valley on a long morning snooze—what's afoot now? I ax you."

"Look here, Tom," said Frank, pointing to the trophies of the morning's chase extended on their wooden frames; "look at our to-day's work, before you ask about to-morrow's."

"Painters, by thunder!" shouted the veteran, "and most onrighteous big painters, too. I haint seen such a sight since Harry Archer and I fixed that all-fired big one, down in Quaker Creek Cedar Swamp, way back of McLaren's Folly, as they calls them thunderin' pit-holes as he digged on Snake Island ridges, sarchin' for copper. Where did you come across these spiteful cusses? Tell me, Frank. They'd need take a desp'rate sight o'killin', I guess."

"We did not come across them, Tom, at all," said Frank, who had by this time accommodated the old boy, with a moderate pull of rum and water, and a light for his pipe. "They came across us, for our good luck and their loss!"

"What do you mean by that? You don't tell me as them cussed ugly varmints come in stret here to the camp, jest for you to kill them like?"

"I don't mean to tell you anything else, old horse," said Forester, laughing heartily. "I shot my fellow from the very spot on which you stand, and 'Ky fetched the other from a rest on the boughs of that pine by the water side. You can see their blood on the gray stones yet, over the river. They hunted a big bull cariboo down wind into the falls, this morning soon after sunrise, before we had fairly roused out of our nests; he swam across and got clear, and we stopped the cougars."

"Thunder! and where's the cariboo gone, or what's kept you a-lazin' round the camp fires, here, with such a first best, nicest, finest, thunderingest good pair of deer-hounds as them I see tied up yonder, and all right to up and arter them?"

Thereupon, not to fall into repetition, the whole story

was recounted at length, with 'Ky Sly's comments on the habits of the beast, and all the whys and wherefores, to all of which old Draw did most solemnly and approvingly incline his ear, manifesting his satisfaction by some of his well-known epigrammatic outbursts, more forcible and sonorous than suitable for ears polite, interspersed with occasional hints and suggestions as to the various culinary operations, which were in process around them, and laudations of the smell of strong venison soup which was simmering in the camp-kettle, as also objurgations of the three negroes, who had paddled him up the lakes, and who were now busily engaged in toting, as he expressed it, his plunder ashore.

This plunder, by the way, differing therein widely from that of our party, consisted of but few simple articles, two of which, it was evident at a glance, were sorely diminished in weight since they had been put on board. A pair of blankets closely rolled up, with a pair of socks and a pair of slippers enclosed; his mighty double-barrelled fourteen pounder of ten-gauge, a small stock of ammunition, a provision basket, whose vacuity was evident by the ease with which one of the sable functionaries was twirling it round his head with a single finger, and a five-gallon gray stone jug, which he admitted to have embarked, on its lake voyage, containing its full compliment of first best cider sperrits, though "cuss it!" he added, "it's as dry now as an old powder horn, or's my tongue was this here morning, when I rousted out of them pine branches, as Jack Hardyman fixed for a bed for me, underneath of the canoe, meaning to take a pull at the pitcher, and found as them all-fired greedy, snoopin', stealin', stinkin' niggers had been and drinked it dry. Did so, Frank— now I tell you! clean dry, not so much as the littlest mite left, to give a feller a chance of making himself believe as he even smelled a drink."

"The same fate, it seems likely, will befall our

medicine," replied Forester, among the intense and obstreperous cachinations of the negroes, who instead of appearing abashed or offended at the charge, actually rollicked in their delight at having accomplished their roguery. "Therefore, I shall remove the keg, master Tom, for you must observe that we have it along with us really and truly as a medicine, and not as a beverage; in case of getting thoroughly ducked, or chilled, or overheated, so as to make it dangerous to drink cold water too freely, or of being forced to encamp in a fever and aguish situation."

"Seems to me," answered Tom, looking rather crustily, as the keg of spirits was removed from his gloating gaze, "as this place here, where you be camped now, right stret under the drip and drizzle of them etarnal falls, as wont let a chap hear himself a thinkin', is worst kind o' fever and aguish—and I'm kind o' overheated too with paddlin' this livelong day in the blazin' sun, and it's getting sort of chilly like now—don't you concate it to be, Frank?"

"No, I do not concate it to be, you old gormandizing guzzler," retorted Frank, "nor anything of the kind. But I've not the least doubt you'd find the mouth of an oven an uncommonly fever and aguish spot, if your finding it so were your only chance of your getting at the grog bottle."

"Ef he didn't find it chilly," 'Ky Sly interposed his oar, for it was notorious that he leaned more willingly towards the bibulous exhortations of Tom Draw, than to the sober precepts and practice of the cool-headed old sportsman, who knew by long experience that aching heads, dazzled eyes, and shaking hands were not the things to produce good shooting, and therefore, as well as for other and more solid reasons, enforced strict temperate regulations in the camps, and among the parties under their commond. "Ef he didn't find it

chilly, he'd be sartain as he felt overheated, if so be he found himself sot thar."

"Well, whether he did or no, and whether you do or no, just now, which I fancy is more immediately to the point, not one drop of rum do either of you get this night, you may be sure of it, nor to-morrow morning either, unless there should be a mist on the river, when we are starting. Then, indeed, I might circulate a dram, with a dash of cayenne pepper in it as a preventive. Now, then, Fred Somerton, put the coffee-kettle on, the soup is well nigh finished already, I can tell by the perfume; and that saddle of venison will be roasted before the coffee is ready, boys. Those cakes will be over-baked in the ashes, if you don't look after them, Master Armiger, and then you'll come worse off than your royal namesake, when he spoiled the woodcutter's wife's baking. Now, Tom, you haven't told us yet, what brought you up hither, or how you got along, or where you caught all those black imps, who are squatting round their own fires yonder, like so many crows on a misty morning, and who have fraternized with Jothe, as if they had known him these twenty years."

"Tew of 'em," interjaculated 'Ky, scratching his head, as he calculated the length of time, "has knowed him mor'n twenty by jest thirteen years, four months and six weeks, or thereaway. Leastways, it'll be thirthy-three years and six months, the first of next October, anyways you can fix it, since 'Siah Foster he moved down to the lake shore from Franklin; and he brought black Plute and copper-colored Tobe along with him, I allow. They've a-knowed Jothe, I kalkilate, anyways, since then; as for that other humliest kind o'nigger, as is a derned sight liker to a big blue-faced baboon as I seed over to St. Albans oncet, than to any kind of a christian man, I allow the old man here fetched him along. We don't raise no such nasty looking niggers in these parts."

Now be it known that although "Black Jake," Tom's Tee-totum, as he calls him, substituting habitually the syllable tee for fac, is by no means a beauty, his physiognomy partaking strongly of the most ultra African peculiarities of the race, he by no means merits the appellation of a nasty looking nigger; as Tom, by dint of constant threats to tan his black hide with a boot-jack, or to cure his crooked shins with an axe-handle—though he is notoriously the best natured of masters, and was never known to lift his hand to a servant in anger—contrives to make him keep his stout, blue pilot jacket, butternut-dyed home-spun trousers, huge cowhide jack-boots and fur cap in the best and neatest possible condition. He tolerates, moreover, no fuzzy mustachios or ragged, wiry goatee, which give so ruffianly and piratical a look to the African; and as "Black Jake's" phiz, framed in a setting of closely shorn knotty wool, is none of your mottled, parti-colored speckled affairs, but a perfect ebony, as lustrous as if it had been recently polished with palm oil, and animated by a continual glow of jollity and good humor, he is on the whole a very prepossessing specimen of his race, as he is a general favorite for his amiability and willingness. Tom was, moreover, at all times, warmly attached to Jake, as indeed he was to every one and everything, that attached itself to him, and would never tolerate any insinuations against the beauty or excellence of the boy, any more than he would have suffered a slur to pass, uncontradicted, on the merits of his nice little dog, "Dashy," or on the speed of the "Old Roan," which he brought home in his sleigh, a sickly foal from a *vandoo*, and which grew to be the best and biggest, according to his master's confident belief—he would have made his affidavit to the fact willingly—the fattest and the fastest horse in all Orange county.

He waxed indignant, therefore, and thus discharged the vials of his wrath on the head of the aggressive Sly,

giving Frank Forester, according to his wont a sly back-handed lick *en passant.*

"That's putty much what Jack Kelsey, the big pilot, said to Frank, down to Pete Bayard's oncet, on the Battery at York, when we went in to git a drink, afore goin' down to look at that ar' biggest kind of battery, as Uncle Sam began a-buildin' at the Narrows, jest, as it seems to me of set purpose to let it go to wrack and ruin, to rights, afore 'twas half finished. But though what he did say to Frank, was jest as true as the Bible, what you says about Jake, Mister Sly, if so be as your name be 'Ky Sly, and a tarnal nastiest kind of name that be, if it be, is nothen onder heaven, but a cussed lie—and the worst kind of lie, at that—and I don't stand no pokin' sharp sticks at that good boy, I'd have you to know, Mr. Sly, you nasty, sneakin', sly-lookin', scaly-lookin', Vermont-raised, white nigger Yankee, you ! and if you go pokin' sticks at him, Mr. Sly, I'll jest take you by the scruff of your neck and the seat of your breeches, and pitch you stret, from where I stand, so as you'll 'light in a settin' poster, right stret on your hinder eend, in the pot under the falls, there. 'Taint half as fur, as from the hearth of my bar-room into the middle of the street, nor 'taint much deeper to go down, nor you aint half so big a man as Forester's seen me pitch that trick twenty times and over ; and, if so be, it be a softer place to light on, it would be a plagued sight harder gettin' out on, I tell you."

Vast was 'Ky's astonishment at this fierce outburst of Tom Draw's fiery indignation, which he had drawn upon himself most unwittingly ; as, in all probability, there was no person to whom he could readily have been introduced whom he would have done more, or gone farther to conciliate than this mighty Nimrod and man of great renown, of whom he had so often heard Frank and Harry

Archer speak, in terms of so warm attachment and such strong veneration.

Deep, therefore, were his protestations that he had meant no offence, either to Tom in person, or through the medium of the trusty Jake; but it was long ere he could mollify the indignation or smooth down the ruffled bristles of the fat man's wounded dignity; and, when he did so, as Frank positively denied the cup of reconciliation, by means of which old Draw proposed to re-cement his interrupted relations with 'Ky, it bade fair to be but a brief armistice, followed by a renewal of hostilities.

Alf Armiger, however, adroitly turned the subject, by inquiring what it was that the big pilot had said to Frank, which Tom considered to approach so nearly to gospel truth.

"Well," said Tom, "you see, Armiger, we'd sot a day to go down to see them fautifications, as they call 'em, and pooty good name I consider it to be for 'em, seein' as they be pooty much all faults and nothing good about them; and some of them army fellers, Uncle Sam's fellers—none o' your sneakin', stinkin' malisha cusses—they'd sot to meet us, and arter we'd ben through the works like, we was to go down to the Fort Hamilton House to dine with the officers and the big folks as was staym' there for the hot weather. Well! we'd fixed ourselves up kinder nice, in our best Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes, and Frank he was fixed out to kill. Sich a green satin neckcloth with long eends, and sich a fine linen frill to his shirt, and sich a starched shinin' white vest with them jig-a-maree gold buttons, and sich a claret-colored cut-away coat with the same all-fired gold buttons, and sich a pair of white pantaloons, for all the world as sleek as white marble, and sich a pair of varnished boots, and sich a white wide-awake hat, stuck a one side, at top of them red soap-locks of his'n, and sich a sight of bear's grease on them great red moustachers.

If he wasn't fixed that day no one ever was fixed, that I ever saw or heerd tell of.

"Well! as I said, we stopped into Pete Bayard's to git a sherry-cobbler, for it was a hot day, the hottest kind, I tell you, and who should be in there but California Phil, jist come up from Staten Island, in his nice little clipper yacht, a talkin' with a lot of them York pilots, and among them, the biggest and the sarciest of the hull crew on 'em, Jack Kelsey. Well! Frank, he knowed quite a lot of them chaps, along of his consorting so much with our Phil; so he upped and asked them to jine in and drink—and they jined in and drink't; and jest then, Phil, he introduced Jack Kelsey. 'Mr. Kelsey,' says he, 'this here's the sportin' man, as you've heerd so much tell on, I reckon, Frank Forester. Not the sportin' man,' says he, 'as keeps the Tiger, nor speckerlates on thimble-riggin', but him what shoots, and hunts, and fishes, and writes, and tells such darned lies, about what he kills and catches.' So Kelsey said he kind of reckoned he had heern tell on him; and so they shook hands, and Frank asked him to up and jine in and drink, and he up and jined in and drinked. And in about a minnit; whether it was for devilment, or that he really did think the hairy kritter was a high Dutcher, I don't know; but anyways, in about a minnit, he looks at Frank as hard as ever he could stare, and, 'Mr. Forester,' says he, 'you'll ex-cuse me, sir, but uncommon good English, you speak, seems to me?' Well! Frank, he wasn't best pleased, you'll b'lieve—he's a kind of spunky critter, too, is Frank—and he answered sort of short, 'And why the d—l! shouldn't I speak good English? I should be glad to know, Mr. Kelsey.' 'It's German, I should have kalkerlated, you'd have spoken better,' says Kelsey. 'And why, in thunder, should you suppose as I'd speak German, Mr. Kelsey?' says Frank, shorter yet. 'I don't know a word of German.' 'Well,' says Kelsey, says he,

'I always kalkerlates as a German, he'll speak German, and as an Englishman, he'll speak English; and as I didn't look as you'd speak such uncommon good English —uncommon good English you do speak, I'll allow."

"'Well! I'm an Englishman,' says Frank, 'and why shouldn't I speak good English?' says he. 'An Englishman! Well!' says Kelsey, as if he was kind of amazed, 'ef you aint the nastiest lookin' Englishman, as ever I did see!' You should have heerd the shout that busted out among them pilots, at that word. They hollered and they roared, and they eenamost choked themselves a laughin'. And Phil, he laughed and roared, and I laughed and roared, and, at the last eend, Frank guv' in, though at the fust he was as mad as thunder, and he laughed hisself, louder than any of us all—to think as he should be called 'the nastiest looking Englishman,' and that jest at the very time, when he thought as he was the nicest lookin'! I was kind o' sorry; and I did feel kind o' bad, thinkin' of Frank, that time."

"You go to thunder! you old reprobate!" said Forester, giving him a hearty dig in the ribs, as he concluded his harangue, amid a roar of laughter and applause from all sides, which completely mollified the narrator.

"But here, dinner's ready. So let us set to work at it at once, and you can tell us, between the bites, how you got here. For, nice looking or nasty looking, I'm curious to know that."

"Well," said Tom, as soon as the soup-kettle was removed and he had consoled his inner-man with some three quarts at the lowest estimate of the delicious compound, while the venison, which, on examination, proved not as yet to have been thoroughly cooked through, was receiving its last basting from the faithful Jothe, under Frank's own careful, though somewhat distant supervision. "Well, I'll tell you, now, boys, how it comed

round that I'm here among you, arter all, among all these wild hills and forests, the wildest I ever did see, anyhow. You see I'd a started down last Saturday, with Jake, to Newburgh, not thinkin' to go no furder than to the river, and right stret hum agin ; but I'd chanced, by good luck, to take the old gun along, seein' as she needed some fixin'. And jest as I was on the dock, thinkin' about turnin' back for home, who should I meet but Squire Foulcher, as Frank saw and gave a note to for me afore startin', sayin' as how he shouldn't be at my place to Warwick for three weeks anyhow, or a month likely, and how he was agoin' to 'the Falls of the White-water,' and what fust-rate shootin' and fishin' there was to be had up hereaways in the hills, and how he wished I could be up to jine along ; and he told me how I might come up a shorter kind of cross-cut by the Fish House, and nick in upon you, here, at the Falls. But I don't reckon as how you'd any so overly strong notion I should come, had you, Frank ?"

"Well, I had not, old fellow," replied his friend, "but since you are here, we are all right glad to see you, and will try that you shall not be sorry that you have come."

"There ain't much fear of that, nohow," quoth Tom, "least ways, not so long as this here soup lasts, and there be such fish and venison to be got hereaways in the woods, without having so much as to pay for them. Well, as I was a-sayin', jist as I'd got done a-readin' your letter, the old Swallow, she stops alongside, and the captain he hollored at me, and told me as how so be you'd gone up by him, at his up-trip, with the boys and the dogs, and how you wanted as I should foller on. Then I made up my mind torights ; and I went up to old Belcher's, and got the gun fixed, and some buckshot and powder ; and had me two good new Mackinaw blankets put up, and a five-gallon demijohn of apple sperrits, and a basket of victuals, and then Black Jake and me, and Old Roan, come

aboard the South America, and up to Albany that same night, and at daybreak away by the Fish House road, through the mountains, and a plaguy wild road it is, I swear, to Siah Foster's, whom I knowed years and years agone, when he kept tavern in Herkimer; and he fixed me out, with that 'ere canoe, and them two niggers, and they said as they knowed all the ups and downs, and ins and outs of this here wild wood country, from fust to last; and where you camped at the 'White-water Falls,' and what not. And they was ready to take their oaths, every one on them, as they know the road here, for all the world as well as if it had been an old wagon track; and, arter all, cuss the yard of it did they know at all; and when we'd got across the high carrying place into the round lake, they gave up and wanted to turn back; and, though I rared and snorted some, and swore till all was blue, turn back they did. But Lord sake, Frank, they didn't know no more how to get backards, than they did how to get forrards; and so they got lost like. And for the Heaven's sake, what we'd a-done, I don't so much as consider; seein' as the licker bottle it was dry, and the provision basket that was empty, and though I'd got my gun, I hadn't got no dogs, nor nothin' to help me, except three darned black niggers, with no more sense than so many dumb kritters, that didn't know how to help themselves. But luckily, jist as the shadows began to fall thick and dark in the woods and over the waters, where we hadn't the least mite of hope of seein' a man's face, anymore than of seein' the Astor House or the City Ho-tel, in the thick of the wilderness, nor much more chance than hope, I spied the blaze of a big fire in the brush on a kind of pint, where we was a thinkin' sum of puttin' in to pass the night ourselves, hungry and thirsty, and a-cold as we was; and about the light I saw figures a-movin'. And, then, what do you think, Frank, but them etarnal, cussed, stupid niggers, it was all as I

could do, anyways, to make them paddle in to the fire, where they was sure of warmth and food, and something warmer to drink than cold water, if they was anything short of Injuns, that was a-lying off there in the blaze. They knowed, they said, that they was the spooks of the dead Iroquois that was killed, somewheres thereabout, in the time of the old French wars. And you'd better b'lieve I had to load up the old gun, and swear as I'd quali'y them, torights, to be the spooks of dead niggers, if so be they didn't paddle right stret in and face the devil, if so be it war the devil, like men and not like monkeys. My eyes! Frank, if you'd only a-heerd them niggers' teeth chatter, and seed how pale they looked and white about the gills, through the thickness of the black like, you'd say you'd a-heered and seen the scaredest set of niggers, as ever a white man sot eyes upon. When them niggers see Jothe's white eyeballs and teeth, and his black face and red flannel shirt, in the blaze, though one wouldn't a-thinked there was so much to frighten one nigger, in the sight of another, they begged and prayed and went down on their knees to me, that I'd let them put back, for 'dey seed de ebil one, sartain!' But I upped the old musket, and they allowed 'dat the ebil one warn't so bad, arter all, as a bullet out o' de fat old massa's gun,' so in we came, and found torights, that instead of the 'de ebil one,' we had come acrost 'de good two,' and Jack Hardyman and I warn't no very long time makin' friends, you'd better believe, and he gave us a first-rate supper, and a first-rate bed, and a first-rate breakfast, and we made a right airly start, and so that's what brought me 'way up here, and how I comed; and how I'll get away agin out o' such thunderin' bad company, that won't do so much as give a poor, tired, worn-out fellow-traveller a drink of nothin' stronger than cold water, I've got to larn yet."

"I am sorry, Tom, old boy," replied Forester, "but

rules are rules, and rules can't be broken, in this camp, while I'm captain."

"Hear me, Mr. Draw," said Fred Somerton, "I've got a small private bottle of my own, and just before we turn in, I'll stand treats round, on one condition. Jack Hardyman, here, has got a story, I'm told, of some most extravagant thing he saw in the West Indies, when he was there, about a hundred negroes and a hundred wheelbarrows, and I'm on tenter-hooks to hear it. Now, if he'll tell it, I'll treat. That's one word."

"And one word like that," said Tom, "is better, a blamed sight, nor a hundred, and is the best, anyways, as I've heered this night. Now then, tell away, Jack! Tell away dear man. Tell away. Don't you hear as we'er all to git drinks, as soon as you've done tellin'."

"Waal! that ain't much to do, nohow;" replied the doughty Jack, "to airn a good glass of licker, like Squire Somerton's be. So I'll allow, as I hain't no objection to tell that 'ere yarn fifty times over, stret away, ef so be he'll give fifty drinks to hear it.

"Waal, it's some fifteen years agone, I tuk poorly, one fall; and all the winter I kept steady at it and riglar, sinkin' and sinkin', day arter day, weaklier and weaklier, poorlier and poorlier, 'till I warn't nothing much more nor skin and bone, when the month of March come round; and the doctors they all swore that I'd got a consumption; and so I had got a con-sumption of everything except victuals; and them I couldn't consume a mite on. Waal! some of my folks allowed, as how, maybe, if I'd take a run to Ja-maiky, or some other of the West Ingy Islands, it mought be as the con-sumption would leave off a consumin' me, and as I'd take a consumin' other something. So I allowed to go. And I put to Portland, and from Portland I shipped for Kingston, in Jamaiky, in the good brig Ethan Allen, loaded with staves and hoops and notions, and a smart chance of Wethersfield onions,

and a lot of Narragansett pacers, and was in great go, in them times. Waal! we'd pooty bad time, anyhow, and there was a deal of sea-sickness among the hands on board, and, strange as it may seem to you, I as was the weakliest and poorest looking, and puniest of the hull set, was the least tuckered out by the sickness; and when none of the rest, 'xcepting the old salts, weren't able for nothin' but takin' nips of brandy, to stop the retchings, and layin' about the decks, like Doolittles—though 'Ky he don't like to hear about that fam'ly—I was as peart and as spry as a jay bird, and always was a wantin' somethin' to be doin' like, to while away the time. Waal! the feller as owned the pasin' horses, he tuk sick, and the feller as he hired, he tuk sicker, and there warn't no one to attend to the dumb kritters, or shake down fodder to them, or give them water, and they suffered tew days or perhaps three, afore I heerd tell on it, orfully. Now, I allus notioned dumb kritters, and I couldn't a-bear to see them a-sufferin' so, and, as I was a-sayin', I wanted somethin' to be a-doin', to keep up my own sperrits; so I tuk to the dumb kritters, and fed them and watered them, the nicest kind, till we made land, and the chaps begin to come round agen, as had been sick all the hull time, as we was out on the blue water.

"Waal! after a fortnight or so, we dropped anchor at Kingston, and no sooner was we thar, than the raal owner of the horses he came aboard, and axed to see his stock that he set sich store by; for the chap as I thought owned them, he warn't the raal owner, arter all, but only a super-cargo, kind of. Waal! the captain, he interduced me to the owner, who was a fust-chop English merchant chap up to the city, as had sent for these kritters for his own ridin' and his lady's— for he was noo married. His name I kind of disremember, but it was Henry somethin' or other, Es-quire, and he was a fine man any ways, whatever name he had. Waal! when he larned how the krit-

ters had suffered, and how it was me as had 'tended to 'em and no one else, and how ef it had't a-been for me they'd a-suffered a derned sight wuss, and when he larned how I was sick, he had me right stret up to his own house, and a fine time I had on't, I tell you.

"Ef I'd been his own brother, I couldn't have been a bit better treated. Waal! I told you as my friend, for he was my friend, and nothen else, was noo married; and his wife, she was from the old country, tew, acrost the water, and had never been in the West Ingies, till she come out some few weeks, or so, afore I landed in the Island; she was about the pootiest kritter as I ever laid eyes upon, tall and slender, and swayin' about like a willow tree in a spring breeze, with long light hair as looked, when the sun touched it, for all the world as ef it was wove out of sunbeams, and eyes as blue as the heavens the sun shines out of—"

"Helloa! Jack!" interjaculated 'Ky, at hearing this sudden and unusual effusion of eloquence on the part of Jack Hardyman.

"What's the go, now?" exclaimed that genius, seemingly quite unaware of the rhapsodical emanation of his genius, which had, not unnaturally, called forth so much wonder.

"Why! of a surety, Master Jack," Forester put in his word, "of a surety, you are waxing sufficiently poetical, to wake 'our special admiration,' if not 'wonder.'"

"Poetical! I guess you'd a-been poetical, tew, ef you'd seen that young beauty, for beauty she was, ef she was an Englisher. Poetical! hey? Why, she was all poetry, and nothen else, at no price! not a bit of practical ootility about her. That 'ere gal, now, though she could play the pianny, and the what-may-call as King David, he used to play upon in Je-roosalum. What is't, Frank? say."

"The Jew's Harp, I believe," responded our fat friend,

before Forester could reply, "but warn't it in the Bible, Mr. Hardyman, and not in Je-roosalum?" and he attempted a most ludicrous imitation of Jack's in-itself-sufficiently-ludicrous dialect.

"No! it war not," replied Hardyman, authoritatively, and a little surlily. "It was not, leastways, ef it war, it was in Je-roosalum tew; for, Je-roosalum it's in the Bible, anyways, and so's David; and I don't b'lieve as it was a Jew's harp, nuther, as King David played, only I kind of disremember 'xactly. But I don't b'lieve it war, no how; for 'taint likely, as him what killed the great Goliur, and what the Lord chuz eout to be the king and cap'n of his people, should 'a gone dancin' through the streets of Je-roosalum, in his ryal gairments, likely, and a crown of goold upon his head, with all his priests and keounsellors and cap'ns, and all his men-o-war followin' arter him—I never could come at it rightly though, how them men-o-war went through the streets of Je-roosalum, ef they was anythin' like the North Car'liny as I see downt' York, oncet—but lettin' that a be, I don't b'lieve as King David ever danced deown them streets, or up to the temple, on top of Mount Moriah, twanglin' and janglin' a derned, nasty, little bit o' crooked iron atween his teeth, like a dutty-nosed little young 'un, as has jest got his fust breeches on, on a malishy trainin' day."

"Why Jack, heow you talk? a Jew's harp is mighty pooty music neow, I consider;" interposed 'Ky Sly, "and I read in one of them nice books as Frank gave me, as was writ' by one Cypress Joonier, as they has them deown t' York, quite big like, and plays on them in the meetin' huzes."

"Waal! 'Tis pooty music, I allow," replied Jack, "but I don't b'lieve as King David played them in Je-roosalum, and I know as my frend, the fust-chop English merchant's wife didn't play on them in Jamaikey; and that's more to the pint. But whatever that ere what-d'may-

call-um was, she played on't first rate; and it didn't go into her pooty little mouth at all, not a mite of it; but she did it with her fingers, and, I tell you, it was a sight to see her soople figger a bendin' and a wavin' over it, and her pooty reound white arms a windin' over the chords, and the singin' more like a mockin' bird than a human kritter, I liked to looked at it, and hear it, neow, I tell you, I did, by Jolly! But as I said afore, it warn't of the least mite of practical ootility, and she warn't herself, nother! That gal, neow, could'nt a cooked an Injun puddin', or tossed a dozen of griddle cakes, or peeled a peck of onions, no more nor I couldn't have played and singed like she did. But she was the kindest, tenderest, softed-heartedest kritter, as ever I see or heerd tell on. She couldn't a-bear that any of them lazin, moopin' niggers, as there was hundreds of all over, not in the plantations only and the farms, but in the houses and the chambers, of all kinds and colors, should get a hidin', howsoever much they deserved it. And she was allus a making teeny-weeny little night caps and flannel shirts, and I d'know what all, for the nigger babbies; and coddlin' the old nigger women as looked more like old gray 'Ranootans, sich as old Barnum shewed one of 'um deown to 'York, and made all them derned fools of Yorkers b'lieve to be Jyce Heth.

"Waal! I was a sayin' how this hansome wife of my merchant friend at Jamaikey was constantly tormentin' herself, the wurst kind, concarnin' the sufferin's of the darkies, as was'nt sufferin' nohow; least ways if eatin' and drinkin' and snoozin' in the sun, and growin 's fat as butter and 's slick 's palm ile beant sufferin', then them niggers they warn't sufferers in no sense of the word. Waal! among other things, as kind of exercised her mind, one was a seeing the big, black, hulkin' niggers a carryin' their loads on top of their heads. And 'Oh! my! Mr. Hardyman,' says she, 'how truly orful it is to see them

poor unfort'nit kritters a totin' everythin', in natur and out of natur', on their heads!' Waal! it wasn't the least mite of use in my life, my tellin' of her not to be a frettin' herself about no sich nonsense as that 'ere, for why everybody knowed, as knowed anythink at all, that a nigger's head was jest the hardest part of his hull body, and that the safest part to hit him on with an axe handle, as Mister Draw recommends, if so be as you don't want to hurt him; if you do, it's jest as well to hit somewhere's elst. And that if they carried them on their backs, or anywheres elst 'xceptin' on their heads, they might likely chafe their black hides, and do themselves some small sort of mischief—but that a full-blood African can butt his head right up agin a three-foot stun wall, and atween the scull bone that's as thick as a Rhinoceroses and the wool that's as solid as a hair mattress, he couldn' hurt hisself, if he tried it on—and that's what I niver heard tell of a nigger's doin' yet. No! it wer' none of it no use, not a mite. It was—'O my! Mr. Hardyman! O Lud! what a hard-harted, cru'l man you do be! Why you talks as all one's of them unfot'nit kritters warn't of the same flesh and blood as we be!'

"Waal! and I jist allow they arn't neither. My flesh is white flesh anyhow—not a darned bit elst, jist as good as the King of England's, for there was a king in England in them days, and my blood's as red blood as runs in any lord's veins, not a black drop in the hull mixter, for I'd have you to know my pooty mistress—for she was sweet pooty, I tell you—that we free native 'Mericans, ain't niggers noheow you can fix it, nor injunns nother—but jest's white as the whitest folks you see in Great Britain, though why, in thunder! they call it great, when it ain't altogether, take the hull on the three kingdoms in wun, no bigger than three mod'rate sized states, I never could tell. Then she laffed, ever so merry, and with sich a sweet look in her face, and sich a roguish twinkle in

her pretty vows—'and the knowed that,' she said, 'very well, and she wasn't not so ign'rant as that, she knowed very well 'at from the very first day's we landed on the Plymouth Rock we showed how much we thought on our white blood, and what a valley we set on it, when we wouldn't have no red skins about us no how, but jest killed the varmints off, as they desarved, and tuk their huntin' grounds to raise corn and punkins on, and warn't that right surely ?—all for the good of the hull world and 'the rest of mankind,' as Gin'ral Taylor said, and for the interests of civilization, not by no sort of keount for our own interests—and how we'd proved what we thought on the niggers, seein' that we made slaves on em all, and kept them allus a totin' burthens, as was fitter for an elephant or a camel's back, than from a man's head, on top of their wool!' And that riled me some, and I up and telled her that it warn't no 'Merican fashion, no how, to make niggers tote burthens on their wool, but a West Ingy fashion altogether, and that a Noo Jarsey half Dutch nigger, much less a Varmont or a Noo York nigger would despise to tote anythin' on his wool, if it was heavier least-ways than an old wool hat. 'Why! dew tell,' says she, 'Mr. Hardyman. Why lauk a massy loves! How dew they tote their burthens in 'Meriky.' 'They don't tote them anyways,' says I, pretendin' to be quite riled still. 'Why you doosn't go for to suppose that we'd be so barbarious in 'Meriky, as to make them poor, unfort'nit, misguided kritters, tote their burdens. No! marm! In 'Meriky, they wheels them in first-rate white oak, republican wheelbarrers— what d'ye think of that? Marm!' 'Wheelbarrers!' cried she, clappin her little white hands —'Oh! how delicious, and how stupid of me never to think on wheelbarrers. Oh! dear me! I'm so glad, so glad, them poor critters shan't never tote no more things on their heads, on our place, sure's my name's 'Marianne' —and her name was Marianne, tew; but the niggers did

carry suthin' on their heads, on that place, tew,' and a mighty cur'ous lookin' sight it was. 'I'll run and tell Henry,' says she, 'and Henry must import wheelbarrers, torights, for, now as I knows on it, I never could be answ'rable, for the cru'lty of letting them onhappy humans be totin' their things on their heads, no more, all's wun as if they was raal beasts of burthen. And where can Henry import wheelbarrers from,' says she, 'Mr. Hardyman? for now 's I knows on't, I can never rest day nor night, ontil its done, and the miseries of them mis'rable kritters is put an end tew.'

"Waal, I telled her, as wheelbarrers was pooty plenty in Portland, and I didn't misdoubt much, as ef so be, her man war to tell our cap'n, the cap'n of the old Ethan Allen, to get him a lot, he'd do it as slick as grease, and I guessed tew, as ef he'd be wantin' five hundred or a thousand, takin' them hullsale like, they'd come pooty cheap.

"Waal! to make a long story short, that 'ere gal never quit tormentin' her man, day nor night, leastways I knows she didn't days, and I allow she didn't nights either, for he looked kind of pale and peaky, tell he promised her he'd send for them ere plagued wheelbarrers, and send for 'em he did, tew; for he couldn't deny her nothen', though he said it was all nonesense, and it was all nonesense, tew; but I d'know as I'd a ben much better able to refuse her, than he war.

"Waal! arter a while the old brig she sailed back for Portland, but I kind of concated that, between the fine climate and the good livin', first rate eatin' and drinkin' it was I tell you, I was a gainin' on the con-sumption. So I allowed I'd hold over to the next trip, and the cap'n he was charged to buy, or to have made, ef he couldn't find 'em ready made, one hundred wheelbarrers, that the mis'rable darkies, big, fat, oily, laffin', merry critters, that knowed no more abeout mis'ry than a Jew does

abeout pork, mightn't tote no more loads on top of their heads, and to bring them over, when he come back, on the next vy'ge.

"Waal! 'twas abeout tew months as the old brig was gone, and fine times I had, I tell you! The cane harvest came, and the only con-sumption I had arter that, was the con-sumption of cane juice, and that's a darned sight sweeter and more fattenin' tew nor molasses, and of good old Jamaiky sperrits. And I kinder improved daily and my cough left me, and I grew most as fat and lazy, and I d'know ef I didn't grow more ily than them mis'rable niggers.

"Waal! arter a time, the Ethan Allen she got back, and noos came up as the wheelbarrers was thar, and as they'd be ready for delivery next arternoon. So the mistress she was tickled as anythin' could be, you'd better believe; and everything was all right, and it was nothen' else, but it war so smart of Mister Hardyman to think on them wheelbarrers, and so kind of Henry to git them wheelbarrers, and happy as them mis'rable niggers 'ud be, when they'd got them nice noo wheelbarrers to roll afore them. Waal! we was sittin' on the piazza, in front of the hus, drinkin' cold shrub and water, and most oncommon good drinkin' it is, I tell yew, if yew don't know it without tellin'; and smokin' best Havana plantashun cegars, and the lady she was a-bendin' over her Jew's harp, ef so be it be a Jew's harp, with her pretty delicate figger and white arms twanglin' the strings along side on us; and the niggers they'd been sent down to the dock, with one of the black under-overseers, to bring up the wheelbarrers. When soddently, jest as I turned to set my glass on the table, what d'ye think I see, but them hondred mis'rable niggers a-marchin' up, all in single file, each one on 'em with his arms stuck akimbo in his sides, and a bran noo wheelbarrer balanced on top of his wool.

"'Luk'e here,' says I, 'mistress what-may-call-ye, here come them mis'rable niggers, and you may jest skin me, ef they isn't a-totin' their burthens on top of their wool, jest all's one's ef they hadn't got them fust-rate, Portland, white-oak, re-publican wheelbarrers!'

"Waal! she gave one look down the street, as them niggers came up, singin' some of their merriest kind of nigger tunes, laughing and rollickin' along, each one of them with a wheelbarrer on top of his head, jest for all the world as if that was the nat'rallest place onder heaven whar to put it—then she gave me one other look, and sich a look I never got from that gal, afore nor after, and then, when her husband and I busted out in a roar of laughter, that one might a-heerd a mile off, and when all them hondred niggers, as had jest come into heerin', hooted out into a roar tew, like the brayin' of ten thousand jackasses, not that they knowed what we was laughin' at, but jest for sympathy and fun, and for the love of heerin' their own noise—she busted out a-cryin' and cut stick up stairs into her own chamber, and slammed the door arter her like winkins'. I was thar, tew months arterward, but darn the word did I ever dare say about the mis'rable niggers or the wheelbarrers. The wheelbarrers they was all paid for and burnt up right stret away, that same night; and it's to the best of my b'lief that if they're both on 'em yet livin', as I trust they be, and as happy as they desarve to be, arter their goodness to a poor humless Yankee stranger as hadn't no claim on 'em, her husband hasn't yet dared to let slip the word wheelbarrer from that very day to this. And that's the last I heerd on it, and it's every word true's holy scripter."

Great applause greeted Jack Hardyman's story, the merit of which, by the way, consisting perhaps even more of the manner than of the matter, shows but faintly on paper, in comparison to the effect it produced, as delivered in Jack's quaint vocabulary, queer, half Yankee

accent, and with the dry wit, which was conspicuous in his character. The dram could not be denied, and was admitted on all hands to be well earned; and, that discussed, two or three pipes more were smoked, the coffee-kettle was emptied, replenished and hung over the fire, in order that they might have a warm mouthful before starting after the giant cariboo, which it was determined that they should do, in no less than four distinct companies, before the paling of the earliest east.

This done, and all their arrangements fully made, it was committed to the charge of Jothe to maintain a roaring fire all the night through, to look well to the coffee-kettle, and, above all things to refrain, if he erred in all else, from feeding the dogs, as it was his wont to do, to excess, during the night, whenever he was on watch. 'Ky Sly's horologe was entrusted to his care, with strict injunctions that the whole party should be aroused and afoot, at the latest, by three o'clock in the morning, on pain, as Tom seriously endeavored to impress upon his mind, of some considerable pestigation of his shins with axe handles, to which awful menaces, delivered in Tom's gruffest tone, and with the most solemn bend of his shaggy brows, Jothe, who did not in the least know his man, but only perceived that he was "a orful big-boned massa," as he afterward made it known, confidentially, to Frank, who was especially in his good graces, "and about de cru'llest torkin' ole man, dis nigger eber did hear tork. Why, lorra-a-gorra, Massa Foresta, he think no more, to hear 'um tork, a mashin' up a ole brack man's shins wid de ax handle, nor I'd tink a killin' a ole coon or a possum in de moonlight. Terr'ble ferse ole massa, he! Dis nigga take care not to 'fend him, no how. Gorra-a-mighty, he tork make ole brack man tremble like de leaf. Why, Massa Foresta, he gwang to shoot both 'Siah Foster's niggas, an' he own Black Jake, stun dead, 'cos they afeerd to paddle up to fire on ole

Injun point where dey say de Yankees kill a French Injuns, many years agone. Mighty stoopid niggas, fool niggas, them of 'Siah's, and Brack Jake, I tink, not so berry much betta; to take ole Oncle Jothe for de spook. Not look berry much like spook, you 'llow dat, Mass' Foresta, but not deserve to shoot 'um stun dead for be leetle piece stoopid and skeery. Mose brack mans skeery sometime or other, sartain, be berry feard of spooks. Sartain, ef Mass' Tom Draw shoot ebery color' pusson he find feared of spooks, Mass' Draw hadn't need come out, hereaway, into de woods to get shootin', he find plenty to shoot at, arout his leavin' old Orange county he so fond talk about."

At the time, however, he prudently contented himself with shaking his head solemnly, and recording a vow in the depth of his bosom, that he would neither feed the dogs nor be caught napping even for a moment's space, nor be guilty of any possible delinquency, which should have weight to call down upon him the indignation of that "terr'ble ferse ole man."

Human resolves, however, are weak, human temptations are strong; and although, for some three or four hours after the hunters retired to their warm blankets and cozy beds of hemlock tips, Jothe persevered manfully in his design, and might have been seen heaping fresh logs on the roaring watch-fire, at every successive half hour, and only withdrawing occasionally to the smaller beacon, which his compatriots had kindled at a short distance, in order to solace his inward man with a share of the fust best cider sperrits, which 'Siah Foster's negroes had, in reality, had the address to abstract from Tom Draw's demijohn, and to conceal about their persons in their gourd bottles. At length the watch proved too long and the spirits too strong for him. The yah-yah-ya-ahs of the mirthful darkies, first, became fewer and farther between, then sank all together into silence;

and, within half an hour after the contents of the last gourd were utterly exhausted, Jothe with his brother darkies, was fast asleep beyond the possibility of any one of the number being awakened by any less marked occurrence than the roasting of any one of their feet, which according to the time-honored custom of their people they had thrust almost into contact with the hot coals, to such a degree that the smell of the burning should arouse his fellows.

Fortunately, perhaps, for Jothe's wool, for, although his shins, had he but known it, were safe enough from all assaults of Tom's axe handle, his top-knot might have chanced to undergo a tweak or two, had the party overslept themselves and so lost the cariboo through his negligence. Frank Forester, who was at no time a very heavy sleeper, especially when there was sport on the wind, woke of his own accord about two hours after the fire had been last replenished, and some three-quarters of an hour before the time indicated for the *reveillé*.

Proceeding at once to replenish the fire, he next crawled softly down to a sufficient proximity for his purpose, to the negro fire, ensconsed himself behind a granite boulder, within six feet of Jothe's head, and commenced a low, modulated howl, gradually swelling and increasing in volume, until he calculated, that without arousing his own comrades, it would surely suffice to arouse the truant darkies. For a few minutes he was in doubt whether his artifice would succeed ; but, before long, he saw first one and then another black form move and roll over uneasily—then one and another hand scratch its owner's or some other woolly poll, and at length, two or three black heads arise simultaneously, listen for a moment, and then dive frantically under the blankets which partially enshrouded them, as that doleful howl waxed louder, nearer, and more doleful.

"Wurra dat ?" shouted old Jothe, at last, unable to

control himself any longer, and hoping, probably to drown his own terrors by his own noise. "Wurra makee dat noise, dar? Wurra you do dat fur, you brack, nigga, rascal you?" partially suspecting some of his own friends.

But thereupon Frank swelled his howl into such a hideous eldrich screech, that trusting no longer to the safeguard of their blankets, they sprang to their legs, and broke for the camp, fancying that the presence of the white men could protect them even from the powers of the other world.

"Gorra save us, it is de debil! it is de debil! in right airnest!" exclaimed old Jothe, to whose feet the extremity of terror had actually lent wings. "De ebil one, he be among us, Mass' Draw!"

But at this instant, Frank put the ivory mouth-piece of his key-bugle to his lips and wound the long well-known blast of the *reveillé*, until rock, wood, and hill sent back the keen clangor, and the roar of the falls itself was for the moment overpowered and unheard among the shriller cadences.

The heart of the mystery was plucked out, but while the whole alarum was ascribed, as usual, to Frank's deviltry, and when old Jothe, ignorant how far his own delinquency was known or suspected, ventured to suggest that it was a "mighty uncomfortable way Massa Frank had of skeerin' pussons in a mornin', and mought be 'twarnt de more 'spectful way of returnin' thanks arter de perils ob de night were ober." Forester very briefly shut him up by inquiring, in a whisper, whether he thought it would be much more comfortable, to a brack man, to be dancing about alternately on either leg, while the other was undergoing the dreaded process of mashing by "de terr'ble ferse ole man's ax-handle;" and then suggested an inquiry, whether there might not possibly be an escape "from de perils ob de morning," for which

it was quite as good to render up thanks, as there was in that from the perils of the night.

After this, Uncle Jothe proceeded in profound silence to hand round the boiling coffee, the crust of bread which, with the bit of salt pork toasted in the blaze, was all the morning meal for which they intended to tarry, and the *chasse*, which the close, misty, damp descending fog rendered permissible, even in Frank's category, as strictly a preventive ; and within half an hour the whole party were afloat and under way, with the exception of Jack Hardyman, Alf Armiger, and Jothe, who remained behind, the latter to perform the part of camp-keeper, the two former to get on foot, when the sun should be three hours high, or about five hours after the departure of the boats, and to strike with the deer-hounds through the forest, directly to the marsh at the mouth of the rattling brook, in order to start the cariboo from his lair, and either secure him by a happy shot themselves, or drive him out across the lake toward Big Maple Island, where the others would lie in wait, to intercept him.

Of the rest, 'Ky Sly and Fred Somerton led the way, pulling two pair of sculls in the light skiff, Tom closely following them, *solus*, in regard of sportsmen, but strongly manned with his three darkies, in his long canoe. These, it had been arranged, were to sweep across the lake for the farther side of the island, along the outer shore of which 'Ky was to creep until he should reach the swampy brake at the north-eastern end, leaving Tom and his dusky band to guard the south-western point. Frank, on reaching the *embouchure* of the lake, was instructed to paddle silently in shore up to the marsh, in which the cariboo was supposed to lie, and there to communicate with Alf Armiger and Jack, and to take counsel of circumstances, trusting to good skill and to good fortune.

The others started first, but Frank, as having less dis-

tance to paddle, tarried awhile by the fire to smoke his pipe, and well was it for him that he did so; for, before the sound of their paddles was lost in the distance, the mist grew thicker, changed into a drizzle, and it soon began to rain heavily.

"All now depends," said he, "on how the wind comes out when the rain and fog lift, which they will do soon after sunrise. You'll have to look sharp, Jack, it's a chance if it don't change."

"Ef it do, it'll be to the south-westward, and that won't hurt us none," replied that worthy.

"Well! it won't," returned Frank; "and now I'll be going, but first I'll guard myself somewhat against the weather," and, with the word, he thrust a change of clothes into his oil-skin knapsack, covered his rifle with a casing of the same material, donned a MacIntosh overcoat and souwester, and entering his canoe, paddled away cheerily and comfortably, while his unfortunate friends, scarcely a mile ahead of him, were shivering and grumbling, and one of them at least, indulging in no measured terms, equally at the condition of the weather, and what he was pleased to term the shiftlessness of his niggers, among the chill mist-wreaths and falling torrents, which lashed the river into a surface of dancing foam and bubbles, and thoroughly drenched the unfortunates, who dared not provoke the scornful objurgations of their comrades, however much they might in truth desire it, by the abandonment of the much miscalled sport, and a return to the creature comforts and the cozy camp-fire.

CHAPTER V.

Howe they honted ye big Cariboo, and who didde well, and who fared badly, and howe they finished their honting and be took them homeward to Slyville—and howe they gat there, and again departed thence, eache one on his respective calling to his own place.

For three long and weary hours of that dismal, dripping morning, did Frank Forester paddle on, alone, through the thick darkness down that gloomy woodland river, his eyes greeted by no sights, except the mist-garlanded woods along the bank, in the close vicinity of which he held his course, and his ears entertained by no sounds except the plashing of the rain and the roaring of the water, where he shot the long, dangerous chute at the turn, below the neck of the great pool. It was not, it is true, the total darkness of a moonless night, otherwise no one but an Indian could have traced the windings of that devious stream; but is was the murky and glimmering gloom of a dull, over-clouded morning. Had it been clear, it would have scarcely been less bright than day, for the moon was within a few days of the full ; but now, an uncertain and feeble lustre only at intervals, faintly struggling out of the driving clouds, through which she was slowly and languidly wading, betrayed her whereabouts, rather than her presence.

It was not long before the rain, streaming down over his waterproof cape and coat, dripped on his lower garments and filled his leggins, so that he had little on which to congratulate himself over his less fortunate companions ; still he continued to keep his pipe alight, his rifle and his powder dry, and his spirits up, until the increasing light began to indicate the approach of dawn.

By this time he had entered the lake, something above half an hour, and was working steadily, though slowly,

along shore in the direction in which he knew the marsh to lie for which he was directed to steer; and this was a work of much delicacy, and one requiring not a little judgment and discrimination, the rather that he was but generally informed of the localities, and had to find out for himself the lay of the land, and even to judge, or rather conjecture, the distance from the rate at which he was propelling his canoe, and the length of time consumed in the process.

The wind, it must be observed, was blowing from the north of the west, and indeed almost due north, during all the night and the preceding day, though there was very little of it, and that little had been constantly dying away, since the rain had begun falling.

Now, according to his instructions, the mouth of the rattling brook and the grassy lily-grown morass, which surrounded its *embouchure* into the lake with a species of delta, lay at some three or four miles' distance, almost due south of their camping place, at the falls of the White-water. The pool below the falls and the river itself ran, for some mile and a half or two miles, trending westerly with some southing, then turned due south, and entered the lake in the bight of a deep bay, between which and the morass in question there ran out a long marshy point into the open water, above two miles in length, but of comparatively little breadth. Beyond this point, the general conformation of the lake shore was a deep, irregular, semicircular recess, bending in a great concave to the north, but broken into three several bays, the deepest of which was the second, divided by a long, rocky nose, bare and treeless, from the third, in the hollow of which lay the morass of which he was in pursuit. Over against this, at a mile and a half's distance, lay the Big Maple Island, whither 'Ky Sly and Tom Draw were making the best of their way through the gloom.

Now, Frank well knew two things: first, that the suc-

cess of their plan consisted in the completely circumventing the great deer, before he should get the smallest wind of any one of the hunters. Secondly, that, as it was their object to force him into the lake, at all hazards, if the wind should hold as it was, Jack Hardyman and Alf Armiger would advance directly down wind on him to the southward; so that by letting him scent them they might send him directly over to the island. If, on the contrary, it should come out from the south of the west, they would work well up to the eastward of him, since if he took their wind from the southward, he would at once strike back into the north-western wilderness, whence he had been driven down on the preceding day by the cougars, and would so be lost to them forever.

Now, it was evident to Frank, both from his own prognostications of the weather, on which he kept a close watch, and from Jack's opinion that the wind would come out from the southward; and should it do so, before he had rounded the point and got well down into the bight of the bay, to the westward of the green morass, and abreast of the presumed lair of the cariboo, their whole plan of operations would be rendered fruitless; and, as it would be his own wind which would disturb the quarry, on him would rest all the blame of the failure, and what that blame would be with men wearied and disgusted by the toil and actual suffering of such a night of exposure, it was not difficult to anticipate. With him, therefore, the matter reduced itself almost simply to a question of time. He was bound, if human sinews and human skill could accomplish it, to double that cape, and ensconce himself well under land in the lee of the next point, before the shift of the wind should make itself perceptible.

That he felt certain it would be soon after, if not at sunrise, and by many tokens, though the sky cleared but little, he knew that sunrise was approaching.

With steady energy, then, and a long, composed sweep of his paddle, he forced the light vessel onward, looking now and then to his pocket compass and to the drifting clouds, and rejoicing as minute after minute slipped away and the dreaded change came not yet.

He rounded the point, and as he did so, he perceived, by a brightening of the mist overhead and a partial breaking of the clouds, which were tinged aloft with a faint rosy glow, that the sun had risen above the horizon. Still the wind had not shifted. Now, with increased vigor, and with longer and swifter strokes he swept onward, for the light wind headed him ; but fortunately it was but light, and even what there was of it was broken and diminished by the lie of the land. At the expiration of an hour he had doubled the second point and opened the deep gulf under the long rocky nose, which shut out the morass from his view.

Almost at the same instant, the clouds ceased to sail southward ; for a few minutes they hung almost motionless. Then the air lightened more and more, and the fog lifted from the waters. The clouds overhead shifted their shapes rapidly and constantly, became convolved and contorted, and finally streamed out in long, crimson and golden streaks, almost due west and eastward, with but very little southing in their trend.

Simultaneously, the rain, which had been gradually diminishing, and which for the last hour had scarcely exceeded what is known as a Scotch mist, ceased altogether. The fog drew up like the drop scene of a theatre, the great sun came out in all its glory, and the broad lake with all its rocky bluffs and evergreen piny capes, and the broad woody masses of Big Maple Island lying fair in its center, one clump of golden and blood-red foliage shone out in its calm magnificence, before the eyes of the enchanted hunter, as if it had been the work of magic ; mountains, and capes, and floating isles, reduplicated in every shape

and shade and hue, from azure and cerulean blue and greens, so heavy as to be almost black, to the brightest chronic yellow, and crimson, and vermilion. Of a truth, earth, air, and water, the world over, have nothing to compare with the glories of the American woodland wilderness, where mountain scenery is blended with the rare charm of water, in the gorgeous autumnal season.

Frank was now in the deepest bight of the deep gulf, and he well knew both, that he lay to the northward and westward of the great stag's hiding place, while the wind was blowing somewhat from the south of the same point, and that, moreover, even if he were dead to windward of him, the steep walls of the rocky point, which here rose at least thirty feet from the water's edge, would effectually prevent his gaining any note of him, by means of the scented air.

He applied himself, therefore, at once to sweeping the lake with his telescope, in order to see whether his comrades had been as fortunate as himself in effecting their purpose; and, as he speedily ascertained that no boat was in sight on the glassy surface, it was no difficult matter to decide that Tom was already safe in his ambush, and that 'Ky was wending his way along the back of Big Maple Island, toward its eastern extremity.

It was exactly the time, when Jack Hardyman and Alf had been ordered to get under way, and as, owing to the direction of the wind, it could not be doubted that they would work well up to the eastward, before letting loose the dogs, or coming down to the lake shore, Frank felt that he had at least two hours of leisure before he should hear the bay of the deer hounds, or see the dark antlers of the mighty monarch of the wilderness gliding over the glassy surface of the waters, even if all things went well.

Congratulating himself, therefore, that he had had the foresight to bring with him a change of clothes, he paddled in to a rocky point, made his canoe fast to the shore,

bailed her out, and landed his effects. Then disencumbering himself of his wet garb, which he spread out on the rocks to dry, he treated himself to a delicious bath in the clear but almost ice-cold waters, which made him blow like a porpoise, as he emerged from his first plunge, but braced his nerves better than the bravest tonic ever compounded by the art of the best mediciner, and then relanding instantly, reclad himself in dry and warm apparel, and felt himself a new man, a giant, as it were, refreshed, though not with slumber, and ready to resume his course.

Then, as a good woodsman ever should, he looked to his trusty rifle, wiped it over outside with an oiled rag, passed a dry swab through it, to make sure that all was dry and clean, and then loaded it carefully and capped it with one of Starkey's central-fire waterproof caps, but not until he had seen that the powder was well up in the nipple. This duty accurately performed, seeing that there was still an hour clear before him, and that the beautiful brook trout were rising rapidly at the natural flies in the mouth of a little spring brook, which came trickling over the rocks at the head of the bay, he collected some dry drift-wood, which lay on the rocks, built a small fire, kindled it by aid of a lucifer match, and then putting together his fly rod, without which his canoe never stirred a rod from its mooring, appended to his line a red and a black hackle, with a snipe's wing and mouse body for his dropper, and proceeded to catch his breakfast, which was done in less time than it has taken to describe it. Those half a dozen nice fish being taken in less than twice as many minutes, by aid of a biscuit from his haversack, and a tincup full of the limpid spring water, he broke his fast, after his hard night's pull, with as good an appetite, and a better, though simpler fare, than a New York alderman.

By this time, the sun was beginning to get high, and

as he might soon be expected to hear something of his comrades, he bethought himself that it might not be amiss to scale the rocks carefully, and take a survey of the morass, if perchance he might descry anything, before their coming, of the great *cervus canadensis*, which might conduce to his capture.

No sooner thought of, than done. The channel of a trickling streamlet gave him a broken but not difficult footpath, and making hand, foot, and eye keep time, he soon scaled its ledgy steps so as to bring his eye above the level of its verge, without presenting any object to attract the observation of the quarry. For some time, his eye and glass swept the green and tufted surface of the morass, which was much broken and diversified with dense patches of lily pads, tall tufts of wild rice and other aquatic plants, and not a few gray trunks and stag-horned branches of fallen trees, which, at first sight, made his heart beat quick, as he thought he had found the long desired antlers, but swept it in vain ; and he was about abandoning his search as fruitless, when in a great brownish gray mass, over which his glance had passed several times unobservant, he thought he detected a motion. His straining eye was fixed ; his heart stood still. It is! —it is! that is the flap of a broad, fan-like ear ; that the twinkle of a liquid, hazel eye, bright and soft as the glance of woman. Now, the long flexible upper lip is protruded to grasp a floating bud of the water lilies, among which he stands so far submerged that his head only and the long ridge of his back are visible above the green leaves of the aquatic plants, and the intervals of the bright blue waters.

Now, there comes a top of the formidable antlers ; and he lifts his nose, turning it slowly shoreward, as if he dreaded danger. Has he already taken the alarm ? No! no! it is nothing, he resumes his feeding, he wades about confidently, moving a little in shore, and to the westward.

But Frank required no more. In one half the time it took him to ascend that rocky plateau, he bounded down from it, loosened his bark canoe from its moorings, leaving all his traps on the flat rock, whereon he had breakfasted, with the exception of his trusty rifle, a thin bladed broad French cook-knife, fitted with a brass scabbard, and a Mexican lasso of sun-dried hide, as tough as iron, admirable, whether used as a mooring rope, a tow line, or in its legitimate object, as an implement of the chase. For, although Frank could boast but small acquaintance with its use, it was strong enough to hold a wild bull, if once cast over its horns, and it requires but little skill to cast its noose over the antlers of a swimming deer, when once the hunter's bark has overtaken it.

Within ten minutes, he had arrived at the extreme point of the rocky promontory, just protected by the last bold rock which covered him both from the quick eye and quicker nostril of the great *cervine*, with rifle and paddle, both, lying ready to his hand, and his heart knocking furiously against his ribs, in anticipation of the coming triumph.

Still he had long to wait before he heard anything that betokened the approach of the stirring moment; half hour, after hour, lagged over his head, yet no sound came from behind the craggy point, or from the landward side of the green morass, and he dared not, in the meantime, repeat his attempt at reconnoitering the whereabout or proceedings of the cariboo, for two equally sufficient reasons; first, the ticklish position which he himself now occupied to that wary, keen-sighted and quick-scented animal, lying as he did in fact directly up wind of him, although the abrupt and scaly promontory, which had no gorges or ravines whereby the tainted gale might be wafted to his nostrils, ominous of hidden danger, protected him, for the time, from instant detection; second, that the hunters, who were, he well knew, steal-

ing up wind, full upon the spot where he had ascertained that the game actually lay, might make their appearance at any given moment, when his absence from his post, or inattention on it, would be alike fatal.

The only thing that he had to occupy his mind, was to watch the constant changes of the beautiful scenery before him and around him, the wild animals, which he saw from time to time, and the information he derived from their movements, connected with the intense anxiety and expectation which occupied his mind, without agitating him or shaking a nerve of his body.

First, before he had occupied his post during one single half hour, he could observe a number of crows flitting from tree to tree, hastily, as if in alarm on Big Maple Island, making their way, in a continuous and almost uninterrupted flock, from the farther or southern side toward the eastern end, as if some object of their apprehension were moving gradually in the same direction, abreast of them or behind them. For a considerable time, they appeared restless and uneasy among the tree-tops, then suddenly, as if their last asylum had been threatened by an enemy, rounding the eastern headland, they all rose into the air at once, in one great black cloud, darkening the sky with their innumerable wings and making it resound with their hoarse clangor, and flew against the wind to the mainland.

A few minutes after this emigration had taken place, a huge white-headed eagle, whom Frank had observed perched on the topmost branch of a towering white-oak tree, not far distant from a clump of timber, where a great mass of sticks resembling a brobdignagian faggot, in another tree-top, betokened that he possessed as well as these, whom 'Ky Sly would have designated the "humans," his own peculiar "*domus et placens uxor*," rose heavily on his sail-broad vans and oared himself out

through the intrenchant air, over the limpid bosom of the waters.

"Aha!" thought Frank, "sure enough, 'Ky is coming along the back of the island now, and is near his station, too, or these fellows would not shift their quarters so unceremoniously;" and scarcely had the thoughts passed through his mind, not syllabled into articulate words, before from the fringe of bushes, reeds and swamp grass that covered the extreme north-eastern headland of the isle, a dozen or two of the migratory thrushes, better known in the country as robins, took wing in a hurry; and, though he was too far off to hear them, he was well assured that it was not without their usual clucking note of alarm, caused by the approach of an intruder. While the robins were yet in disturbance among the crimson-topped maples, a mother summer duck, followed by her own three-parts-grown brood, broke from the same covert, and skimmed along the surface of the clear lake, with their legs hanging down, and making long wakes of silvery light on the blue profound, until having obtained a secure offing, the old bird dropped quietly and lay, with bright open water all around her, with her little ones squattering about within a safe distance, like a frigate riding at her anchor, with a whole fleet of pinnaces playing about her moorings.

Frank laughed a silent laugh, partly of satisfaction, at thinking how easily he now read signs which but a little while before would have been wholly unintelligible to him, partly of pleasure at knowing that 'Ky was on his station; nor was he left long without surer information to the same effect, for on betaking himself to his telescope, in search of farther intelligence, he soon discovered a dark form shinning it up the trunk of a tall slender maple, which stood somewhat apart from the rest on the very verge of the shore, its roots surrounded by a dense thicket of red willows and water alders. As this

form mounted higher and emerged into the thin open-work of the leafless branches—for this tree had shed untimely all its many-colored honors—Frank easily made out a human figure, which from the length and spareness of the limbs, he had little doubt in setting down as the mighty 'Ky. Whether he could make out the cariboo or not, Frank had no mode of judging, though he could see that the figure was using a glass to sweep the bay, wherein he had himself discerned the branched antlers, and half submerged form of the object of their pursuit; but that his own canoe had not escaped the eye of the outlooker he was speedily assured by the wafture of a white handkerchief at the end of a long stick in sign of salutation, at least, if it were not intended as indication to himself to lie low and keep a bright look out. This last interpretation he was, the next moment, induced to put upon it on observing the almost break-neck speed with which the climber commenced his descent, scrambling from limb to limb, and gliding down the stem, with not a little of the grotesque agility of a black bear.

If the meaning, however, which he was thus led to attach to that signal, was correct, the signal itself was premature, for yet another half hour elapsed, during which Forester had no other occupation than to observe and admire the motions of the white-headed eagle, which had not thought it advisable to return to the neighborhood of his eyrie, since his ejectment from it by 'Ky's advent, but was swinging round and round at an immeasurable height in the now cloudless air, eagerly watching the manœuvres of an unconscious fish hawk, which, in the industrious prosecution of his legal calling, was circling at a far lower elevation within a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet of the water. Suddenly, the hawk closed his wings, dropped, as if he had been suddenly changed into a ball of solid lead—which peculiarity has gained him his Italian name of *Aquila Piombina*—cleft

the flashing water, which he drove upward in a mimic fountain of spray, and the next instant reappeared, bearing in his clenched talons a noble black bass of three or four pounds weight, judging by the eye at that distance. In an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, the great bald-headed bird came swooping down, with a terrific rush of his vast pinions, upon the honest hawk, who, with a loud scream, flew toward the island for safety. But like a greyhound coursing a hare, the eagle pursued, outspeeded, coted, turned him. With a shriek of rage and despair, the fish hawk dropped his prey, and the coward, gluttonly bird—most unmeet emblem of America—darting down, caught it, with the speed of an arrow, in its iron clutches, just before it again reached its native element, and was bearing it away toward the nest, seemingly forgetful of the alarm, which had not long since banished it thence, when it passed unconsciously in a direct line over Tom Draw's ambush, not at the most, forty feet above his head.

"Now then," exclaimed Frank aloud, though there was no one near from whom he could expect a reply, "fifty to one the fat man never thinks a word more about the cariboo, and lets drive at the eagle."

No sooner said than done! While the word was yet on his lips, a puff of white smoke shot perpendicularly up into the air, from the brake in which Tom, with his negroes, was understood to be lying *perdu;* and, before the report could be heard, at that distance and across the wind, the fish was seen to fall plumb down into the lake, and the eagle to tower up aimlessly into the air, as if it had received a death wound.

"Confound his old picture!" said Frank, bitterly; "just like him, with his cursed stubborn impetuosity. He's lost us the cariboo, it's ten thousand to sixpence, and he would have lost us an elephant or a cameleopard, if there had been any such to the fore, all for the sake of

that worthless carrion fowl—and his answer will be, when he's blown up for it, I'll warrant him, that 'gittin' the cariboo was a mighty onsartainty, but killin' the eagle sartain.'"

Forester's reasoning was correct enough, and his expectations would have been justified by the fact, doubtless—for though deadened by the distance, and, in some degree, drifted away down wind, the roar of Tom's heavy gun came up with so round and startling a boom, as would surely have startled a less shy and wary animal than the great reindeer—but that, unluckily for the cariboo, and happily for his pursuers, events had taken a turn on shore, at that very moment, which altered all the circumstances of the case, and gave rise to an exciting scene which soon followed.

Almost in the same point of time, which brought the roar of Tom's duck-gun to Frank's disgusted ears, a shrill yell, modulated something like an Indian war-cry, came swelling up wind from the north-east and the landward. It was answered, without a second's pause, by a full-mouthed English hunting whoop, nearly due north of Frank, appearing to come from some one standing, from half to a quarter of a mile westward of him who uttered the first yell on the lake shore. A quick long burst of the deer-hounds followed; and Forester knew, at once, that the deer was afoot, but whether he was making landward or lakeward, there was nothing to indicate.

There was but one course for him to pursue, to lie close, and wait the progress of events. If the cariboo were making for the island, he must soon show himself in the open lake; if he had headed back upon the pursuers, there was no use in moving. Such were the thoughts that passed through the mind of Forester, rapid as the electric flash; and, though it was a sore trial of patience and temper, to one of Frank's quick temperament, to lie there idle, while such a game was

playing, he felt that it was his duty to his partners to persevere, and persevere he did, with a steadiness that sadly put to shame Tom's rash and selfish absurdity in firing at the eagle. That great bird of prey, by-the-bye, for it was utterly forgotten by all parties, as it was like to be, so soon as the cry of the men and the baying of the hounds announced the real hunt's up, after towering laboriously up to a height of two or three hundred feet, was unable to scale the air any higher, with his fast-failing powers. Then followed a fierce and furious struggle; he beat the air violently and rapidly with his broad oary wings, though without moving a yard upward or onward; clawed savagely with his cruel, yellow talons at vacancy; erected his serpentine neck and ruffled crest, with his fiery golden eyes wild and glaring; uttered, for the last time, his clanging trumpet-tone, and then, life literally leaving him in mid-air, his whole frame collapsed; his staring feathers, a moment previously agitated, as if each individual quill was instinct with a separate life, subsided; the flapping wings drooped like a conquered banner; he drifted down, like a rag, through the passive air, and falling on the calm ripples, which his descent hardly ruffled, floated there worthless, wantonly slaughtered, until he became the food for fishes, on the kindred of which he had himself so often feasted. Such a bad deed is it to deface and destroy a living thing of strength and beauty; such, uselessly and wantonly, to take a life of the Creator's giving!

But to make matters more intelligible, we will return, for awhile, to the camp, whence we have seen the main portion of 'Ky's company depart, before the stars had set, through fog, through rain, if not through mud or mire, in so uncomfortable and unsatisfactory a manner. Those who remained behind, Jack Hardyman and Alf Armiger—confess it, I must—took matters much more easily. For, no sooner had Frank gone off in his canoe,

as has been related, on learning that there remained for them nothing to be done before seven o'clock in the morning, at the earliest, or eight, if the rain should continue, Alf voted it, incontinently, the height of madness to sit up any longer in the rain, when there was a dry camp and a good warm bed awaiting them; and Jack, assenting, it was carried *nem con.* For Jothe was not allowed a voice, but being informed by Jack, merely this, "that he was a lucky nigger not to have got his desarts last time, and that he'd get them sartain, this, ef he was caught napping again," was admitted only to the privilege of seeing that the rain should not put the fire out, "onless he meant to ketch it;" while the two friends turned in again, and snoozed, as quietly as possible, until it was daylight.

At six o'clock, just about the time when Frank was entering the lake, they aroused themselves, looked out at the weather, and after deciding that it would not clear off until the sun should be fairly up, turned in, once more, for the third and last nap. At seven, the rain had ceased, the mist was lifting, the wind gave indications of being about to draw round to the southward; moreover, Jothe announced that breakfast was ready. So now, they in reality got up and made ready; fed fully and satisfactorily, on roasted Black Bass, venison steaks, hot corn cakes, and strong coffee, while poor Tom and 'Ky Sly were shivering, cold and wet and hungry, in their boats under the swampy shores of Big Maple Island, and while Frank was catching, cooking and devouring his primitive, trout-biscuit-and-cold-water meal, upon the sunny ledges of craggy point.

In half an hour afterward, fresh as larks, renewed by their comfortable night's rest, jolly and gay, with dry clothes, clean arms and merry hearts, they set off, with their staunch hounds at their heels, through the pleasant forest paths, the glorious sun streaming in lines of gor-

geous light under the leafy wood aisles, and the drops of the last night's rain glittering, like diamonds of the mine, on every twig and flow'ret.

Jack, naturally, took the lead, as accustomed to the wilderness; and, after a rapid and pleasant tramp of three-quarters of an hour, calculated at the most only to warm the chilled blood and stretch the cramped sinews, announced to Armiger, that they had gained sufficient casting to render it perfectly safe to proceed in a direct line to the morass, to the south-westward.

In a few moments more, they reached the half-dry channel of the rattling brook, which, at this time, certainly, did not merit its name; and, down this, Jack made a rapid stalk, leaving Alfred upon a mossy bank reclining, in charge of the deer-hounds, down to its mouth, which issued into a green marsh from a rocky gorge, in order, if possible, to discover whether the cariboo had taken the alarm, or was still within their reach. To the great delight of both, he returned within fifteen minutes, with the news that the great stag had never moved from his lair, and was wading about, perfectly at his ease, within three hundred yards of the shore, but in a place where the morass was, at once so void of covert, and so deep and miry, as to render it impossible even to attempt approaching him.

"But 'Ky's in the right spot a'ready, for he's hung out a kinder signal of a white handkercher, on the bushes on the pint, and ef he's thar, it stands, the rest is; seein' 'Ky'd eenamost as far agen to go as either o' the others. You go down right ahead, neow, so the lake shore, but don't step beyont the cover, 'till ye've heerd me yell. Then show out, like a man, yourself on the shore, and yell your darndest; you'll see him soon enough, I'll warrant; and when yew dew see him, yew'll know what's best to dew, all's one's well as I kin tell ye. Don't disremember, only, the best thing is to kill him right away,

off hand like. The next's to drive him over to the island, whar they'll give akeount on him, sartain. And the wust of all is to let him head back, atween us, into the woods; and that we mustn't let him dew no heow. But he won't try it on, I allow. More specially ef you bend a leetle that a-ways," and he pointed to the weather, as he spoke, "so as to let him have just a smiff of your wind, afore he sees you. He lies right thar, nearly full east of whar we be neow. Only dew what I tell, and we're sure on him."

And so they parted; Alf inclining his steps slowly and cautiously to the south-westward, with his heart beating, it must be admitted, at a most perilous speed, between the double excitements of hope, and fear of being found wanting in the scale, at the time of trial; and Jack setting off, at a long hard lope, to the eastward, full of a sturdy, but vain-glorious confidence, which never under any circumstances failed him; but which, it is but fair to his semi-Yankee character to say, would have been quite as unlikely to do so, when he had no earthly excuse for feeling any confidence in him whatever, as when his self-reliance was the most surely and reasonably grounded.

In the present instance, however, he was, as he would have said, all right. He was a good woodsman; knew that he was so, and was proud to be so thought; but he was, by no means, the man to run a risk or throw away a chance, for the sake of making a show. Slow and sure, was his favorite motto, and it is just to add, that there was far more of the latter than of the former quality in his proceedings.

When Armiger reached the edge of the tall forest, which, as is often the case on lake margins, or by the borders of swampy streams and rivers, had a wide belt of alder underwood on its outer verge, he crept forward very cautiously through the dense brush, which for the most part still preserved its thick and dark green foliage, hav-

ing especial caution against agitating the tops, or cracking the dry branches, which lay thickly strewn on the ground, until he could gain a view of the bay and the marsh-land which bordered it.

This he soon succeeded in accomplishing, and that without seriously alarming the cariboo, which he now discovered feeding just on the verge of the morass, where the water was not deep enough to compel him to swim, yet so deep that little of his great bulk was visible above the weeds and grass, which, rooted in the loose mire far below, floated upward to the surface. Still, it was evident that the suspicions of the animal were excited, for, though he had not entirely ceased from grazing, but snatched a bud or tender leaf of the pond-lilies as he splashed along, he turned his head from time to time toward the airt, whence Armiger was creeping on him, and snuffed the tainted gale, as if he knew that a lurking enemy was nigh. At the same time, he began to quicken his pace, and was making his way, as fast as he could, toward the eastern edge of the sheltered light, which had so long afforded him an asylum, where the land sloped upward in a long succession of pine-clad ridges toward the distant mountains, whence he had descended, and whither it was not difficult to see, he intended to return.

But this by no means comported with the views of Mr. Hardyman, who, expecting this move on the part of the beast, had run along inside the verge of the coppice to the leeward of him, keeping the hounds, which as yet had no idea of the proximity of their game, his scent having grown either too stale to be tracked, or been obliterated by the rain since he left the upland, close to his heel, until he had attained a point on shore, for which the animal seemed to be making.

At this very time it was at old Tom judged it advisable to let off his *petararo* at the eagle, extorting the bitter ejaculation from Frank, which has been recorded above,

and from Sly and his brother-in-law a volley of oaths, so comprehensively vehement and damnatory that it is not the purpose of this veracious chronicler to record them. Jack Hardyman, however, who would otherwise, probably, have lain low where he was, and suffered the reindeer to feed up toward him, as he worked away from Armiger's wind, which he had evidently taken, until he should be within easy rifle shot, so that a single ball might make clean work of him, was compelled to precipitate matters. He showed himself, therefore, openly on the bare beach, full ahead of the stag, uttering the half-Indian yell, which had reached the ears of Forester.

It was a glorious sight to see the vast bound which the powerful and agile deer made at that unexpected apparition and appalling yell, rearing almost erect, and throwing himself above two-thirds of his length clear out of the water and mud, although it was so deep that he could barely touch the bottom.

He made a complete demivolte, as he did so, turning his head, now, directly across the bay toward the rocky promontory, which crossed it perpendicularly, and behind which Frank's canoe was ensconced, as if he would have crossed Armiger's face, exposing his broadside within two hundred yards. Whatever reasons had actuated him to seek that bay on the previous morning, when the cougars were hot on his traces, and whatever intent he might then have had of visiting Big Maple Island, he had now no such idea it was plain enough; whether that he had heard and understood the report of Tom's gun, or for other reasons purely his own, and beyond reach of our conjecture. Alf was mindful, however, of instructions; and, following Hardyman's practice no less than his precepts, he bounded out of the belt of coppice to the brink of the morass, tossing his arms aloft, like the goblin page in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and uttering, unquestionably, the first English view-halloo that ever had reverberated

through those vast solitudes, how accustomed they might have been soever, in the days of old—though most assuredly not the days of gold—to the keener and fiercer echoes of the scalp-whoop, and the death halloo. Encouraged by the double clamor, the tall stag-hounds, which had as yet seen nothing of the game, dashed forward open-mouthed; and, catching view of the huge stag, as he plunged through the tenacious morass, in a succession of stupendous bounds, perfectly sublime to behold, sinking nearly to his withers and again emerging half his height, at every effort, dashing the mingled mud and water six feet into the air, burst into full cry on the instant; and, for a moment, made the hollow woods and distant mountain-tops rebellow to the music; until they too dashed into the quagmire in pursuit, half galloping and half swimming, when their deep-toned, sonorous baying, sank, perforce, into tremulous and eager whimpers, their exertions rendering it impossible for them to give tongue aloud.

In despite of Armiger's appearance, the sharp pursuit of the hounds seemed to determine the cariboo, why, no one can say, to make for the ridges rather than for the lake; and he showed himself bent, at all risks, to hold to his point with a tenacity, sometimes, though rarely, witnessed in hunted animals. This, had he been permitted to do it, would have brought him to *terra firma* exactly at the isthmus of the rocky point, so often mentioned, where it shot out from the northern mainland, and would have enabled him, frustrating all the efforts which we had made to circumvent him, to take his own back-track to his beloved wilderness. Had he accomplished this, all, probably, that ever would have been heard again of that cariboo, would have been some wild myth of Uncle Jothe's, who was at that very time keeping camp alone, at the Falls of the White-water, with his head full of all sorts of marvellous legends of spooks, dead Injuns walking the

woods as if in life, and whose great eyes dilated and grew whiter and rounder at every freshening of the breeze in the tree-tops, concerning "de great, ole, horned, hairy debil, as come into de camp, to skeer ole Uncle Jothe," and finally disappeared, clearing the river at one strong leap. That was the point, at least, for which he was manifestly making; and the horror of the old negro, had he succeeded in making it good and returning as he came, while he was alone by the camp fires, could have been equalled only by the legendary myths he would surely invent, to justify or conceal that horror.

Good men and true were on his track, however; and, if he were bent to return over his own ground, they had sworn that he should return to that camp, if at all, as a carcass only.

Alf Armiger astonished himself, on that day; but, what was more, he astonished Jack Hardyman, who was little given to astonishment at any man's performances, save his own; and they were constantly astonishing himself and every one else, who heard of them far oftener than he witnessed them.

But this day he was honestly astonished, and—which was rarer yet—he honestly confessed his astonishment; for Alf, whom he looked on, in the first place, as an Englisher, a thing for which he had no great liking; and secondly, as a Yorker, in our sense of cit or cockney, a thing for which he entertained the most sovereign and sublime contempt, seeing intuitively, what must be done, in order to succeed, dashed forth at such a killing pace along the gravelly shore, between the coppice and the edge of the marsh, whooping all the time at the top of his lungs, that he actually kept ahead of the cariboo for above two hundred yards, and got so near the ridge of rocks, that, had it persisted in crossing them, he would have had an easy point-blank shot at sixty or eighty yards.

It is true, that he had some start of the animal, in the onset, and that the ground over, or rather through which the deer was battling its way, was fatally in his favor. Still this may not be held to detract from the feat; for, had it not been so, the fleetest man, nay! but the fleetest horse, would have failed to keep not abreast, but in sight of a cariboo, for many minutes even in the open.

Jack also ran his best, shouting also, to prevent him from crossing in Alfred's rear, as he showed some indication of attempting to do; but it was not until the latter, halting suddenly drew up his large-bored double gun, and let him have both barrels straight across his nose, that he succeeded in turning him. The first ounce bullet sped from the heavily-loaded piece, knocked up the dirt and water about a foot before his chest, and ricochetting struck the water again, in a line parallel with the projection of the craggy cape, and thence went skipping away, with a sharp whistle, three-fourths of the distance to the island, before it subsided into its watery grave.

Frank, who, half maddened by the excitement, which fired his blood at the hearing of those pealing whoops of the fierce burst of the deer-hounds, followed by their, to him, inexplicable silence, was watching for the smallest sign, which should tell him witherward the chase was tending, observed the ball, as it struck the water at the second ricochet, even before he heard the report. But its direction alone told him nothing, except what he knew before, that the deer was on foot, and near him, and behind him. In what direction he was moving, it gave him not, however, even to conjecture; since it might either be a cross shot, as it indeed was, which had missed him, or a stern shot, fired in his wake, which had gone wide of him, in a parallel line. He would have given all that he was worth to have but one good sweep to his paddle, and sent the birch barque, in which he sat, and which literally trembled under him with a motion derived from the

agitation of his own frame, flying round the cape, which intercepted his view.

The second barrel of Alf's gun flashed and roared, but the bullet did not again touch the water. It did better, it turned the great stag, which had persisted still, in spite of the first shot—it had well nigh stopped all his turns forever. It was impossible to distinguish exactly what had happened; but both Hardyman and Alf himself, thought the ball had taken effect; for, almost simultaneously with the flash, the cariboo made the greatest bound he had yet executed, and heading directly away from the land, was soon out of his depth, swimming lustily out for the island, but on a line which would carry him within a few yards only, of Frank's ambush. As he settled down from his plunge, however, which Harydman had supposed to be his death-leap, he shook his head violently, and continued to shake it, as he swam, until he had other work to attend to, which made him forget the injury he had received. It appeared, afterward, that the bullet had broken off one of the formidable brow antlers close above his eye. Had it struck one inch farther back, it would have pierced his brain, and finished his career, then and there, but he was destined to live yet a little longer, to make another good fight for his life, and to do some modicum of just execution on one who, as he afterward unwillingly confessed, most righteously deserved it.

The time, however, had now come round, when Frank was to have some intimation how things were going on. For Jack, after a stentorian roar—

"Well run! well run!—well shot!—by thunder!" bethought him, if possible, to put Frank on his guard. Putting up both his hands to his mouth, therefore, as a sort of extemporaneous speaking trumpet, he bellowed out in tones not much inferior to those of that instrument—

"Ahoy—ahoy! Frank! Frank! Ahoy-oy-oy! Frank Forester, ahoy!"

The distance could not have been much less than three quarters of a mile; and any ordinary words would have been indistinguishable, the rather as the shout was sent across, and rather up than down wind. Still the "ahoy! ahoy!" came audibly to his ear, and the quick monosyllables, "Frank! Frank!" struck so sharply against the craggy mountain faces, that a dozen echoes took them up, and the sportsman's name went ringing round and round the lake, among the vocal hills, as if a hundred wood nymphs were inviting him to their sylvan temples.

He heard and understood instantly, as well as if the whole story had been explained to him in direct words. He gathered up his paddle and grasped it firmly in his left hand, after he had cocked his rifle and laid it within easy reach of his right, unsheathed his knife, and placed it ready in the bottom of the canoe. One end of his lasso was made fast to his bows, the rest lay in a large easy coil, in readiness for instant use.

Thus prepared, he took up a little water in the hollow of his right hand and swallowed it, drew a long breath, and then, grasping his paddle, flourished it aloft at Hardyman and Alf, who now came running out upon the head of the reef, eager to see the termination of the fray, and waving their hands and pointing forward to his left; indicating where he might look for the cariboo.

It may be well here to observe, that Big Maple Island, for which the reindeer was now making, is about two miles in length, exactly barring the mouths of the two bays which are divided by the reef, under the right edge of which Frank was ambushed, at about one mile's distance from its extremity; so that all the three boats, no one of which was visible to another, though all the oarsmen well knew their relative positions, were about equi-

distant from a central point, on the north shore of the island, which was also about the nearest place at which the cariboo could leave the water.

At this moment Frank felt as if he were fairly suspended on the edge of a razor. He expected nothing less than to see the bows of Tom's big canoe, and the black faces of his sable charons, come sweeping round his point of the island, full in the teeth of the game, which in the present condition of affairs would have been absolute ruin. And, indeed, it is not to be doubted that he would have seen that very thing—so jealous of another's drawing blood or killing game before him, was the old trump, although so good a sportsman, that he perfectly well knew how ill he was behaving—if old Draw had entertained a suspicion of the real state of the case, at that instant.

While he was yet pondering on this, and almost praying that Tom might have fallen asleep, or gone off on some wild-goose chase or other, along the other shore of the island, Forester discovered the sharp prow of 'Ky Sly's skiff sneakingly prying out round the extreme eastern point, and knowing the imperturbable coolness of that hardy woodman, he understood that the cariboo must be already nearing himself and quartering in his direction, and that 'Ky was stealing out on his flank to the rearward, in order to get between him and the shore, in case of his attempting to return.

Another moment, and his guess was corroborated. A faint splash struck his ear, and then the deep breathing of a large animal. His heart beat quick, his hand trembled, and he reached out hurriedly for his rifle; but, before his fingers touched it, he remembered that the animal would surely sink, beyond recovery, if shot dead in that deep water, and withdrew his hand without touching the weapon. He set his teeth hard, drew a deep

breath, and by a resolute exertion of his will, became as cool and as firm as iron.

The dark head of the cariboo now came fully into view, with the vast wide-spreading antlers laid back nearly upon its shoulders, which were entirely submerged, little more than two inches in depth of the upper part of the head, with the eyes, and the nostrils yet more conspicuously, being raised above the surface, so low does this species of deer sink, in swimming.

There was none of that bounding in the motion of the cariboo, which is often displayed by the horse, in crossing water out of his depth; that animal constantly exposing fully one half his neck, and sometimes over the withers and upper part of the shoulders, clear above the water-line, and casting itself forward, as if it swam nearly erect, or in the position of an heraldic lion rampant. On the contrary, the cariboo glided swiftly and evenly through the permeable medium, with its neck outstretched in a right line to the body, making little commotion in the water, and preserving a position so perfectly horizontal, that the dark line of its back could be easily distinguished through the transparency of the lake-water, the highest point of the croupe, but nothing more, occasionally breaking the surface, for a moment or two.

At first, Frank crouched so low in his canoe, which itself lay motionless close alongside of the rocks, which it greatly resembled in color, that he was not perceived; nor did the reindeer notice him, until, when it had crossed his bows, at about a hundred and fifty yards distance, aiming for a point on the island, at about midway between the center of it and Tom Draw's station, he put his vessel in motion, rising up to a kneeling posture, as he did so, and plying his paddle with long, vigorous sweeps, with equal skill and power.

Meantime 'Ky Sly's boat, now that the animal's course was so far decided that it was impossible for him to re-

turn to the main, was coming vigorously up from the eastward as hard as its two pairs of sculls, beautifully pulled by 'Ky himself and by Fred Somerton, who, as an Etonian, might be said to be almost on his native element, and was laid for the island, a rod or two from the left of the deer's course.

The sound of the sculls, which played with a good loud man-of-war-like roll in the rowlocks, had, it would seem, already alarmed the animal, and caused him to strike out so diagonally across Frank's bows, instead of drawing a true line for the island, at its nearest point. For now, when he saw his new foe in the field, or in the flood, to speak more carefully, he, for the first time, threw his head and neck high in the air, with a loud whistling snort, wrung from him by excess of terror, and, turning straight for the shore, brought Frank directly into his wake, and 'Ky nearly upon his left broadside, though much farther off from him than Forester.

A stern chase is proverbially a long chase; but it was not so in this instance; for, although all the varieties of the deer tribe swim powerfully, easily, and are capable of supporting themselves in the water for a longer time than most quadrupeds not actually amphibious, none of them are very speedy swimmers. When the race began, the deer was, perhaps, three-quarters of a mile from land, and Frank, when he first started in pursuit, was about two hundred yards exactly in his wake.

Before half the distance had been passed, the latter had reduced the space between them to less than seventy yards; and he could easily have, either, shot him in the base of the brain, between the roots of his antlers, or run up along side, and cast the lasso over his horns, had he chosen so to do; but he would not resort to the first method, lest he should lose the animal by its sinking, as they never fail to do when shot, especially in the summer or early autumn, when the skin is, as it is technically

called, in the red; although the smallest external aid will preserve them floating. On the second mode he would not venture; because, being little accustomed to the habits of the creature he was pursuing, and never having hunted it before, he did not know but, if pressed to extremity, it might attack and overset his canoe, and this he did not choose to risk, for the fear of losing his rifle and traps, though he could easily have saved himself, being a light and rapid swimmer.

It was his plan, therefore, and the very best that could have been adopted, to preserve his easy distance, closing gradually up until he should be within twenty or thirty paces of him, on his touching bottom; when, taking ground in front, he would, as they always do, raise his fore-quarters high out of water, and afford an opportunity for a certain and deadly shot between the shoulders. Tom was, however, as it seemed, destined to be the spoil-sport of the day; for, unable to bear the contemplation of sport, which he could not share, or to let others do gracefully and certainly what he could himself by no means accomplish, he now came round the point, his negroes paddling as if for the dear life and tearing the water into foam, under the spur of their master's furious oaths and objurgations, himself brandishing his gun on high, and yelling and whooping like a maniac.

It was in vain that Frank shouted to him to "Hold hard, and not head back the deer!" It was in vain that Sly, who was exactly in the range of the animal, roared to him not to shoot for Heaven's sake!

"It's no use," muttered Frank, between his teeth; "the old Turk's blood's up, and he will stop for neither dog nor devil! He'll spoil all our sport if he can, but he shall not if my name's Frank Forester."

Up went the old man's gun, and exploded with a roar almost like that of a cannon, the mountain echoes redoubling it, and not subsiding for nearly a minute. It

was loaded with ball; but that ball took no effect on the deer, ricochetted not from the water. The fat man's hand shook so violently, that he could take no aim at all; that ball entered the gunwale of 'Ky Sly's skiff, which was exactly in line, pulling end on toward him, not six inches wide of Fred Somerton's person, who was pulling the bow pair of sculls, and raked the boat from end to end, passing out at the stern, not a foot from Sly's side.

"You confounded old fool," shouted Frank, seeing only that he had made a bad miss, but not perceiving how nearly he had come to killing one if not both of his friends; "you can't hit a haystack, get out of the line, and let some one shoot who can."

But Sly, who had never, perhaps, been so nearly shot in his life, waxed, what he would have himself called "pesked ogly," his little, quick eye gleamed with rage, and his cheek and lip grew as pale as ashes. He snatched up his rifle.

"The darned, onthinking, onrighteous old buffalo bull," said he, "he'd jest's soon kill a man's not. 'Twould be a most righteous deed, neow, I swow, to mend that 'ere shot on his self, like; but he's such a thund'rin' big mark, a woodman darn't shoot him, for very shame."

Even while he was speaking, however, a catastrophe occurred, which put out of his head all ideas of vengeance; and, while it punished the fat man more befittingly than would 'Ky's unerring ball, had he really intended to fire at him, dissolved all hands into inextinguishable laughter, even while the death halloo of that noble stag was ringing in the air.

All Tom's ammunition, it would seem, had been so thoroughly wetted in the morning's rain, that he had luckily been unable to reload the barrel with buck-shot, which he had so absurdly fired at the eagle. I say

luckily, for the boats were now all crowded so close together, that a charge of sixteen buck-shot could scarcely have been made, in the midst of them, without doing damage; and the old man was in such a mood of excitement, that, as he himself said the next day, "he'd have fired, jest's like as not, ef his grandf'ther had been opposite to his gun eend."

However that might have been, he now forced his unwilling negroes, who, between their dread of Tom and their terror of the big deer, were almost white with consternation, to pull in upon the animal, which he had completely headed off from the island, and aimed a tremendous blow at its head with his gun butt. He had awaked to ill luck that morning—just as he delivered that sweeping blow, destined to annihilate the cariboo and cover himself with glory, leaning half way out of the canoe to give it force, the frightened negroes swerved the canoe, the frightened deer dodged the blow, Tom disappeared headlong, in a most involuntary cold bath; but, though he emerged, after a second or two, puffing and blowing like an insane Triton, his much-beloved gun had gone to the bottom of the Round Lake, "nivir agin," as 'Ky told him, by way of consolation, "to put better folks' lives nor his own, a darned sight, in danger, along of his triflin' shootin'."

But what was worse than the ducking, the loss of his gun, or the being most pitilessly and unsparingly abused, ridiculed, quizzed, and baited by all hands, not excluding the negroes—the cariboo had fallen by other hands than his. At the very moment of his immersion, Frank's lasso had encircled his horns; and the next, 'Ky's skiff had run along side of him, and his keen knife had terminated his struggles for ever; so that the death whoop, ringing long and loud, and reverberated from rock, tree and hill, was the first sound that met his ears, as he emerged from his cold bath, adding fresh vigor to the

"winter of his discontent," which truly, needed no addition.

With this grand exploit the hunting adventures of the companye virtually terminated; my chronicle thereof shall terminate altogether, for who, after triumphing over the decease of two cougars and a great American reindeer, within twenty-four hours, can descend to relate the bagging of ruffed grouse and wood rabbits, even if their name be legion; of basketing black bass and lake trout, sockdollagers if they were, or of pot-hunting deer by fire-light.

In truth, however, the necessity of hurrying away, if they would get their splendid game home in season, induced the breaking up of the party. For that night the cariboo was "gralloched" and suspended on a tall tree in Maple Island; and that done, the party paddled back to the mouth of the rattling brook, where the boats were secured; no fear of their being stolen in those wild, inhospitable, but most honest regions, where man comes not, and the wolves and bears steal not, unless it be, in the latter case—honey!

Thence they footed it, across the portage, to the camp; where Jothe received them, gloriously tired, gloriously hungry, and all, save old Tom, gloriously proud of the exploits of the day, with a glorious supper, at which even the old man played his part satisfactorily, although in silence.

On the following morning the camp was broken up. Fat Tom bade the party adieu, cordially, though not so jovially as he had bid them hail, and was paddled by his dusky crew across the lake to 'Siah Foster's, threatening them with unheard of tortures, boot-jackings, ax-handlings, and the like, in case of their breathing a whisper of the cariboo scrape.

The remainder of the party returned as they had come; four more noble red deer fell to their guns or rifles, and

THE DEATH WOUND.—[*Page* 164.]

the store of wood rabbits, ruffed grouse, lake trout and bass, which loaded Jack Hardyman's biggest wagon, and delayed the rattling trot of his cannucks, would have rejoiced the heart of a German prince to contemplate, though reeking from the sanguinary glories of a *battue* in the Fatherland.

On the third evening, Hatty received them with her pleasant smile, her demure mirth, and her capital homely fare, at the hospitable house of Slyville. They had a merry night of it, and, when Jack Hardyman toasted their healths, late in the small hours, before retiring, he proposed the health by an observation, that, "Whatever else might be said of that 'ere kumpanye, none of them was Dolittles, 'xceptin' it was the fat man, and for his own part he didn't see as it sinnified much as he didn't do more, seein' ef so be's he had, thar'd a ben one Sly less in Slyville, any way's you kin fix it."

The next morning, with warm and kindly adieus, they parted, Frank and his friends going down the lake and river, to that Gehenna of trade, luxury and rascality, New York, whence within a few weeks Alf Armiger and Fred Somerton took ship for the land of their forefathers.

Frank heard from them often, and they never omitted some pleasant recollection of those wild adventures, among the woods and waters of the Shatagee; but one thing is very certain, that never more did 'Ky Sly of Slyville and that same companye, meet and tell stories at the Wigwam in the Wilderness.

Here endeth ye chronicle of ye sayings and doings of Ky Sly of Slyville, and his Companye.

THE HOSTAGE'S RELEASE.

(Composed on the Liberation of the Sac Chief, Black-Hawk.)

A warrior still! A chieftain once again!
Back to thy forest-home, old Sagamore!
As the caged panther, from his galling chain,
To the lone desert, and the untrodden shore.
Back to thy forest-home! The eternal roar
Of boundless cataracts—the whispered tone
Of winds unfettered, from the cedars hoar
Waking wild music—shall thy spirit own
The untutored hymns that peal about thy throne!

Dearer to thee the mountain's tangled side,
The lake's blue mirror, or the dim wood glen,
Than pomp of palaces, or gorgeous pride
Of multitudinous roofs! The hum of men,
Swarming and battening in their splendid pen,
Is poison to thy soul!—the petty stream
Of daily joys or cares thine eagle ken
With calm derision views—not as they seem,
But fleeting! false! a mockery, or a dream!

What can their letters or their learning give—
These pale usurpers of thy native sway?
Can all their wisdom bid the mortal live—
Restore the halt to strength—the blind to day—
Relume the frenzied mind with reason's ray—
One passion quench that fires the burning breast—
Or quell one pang that rends the fragile clay?
Can music's sweetness yield the mourner rest,
Charm slavery's ills, or make the captive blest?

Doth pure religion stride o'er vanquished crime?
Do sinners tremble, and oppressors cease?
Doth every kindred land, and sister clime,
Sheathe the red blade in universal peace?
Doth every keel that plows unnumbered seas,
The joyful banners of their faith uphold?
Doth heavenly freedom, hallowed love, increase?
Are Christians—free from cursed lust of gold—
One flock united in one shepherd's fold?

Hath the Great Spirit given to these alone
A pale-faced passport to his promised land—
Their sole complexion welcome to his throne—
All else sad exiles from the immortal strand?
Are their sons braver, or their maids more bland—
Stronger their arms, their eloquence more bright?
Are their domes consecrate by Virtue's hand—
Purer their dwellings, or their hearths more light,
That they should bask in day, thou lurk in night?

Back to thy forest-home! to ponder there
On Christian precept, and on Christian deed—
To bless the power that conquered but to spare,
To teach thy tribe such mercy's fitting meed!
Back to thy forest-home, to preach the need
Of calm submission to the overwhelming foe!
In thee 't were guilt for man's best rights to bleed!
Guilt—to lay privileged oppressors low!
Hence learn—to kiss the hand that deals the blow!

Back, murderer, and heathen, to thy lair!
The heroic Spartans in their deathless tomb
By the everlasting hills, which saw them dare,
In hopeless strife, their unavailing doom—
They are earth's demigods! The charnel's gloom
Shrinks from their clear eternity of praise!
They are immortal! and wouldst thou presume
To claim participation in their bays—
A nameless savage in these latter days?

Leonidas and Washington! Twin names
In the high scroll of glory—save that he,
Columbia's champion, loftier splendor claims
Than Greece's martyr at Thermopylæ—
Both fathers of their country—both the free—
But one successful! Battling for the earth
That bore them; for the hills, the vales, the sea!
The sepulchres of those who gave them birth!
The sacred shrines, and the domestic hearth!

But thou, wild rover of the wilderness,
Hast thou no dwelling in the trackless wood,
No home to cherish, and no babes to bless?
Hast thou no rights to be preserved by blood?
No! The wild-cat may perish for her brood,
The wren, to guard her nest, may glut the snake—
Their strife is valor—nature's hardihood!
But the red warrior in his native brake
Fights—dies—and is despised for Freedom's sake!

Back to thy forest home, free nature's child!
Back to thy sunburnt mate, and lusty boys,
Thy proud dominion in yon central wild—
Thine untaught virtues, and thy guileless joys!
Virtues which thrive not midst the effeminate toys
Of polished learning and voluptuous grace—
Unmurmuring patience—love, that never cloys—
High soul, that fears no evil but disgrace—
Faith, that nor charms can bend nor time erase.

Firm to thy friends, and guileless as the dove—
Wise as the serpent, winding on thy foe—
True to thy country, though thy steps may rove—
Swift, as the eagle swooping on the roe—
Mute, as the fox, beneath the torturer's blow—
Last in the war-dance, first in battle's tide,
Unmoved by triumph, unsubdued by wo—
Fixed in thy purpose as the mountain's side—
Thy foeman's terror, and thy people's pride!

Mild to the suppliant, haughty to the proud,
To hoary old of reverential mien,
Silent in council, in the death-song loud—
Though grave, determined—scornful, though serene;
True as thine arrow, as thy hatchet keen;
Unscared by peril, and unbought by gold—
Felt as the tempest, as the lightning seen;
As now thou art, such Cato was of old—
Are heroes fashioned in a different mould?

Back to thy forest-home! but not to sleep
Supine and helpless till the storm shall break!
Not in the melting tears that women weep—
Not in pure draughts from thine ancestral lake,
The burning thirst of that deep heart to slake!
No! Slaves who mocked the eagle in his cage,
When his soul's hoarded vengeance shall awake,
And streams of gore his fiery pride assuage,
May curse the reckless shaft that stirred his rage!

And they shall curse it—from the limpid verge
Of inland oceans—from the foreheads high
Of western mountains to the Atlantic surge,
Shall ring, with earthquake sound, the battle-cry
Of tribes, appealing to the eternal sky,
Battling for freedom! warring for the graves
Of their forefathers—the poor right to die
In their own forests, by their native waves,
Rather than roam as exiles—crouch as slaves!

And thou, old chieftain, when the strife is o'er,
Vanquished in arms, but unsubdued in fight,
A martyred patriot on thy parent shore,
Ere thine undaunted soul shall wing its flight
To the far hunting-grounds of endless light,
Shalt haply joy thou hast not lived to see
Thy nation's glory sunk in utter night;
Knowing that innocent to die, and free,
Is worthier deathless fame than sordid victory.

TROUTING ALONG THE CATASAUQUA.

It is some two years since, that I was sitting alone, in the early gloaming of a beautiful May evening, toward the close of that sweet but variable month, in the projecting oriel windows of my little cottage-hall, which overlooks a beautiful reach of the smooth, silvery Passaic, and the upward slopes of the farther side covered with rich orchards, in the last flush of their delicate bloom, and groves of ornamental forest trees and shrubbery, from which peep out, not unfrequent, the roofs of ornamental cottages or unambitious farm-houses, a calm and pleasant picture of easy and contented moral culture. The day had been soft and balmy, with a mild western breeze playing among the tender, light green sprays of the beeches and the young chestnut leaves, the hyacinths and jonquils were gay and fragrant in the garden-beds, the lilac hedges perfumed all the air around, and a faint scent was stealing from the woodbines on the porch and the cluster-roses around the rustic verandas. The blue-birds, saucy and familiar, had been busy all day long, twittering and chirruping, as they flew to and fro with morsels of wool and moss, or feathers, to their nesting boxes; from the shrubberies had come constant the melodious warble of that much maligned of songsters, the traduced cat-bird, while from the neighboring wood-skirts had come up, clear, ringing, and mellow, the emulous carols of the brown and the hermit thrushes.

But now, as the day waned and the fire in the west faded out, all was changed, sounds and sights, and the

sentiments created by them. A soft mist floated up from the stream, half suiting the landscape, glimmering as it was in the feeble moonshine, with a soft, gauzy veil, illumined by the lustrous beauty within, like transparent lace interspersed between the eye and the face of a fair woman.

The only sounds which now soothed, rather than broke the silence, were the pipings of the frogs from the marshes beyond the river, mingled by the distance into a melancholy, modulated concert, the plaintive, oft-repeated cry of the whip-poor-will, as he skimmed beneath the moon under the shadows of the weeping-willows over the glassy eddies, and occasionally the long-drawn, quivering, wailings of the brown owls, answering one another from the woodlands on either bank of the river.

The spring had been, as usual, somewhat late, long, and dreary. There had been soft and pleasant tricks of weather for a few days at a time, and genial southerly gales for a day or two, and the willows had pushed into full leaf, and the grass had grown fresh and succulent; the snipe had come, and, for the most part, gone northward, without affording much sport to the shooters, owing to the wild and interrupted character of the spring-tide. And this, in short, had been the first day of real, genial, settled summer-seeming spring.

Trout, it is true, had been captured on Long Island, in the midst of sleet and snow-squalls and east winds, if not in thunder, lightning, and in rain; captured from ponds, in which leave to take them must first be angled for with the all-conquering silver hook, and at which, when captured, it is the use to leave behind you your dear-won booty. But to me, at least, the glories of Long Island are departed; and its once noble woods and waters, haunted by the red deer and the heath-hen, alive with countless hoards of geese, brant, fowl, whose name is, like their number, legion, whilom frequented by such choice spirits as Cypress and his jovial crew, who learned there-

in "to stop a woodcock in a brake, with the finger of instinct and the eye of faith," and to "cut down a leather-head, at sunrise, skating before a stiff north-easter at three miles a minute," are now but the forlorn ghosts of themselves, the suburban cockney sporting grounds of New York merchant princes, or of the verdant and impudent abortions known as the rising generation of Young New York and Progress.

Therefore, be it known, I had neither gone, nor thought of going down, to those once-famous fishing places; and although instigated by the annual instinctive æstrus, which periodically seizes the angler, the keen shot and the ardent hunter, and certain signs and seasons of the times, I had overhauled my Conroys and my Relleys, oiled my click-reels, looked to my lines that they were unfrayed and sound, and untouched of mildew or dry-rot, seen that my bottoms and gut foot-lengths were tough and round and responsible, and gloated over my stock of flies, of many names and nations, the collection of years spent in wandering far and near; I had little intention, little hope, of wetting a long line or landing a two-pounder, whether in the salt creeks of the Atlantic shores, or in the mountain torrents of the Appalachian ridge, or in the ice-cold rivers of the far North-west.

Still, it must be admitted, I had been thinking all day long about my favorite sport, of which the season and its especial fitness so pleasantly reminded me, so that had my brother of the gentle craft been present, or any accessible water, likely to afford sport, occurred to my imagination, I had incontinently packed up my traps and committed myself to the speed of the famous iron horse. But I was alone, and I bethought me of no nearer place than the wild Garden river, or the long, foamy ripples of the beautiful Sault St. Marie, or the splendid trout streams of Lake Superior; with a sigh, therefore, I lighted my Indian pipe and proceeded to puff away my cha-

grin in a cloud of delicately-flavored kinnikinnic, lubricated by a moderate sip of exquisite Victoria punch, a beverage, indeed, worthy of the royal lady in honor of whom it was named by her gallant Thirty-second.

Just at this moment, however, when the mellowed regrets were vanishing before the soothing influences of the Indian, there came to my ear the clatter of fast hoofs and the rapid roll of little wheels rattling up the drive, while the many-voiced clamor of pointer, setter, Newfoundland, and terriers announced a late arrival. A small bustle followed, quick questions and answers, and in came the servant bearing a telegraphic message, marked "in haste, forward."

It was from a trusty comrade and right jolly angler, who had pitched his tent far from the city in the beautiful valley of Chemung, and being satisfied that his lines had fallen in pleasant places, troubled us of the seaboard but rarely, either by literary communications or personal interviews, which last had for the last year or two become like angel's visits, indeed few and far between. So that I was somewhat astonished, as well as greatly pleased, when I read his name as I glanced hurriedly at the foot of the dispatch.

"Frank Forester," thus it ran. "Stony Brook, Clattering Creek, have been foul, are fine. Trout plenty, prime, taking. Dine at seven. Erie Road. Now or never. LANCELOT LANGDALE.

"Cotton's Cabin, Cochocton."

Whereunto I replied, incontinently:

"Lancelot Langdale: Now. Dinner to-morrow.

"FRANK FORESTER.

"The Cedars."

Paid the dispatches, dismissed the messenger, happy with a dram of cognac and a cigar, devoted my evening to a reinvestigation and selection of tackle, to an assorting of ankle shoes, shepherd's plaid trousers, shooting jackets, creels, sandwich-boxes and dram-bottles, supped

lightly, turned in early, slept like a dormouse, until my man dragged me out of bed, two hours before sunrise, and found myself, just as Don Phœbus made his appearance above the summit of the Palisades, creaking and clattering along the Patterson branch of the Erie Railroad, in a fearful perturbation of mind, and haunted by a sort of insane idea that I ought to have insured my life and limbs before starting, in order to run a remote chance of arriving at the terminus with my due share of arms and legs, a rare occurrence, nowadays, on a New York railroad.

For a wonder, however, we passed through safely, whirled through the fair pastoral strath of the Passaic into the wild, romantic glen of the brawling Ramapo, before the din of the cars, the felling of the old forests, and the damming up the crystal waters banished Naiad and Dryad and the shy Oread's train, the loveliest sylvan solitude, the most Arcadian dell of all that have remained unhonored, only because unsung by some immortal bard.

Thence onward through the fertile meads and luxuriant farms of lovely Orange County, until, whirling dizzy high in air, over the broad and glassy waters of the Delaware, we rush into Pennsylvania, and are lost among the stupendous mountain ridges, bare crags and cliffs of primitive rock, dark forests of evergreen, now skirting the brink of airy precipices, overlooking leagues of valley, hill, and champaign, above which it seems to hang suspending, and now thundering over black ravines and roaring cataracts, on giant single arches that outvie that bridge built in the Canton of Uri, by the Bishop Gerold of Einsiedlen, as local history says, but by the devil, as the people tell you, who know better.

At last I found myself disembarked, fishing-rods, gaffs, carpet-bags, and sandwich-box, at a quaint-looking little station-house, peeping out of a cluster of cedars and hemlock, about half a mile short of a picturesque village,

which was discernible, orchard-embosomed, in a rich meadowy flat, half encircled by a reach of the beautiful Delaware, here a broad, shallow, rapid, rippling river, brawling over a stony bottom, with here and there a large, deep pool, in which the waters swept in lazy eddies, clear, but dark as night, owing to its exceeding depth.

At the station-house a wide, well-kept road came down a lap among the wooded hills on the right, leading, as the finger-post informed the traveller, to a city of some size and beauty, lying among the small lakes of New York, to the northward. On the opposite side, through a bold, ragged gap in the left-hand mountains, a mountain torrent rushed in impetuously at an oblique angle, jamming back the current of the Delaware, and almost crossing it, before mingling its dark-brown waters, sprinkled with bubbles and foam-flakes, with the majestic river.

From the conductor of the railroad Frank had contrived to pick up some information concerning his friend Lancelot, who, up here among the mountains, was something of a personage, though he was nobody while showing himself the cleverest young lawyer and most brilliant magazinist of New York, until, a small legacy falling to him, he deserted the dollar-worshippers and their Babel, for a retreat among the lakes. Here he led what the Wall-streeters called a useless life, with a few old friends, a good many old books, a little old wine, and an innocent, charitable, and kindly heart, a thing which, if it exist at all, has neither value nor honor in the modern Gomorrah. He had learned that, although his place proper, a pretty farm of some eighty or a hundred acres, lay not far from the inlet of the lovely Seneca, he had bought a scrap of the wildest, barrenest, stoniest, strangest kind of land, up the gorge of the identical ravine before him, where he had established the queerest sort of a building that was ever seen in old Sullivan or in Pennsylvania either, said the matter-of-fact guardian of trains,

where he spent some portion of every year, in the spring trout-fishing, in the autumn deer-hunting, and in the dead of winter pursuing the wilder and fiercer denizens, the bear, the cougar, and the catamount, which still roamed and roared in those little-frequented solitudes.

Accordingly, no sooner had Frank deposited himself and his traps on the boarded platform before the station-house, before a tall, handsome, light-colored mulatto man, dressed in a buckskin hunting-shirt and leggings, and flapped felt hat, round which was lapped a coil of gaudy-colored lake-flies, touched his beaver and inquired, with a sort of welcoming grin, displaying all his fine white teeth, if "dis was de genleman what Massa Langdale expect? 'Case if he be, he please come 'long to de boat, and be dar in no time."

Finding that he was in the right, the sportsman darkey, in whom Frank imagined a resemblance to an exquisite, dark-curled, and exquisitely-bearded coxcomb, who, in former times, had condescended to serve Massa Lancelot, in his days of New York lady-killing, in the capacity of adonizer as well as Mentor, became more and more voluble in his speech and mirthful in his greetings, until he, too, having evolved Frank from some dim recess of his memory, welcomed him, with what the French call effusion, to Cotton Cottage, assuring him that "they'd have fine times now, sartain!"

With that he shouldered Frank's valise and rod-cases, and led the way down a steep path to the water's edge, where there lay a long, sharp, beautifully-modelled pirogue, cut of the entire trunk of a huge basswood, containing paddles, setting poles, a long rifle and longer fish-spear, and having its bottom carpeted with fresh, green hemlock tips, artistically disposed, and soft as the most luxurious couch of cities. Into the bow of this somewhat ticklish craft he motioned Frank to descend, while, after depositing his burdens amidships, he coiled him-

self in the stern, and vigorously plying his paddles, sent the light boat skimming across the river and into the mouth of the stream, which, here about fifty feet in width, came pouring down over a stony bottom in a swift, arrowy rush of dark-brown water, filling the ravine almost from side to side, and scarce affording room for a broken and irregular foot-path among the bare rocks, the deep fern patches and the occasional patches of alder and red willow, which pushed out here and there in some sheltered cove, where they found soil wherein to flourish, or among the trunks of the lordly pines and feathery hemlocks which rifted their roots in the stern hill-sides.

Nothing could be wilder, nothing more picturesque, and even grand at times, than this ravine of the brawling Catasauqua, with the sun gleaming only here and there on the loftiest of the eastern cliffs, or streaming in yellow and loving light through the gaps of the western ridge, and dwelling on the soft swells, verdant with thrifty hard-wood, between laps and hollows full of soft blue shadows, while not a wandering ray could touch the foamy ripples and glassy shoots and rapids of the impetuous trout-stream. It was hard work to stem the rush of the ice-cold water, and Frank soon found himself compelled to buckle to the paddle and do his share of the propelling, having the fear of a late arrival and cold provender before his eyes, no pleasant prospect, after a long railroad journey, to a hungry and tired man. Swifter waxed the stream, and swifter, narrower the gorge, and more abruptly and angularly winding, at times interrupted by great fallen trees, still root-anchored to the shores from which they had fallen, among the *chevaux-de-frise*-like branches of which it required skillful pilotage, and at times interrupted by long, shooting rapids, where the stream was so much contracted, and ran with such violence, that the paddles became useless, and it was only by the exertion of every nerve at two

stout setting-poles that the two men succeeded in stemming the mountain rivulet's force.

For about five miles they had threaded the intricacies of the rude glen, the mountains toppling higher and more abruptly overhead, the old trees, solemnly swathed in centennial draperies of moss and ivy, stooping, ghost-like, over the noisy torrent, and no sound or sight reminding one of human life disturbing the sense of solitude or suggesting the vicinity of man. Once or twice a prowling otter plumped from his rocky station into the pools, as the dug-out approached him; at every hundred yards the little white-winged sandpipers sprang, feebly twittering, from the pebbly banks, and fluttered along its margin; once and again the kingfisher swooped and soared before them, bearing away at each plunge a scaly victim; on rounding a projecting stony point, a pair of beautiful snow-white egrets rose up, like spirits, against the dark background of the evergreen forest; and, at the same moment, the harsh, clanging cry of the golden eagle came harshly from the cliffs, and his soaring wings intercepted the narrow glimpse of daylight, as he sailed slowly up the gorge.

PART II.

Thus far, since they had entered the wild and desolate ravine of the Catasauqua, they had passed no spot which could well have been adapted to the site of a human habitation, even of the smallest size and most inferior kind, and no vestige of a road was to be discerned by which access could be had to it from the settlements, except up the channel of the shallow and rapid stream. And as the day gradually declined, and the sunbeams through the gaps in the hill-tops fell higher and higher

ALONG THE CATASAUQUA.

up the opposite mountain side, and dwelt no longer, even for a moment, in the bottom of the valley, Frank began to get somewhat curious as to the domicile to which he was wending his way under auspices so peculiar, and somewhat suspicious as to the nature of the feed which was likely to meet him in the middle of so absolute a wilderness.

Nevertheless, he held on, stoutly plying his paddle or his setting-pole in silence, asking no questions of his dark ferryman, but greatly admiring the picturesque and devious path which he was traversing. Suddenly, after forcing the canoe, not without the dint of very considerable exertion, up a long shoot of clear, swift, glancing water, where the stream rushed, unbroken, over an inclined plane of smooth rock, the ravine turned an abrupt angle, formed by the projection of a bare, precipitous crag of yellow limestone, narrowing the channel to a third of its usual width, and excluding all upward view, due westward.

With a powerful sweep of his paddle, the steersman brought round the head of the light vessel, and she swung round the point in deep water, and lay in a large, circular tranquil pool, some three hundred yards across, embosomed in a sort of lap among the hills, of a milder character than anything which Frank had yet seen on the Catasauqua, and containing on the left bank a few acres of cleared land, pastured by a single cow, a rough Indian shooting-pony, and half-a-dozen ragged-looking mountain sheep.

This pool, at the lower end, was perfectly still, as clear as glass, and very deep ; but in two different places, at its upper extremity, where two narrow glens, or ghylls, as they would be called in the north country, entered the little amphitheater from the higher ridges to the south and the westward, the perturbation of its surface, the

floating bubbles and foam-flakes, and the whirling eddies, showed that two strong and rapid streams were discharged into it from above.

On the point formed by the union of these two tributaries, or constituents rather, of the Catasauqua, known as the "Stony Brook" and the "Clattering Creek," which was a shelving bank of gravel at the water's edge, covered by a magnificent grove of the largest hemlocks Frank had ever observed, growing with their great trunks far apart, but their wide, feathery branches mingled above into a canopy of impenetrable verdure, stood in a small, sheltered nook, scooped, as it would seem, out of the sheltering wood, the cottage, which he recognized as the welcome bourne of his journey.

"Cotton's Cabin," as the owner had christened it, after the friend and brother angler of dear old Izaac Walton, was the smallest and least pretending, as it was the quaintest and prettiest of primitive cottages. In front it presented a face of thirty feet in length, divided into three compartments, that in the center presenting an advanced gable of a story and a half in hight, with a dormer window above the rudely-arched doorway, with its quaintly-carved inscription on the key-block, and a gigantic pair of elk antlers affixed to the wall above it. In the spaces, on either side, which were but one story in hight, was one large, latticed window, and no more. The whole edifice was framed of rude pine logs, with the bark still on them, those in the wings, if they may be so called, running horizontally, dove-tailed into one another at the ends, those of the center standing perpendicularly, mortised into the plates and ground-sills. The door-posts, lintels, and window frames, were just as rugged of materials and as rustic of manufacture as the remainder of the building; and the roof, which widely overhung the eaves, was covered with scolloped slabs of pine bark, overlapping each other like shingles. A bright, fitful

light glancing from one of the windows, out of the shadows of the hemlock grove, and a blue wreath of smoke winding up in strong contrast against the black foliage of the evergreens, gave pleasant token of preparation and of hospitable welcome in the wilderness. There was no sign of cultivation, no flower pot, no patch of vegetables near the house, only a narrow gravel walk winding up among the grape stems to the door, from a small dock, at which lay moored another dug-out, similar to that in which the voyagers were approaching, a couple of Indian birch canoes, and a light cedar skiff, double-headed like a whale-boat, build for a pair of sculls or paddles. But the ground under the trees was beautifully smooth, well-kept, and cleared of fallen leaves, the hemlocks themselves were free from dead branches and dry, sapless limbs, and on the stems of one or two, in the foreground, the native vines and creepers had been trained with some care and grew luxuriantly, with their long trailers and bright hues offering a pleasant contrast to the dark formality of the evergreens. The only animals visible were a noble jet-black Newfoundland dog lying at length, with his head couched between his massive paws, on the door-sill, and a huge eagle owl, sitting on a rustic perch, to which one leg was attached by a long, light chain, devouring part of a fish which had been given to him, and occasionally wakening all the echoes of the hills by his solemn and melancholy shouts, waugh-oh ! waugh-oh ! rendering the wild aspect of the place wilder and more outlandish.

"Dar de cabin, sah," exclaimed the mulatto, brightening up as they came into sight of the rustic lodge, "and dar old Cappun, de dog, and dar de owl ; and dar come Massa Langdale, too, I guess," as the door opened, and the owner, a tall, fine looking young man of some eight-and-twenty or thirty years, made his appearance on the lawn, if it may be so called, attired sportsmanly in a

tweed shooting-jacket and trousers, a low-crowned felt hat and a pair of stout shooting-shoes.

"How are you Frank?" he hallooed in a clear, strong voice. "Devilish glad to see you at the cabin, now that you've got to it, which I suppose you gave up in despair of ever doing. I should have come down to pilot you up myself, but I've got a queer sort of cockney chap up here, only he's not a cockney, but a New York chap, that knows more about fishing than all of us together, to hear his own talk. He's a Wall-streeter, I believe, but he came up to me upon the strength of a letter, and I can't get rid of him; but I fancy another day or two will finish him, for he frames, as you say in Yorkshire, very badly, and he's death on tackle. But come in, come in; ain't you thirsty?"

Whereupon, replying to his friend's greeting so soon as he found room to put in a word, and admitting that something long and cool wouldn't go far wrong, Frank followed his friend into the interior of the fishing-hut, first pausing to note the invitation, carved in rude characters of old black letter, upon a slab, beneath the branching antlers, which ran thus, in the owner's antiquated doggerel:

COTTON'S CABIN.

1850.

Rest, angler, here y'r weary feet;
A brother angler bids you stay,
If hearty greeting, healthy meat,
Mild drink to moisten thirsty clay,
A-bed betimes and blythe uprising,
Be welcomes worth an angler's prizing.

The entrance, which was had through a hatch-door, the upper half of which was glazed, admitted them into a small vestibule of some ten feet square, with a door in the center of each side. Its walls were plainly wainscoted with unpainted but neatly varnished pine wood,

of which also were all the doors, window-casings and wood-work of the house; the floor, composed of octagonal pine blocks, similar to those used in the old wooden pavement of Broadway, was covered by a neat red and white matting, in the center of which stood a solid octagon-shaped pine table, strewn with powder-flasks, shot-pouches, reels, fly-books, and many of the implements and materials necessary for the anglers or shooter's art. The wainscoting was hung around with rifles, shot-guns of several sizes and calibres, rods of all sorts and dimensions, from the huge eighteen-foot salmon rod and powerful trolling-rod for the great mascalonge and pickerel of the lakes, to the neatest and lightest single-handed trout-rod, built especially for the use of the smallest mountain streams; with landing-nets and gaffs of new construction, and Indian pipes and paddles, and fish-spears, interspersed, swinging from the deer antlers affixed at intervals along the cornice, festooned with Indian-tanned hides of the deer, the wolf, the cougar and the loup cervier, none of them, even at that day, rare or unfrequent visitants of those rude and thinly populated districts. Two glass-fronted corner cupboards in the upper angles of the room displayed, the one a beautiful assortment of lines, bottoms, foot-links, hanks of salmon-gut, reels, winches, hooks of every form and description, bait-kettles, creels, and a complete assortment of costly feathers, furs, silks, gold and silver twist, and all the necessaries for fly-making; the other a show of all the sportsman can require for shooting, whether upland or lowland, mountain or forest, field or fen, sea or river, which would not have been overlooked in Cooper's most perfect show-cases; four massive settles of the same fashion and material as the table, with deerskin cushions, completed the furniture of this primitive but pleasant and characteristic apartment.

The door to the left gave admission to a sitting-room

of the same size and corresponding furniture, with the exception that, instead of arms, antlers, and furry tapestries, its varnished put unpainted walls were adorned by some fine engravings from Landseer, and by two sets of well-filled book-shelves, one on each side of the great fireplace, in which blazed, not unpleasant, even at that season, in that wild spot, among those bleak and chilly mountains, a merry fire of pine knots and rock-maple. Two double settles, one on each side of the fire, four cushioned arm-chairs, two tables, one in the center spread with a white cloth and laid with three covers, and one beneath the end window, for this room possessed two, covered with books, writing materials, a chess-board and a few knick-knacks and ornamental articles; we will add a noble jet-black bear-skin, playing the part of hearth-rug, and the tale is told of the decorements, as Caleb Balderstone would have called them, of the salon of Cotton's Cabin.

It was not into this, however, that Lancelot led the way, but throwing open the right-hand door from the hall, "I am sure, Frank," he said, "after your burning race at the tail of the Erie tea-kettle and your long pull up the Catasauqua, you would rather have a cool bath than anything else, while the cool drink is getting ready. So *voila* our common sleeping-room, *voici* the bathing-tub," pointing to a huge cedar tub, sparkling with almost ice-cold water, "and here comes Scipio Africanus, bearing your traps. So now to make yourself presentable with what speed you will, and then to supper, or dinner, if you like it better, with what appetite you may. And now as to the cool drink, will you London porter, will you cider-cup, will you sherry, will you claret? the ardent we eschew, save in the fishing-flasks, as an antidote to wet feet, chills and fever, and such blest appendages of the time, the place, and the profession. What say you?"

"Cider-cup," replied Frank, briefly, who had already

extricated a change of habiliments from the crammed valise, and divested himself of his dusty jacket; and with the words, "I'll see to it myself," his hospitable host left the chamber, followed by the conqueror of Hannibal, showing his ivories from ear to ear, and chuckling to himself at he knew not what. Meanwhile Frank, though he applied himself with all due diligence to the renovation of his person, curiously observed this mountain bed-chamber, and examined all its apparatus; for, wanderer as he was, and acquainted, like Ulysses of old, "with the cities and the ways of many mortals," yet of a verity, like of this, at home or abroad, far or near, never had he seen.

Like the sitting-room, of which he had caught a glimpse through the open door, this chamber had two windows, one overlooking the basin of the main river, in front, one looking from the east end through the hemlock grove toward the "Clattering Creek," one of the cataracts of which could be seen among the evergreens, glancing like a pillar of snow through the shadows. Like that also, opposite to the front window, this had a wide, open fire-place, with a few brands smouldering on the hearth. But herewith all similarity to that or any other room Frank had ever seen, disappeared.

Beds, properly so called, there were none; but, in lieu thereof, two oblong boxes of pine wood, about six feet, or a little over, in length, by three in breadth, heaped to a foot above the brim, with an inviting white pillow, and a Forty-second Tartan plaid by way of coverlet, occupied the two spaces on each side of the fire; and one, in all respects similar, ran across the front of the room, with its foot toward the door, occupying nearly two-thirds of the area of the chamber. To make up for this occupation of space, two massive slabs under the windows projected over the foot of two beds, one supporting three basins, ewers, and washing apparatus complete, and the

other a toilet glass, razors, brushes and combs, and all the needfuls for a gentleman's uprising. Above the head of each bed an angular cupboard, supported on brackets, at four feet from the ground, was ready to receive the occupant's wardrobe; a tanned deer-skin for a foot-cloth and a four-legged stool to each. Such was the bed-chamber of Cotton's Cabin.

But such passing observation, for Frank's inquiring mind, was insufficient; it struck his eye, at once, that the garniture of the bed spoke little of feather-bed, hair-mattress, Whitney blankets, or down-stuffed coverlets, wherefore see he must, before sleeping. To the brim, or, by'r lady! a little above the brim of the bunks, perhaps two feet in depth, were piled the soft and feathery tips of the fragrant hemlock, with the stems downward, layer above layer, the softest and balmiest bed on which ever reclined weary hunter. Above these was spread a tanned deer-skin, with the hair downward, sheets of the cleanest but the coarsest linen, scented with the wild herbs on which they had been bleached, and over all the warm and beautiful hill-plaid, the quaint but favorite wear of the eccentric but warm-hearted owner of the cabin. Scarcely had Frank completed his survey, when Lancelot made his entree, followed by Africanus bearing an oaken salver, on which was a mighty pewter tankard, burnished until it shone like silver. It was filled, I commend it to you, noble reader, as the best and most cooling of summer beverages, with a quart of sound last year's cider from the cask, a half pint of brown sherry, a modicum of white sugar and one slice of lemon. The surface was brown as mahogany with grated nutmeg, and thereon floated a bunch of thyme, summer-savory and sweet-basil, bobbing about among great lumps of ice, glittering and lucent as the diamonds of Golconda.

"Was hael, Frank Forester," exclaimed the host, raising the tankard to his lips, not merely in ceremonial hos-

pitality, as was seen by the length of the pull which followed, and then handing it to his guest.

"Drink hael, Sir Lancelot," elevating the tankard more and more, until its bottom corresponded to the plane of the horizon, and then lowering it with a grateful "A—h! that does a fellow good when he was as thirsty as I was just now. But how's this, Sir Lancelot? Is not this shabby treatment toward Wall street, or don't the broker drink?"

"Only brandy," replied Langdale, glancing round to see that the door was shut. "Nothing stronger than that, nor anything much weaker, I fancy. He was afraid, it seems, he should find nothing fit to drink up here among the mountains, so he brought up a gallon of old Otard, which, seeing that I drink it not, he has well nigh consumed to his own cheek. I confess, I look to its going with some interest, surmising that, if gone, he will go soon afterward."

"A most considerate and delicate broker," returned Frank, laughing.

"But for heaven's sake, Frank, not a word about Wall street or brokers before him. In the first place, because I don't know, for certain, that he comes from the one or is the other. In the second, because, though a bit of an ass, he is not a bad fellow, and brought me a recommend from a capital good one. In the third, because if he plead guilty of both, it may be no fault of his that he hang out in a den of thieves and pursues a dirty calling, it may be he can dwell nowhere, and do nothing else. And in the fourth, especially, because he is under my roof, whatever he may be, and must neither be quizzed nor roasted, far less affronted."

"A second Daniel," Frank answered, with a mock obeisance. "I never roast or quizz anybody, much less muffs in my own friends' houses. Nor do I admire brokers so much that I love to talk either to them or about

them. In this case I will eschew the word break altogether; I will fracture my rod, should, which the gods forefend, such calamity fall out; rend my line; crack my gut; lux my hooks; and, should occasion be, batter or bang the head of any who shall deserve it; but devil a thing will I break, no! not even silence, if I cannot do so without saying 'broke.'"

"Well! well!" said Lancelot, "come along, you are rigged, I see; and dinner, such as it is, is ready. And you shall be made known in due form to Mr. P. St. Clair Robins, of New York. Is not that high?"

"Immense. What does P. stand for?"

"Peleg, I fancy. But he calls himself St. Clair only; for shortness, I suppose. In his signatures, however, out comes the detested P."

And, therewithal, passing across the little hall, and entering into the sole sitting-room, which served the company for library, saloon, and dining-room, they found the object of their conversation, a personable figure enough, elaborate of well-oiled beard and whiskers and somewhat too accurately gotten up for a free-and-easy sportsman's feed like this, reading the last number of "The Spirit," in the red light of the jolly wood fire.

"Forester, let me make you acquainted with my friend, Mr. St. Clair Robins; Mr. Robins, this is Frank Forester; you were looking over one of his books last night."

So they bowed, and shook hands and were mutually charmed, of course; neither of them caring a snap of his finger whether the other were crucified before breakfat; and, that duty done, Frank turned reproachfully to his friend—

"*Et tu, Brute!*" he said; "at least from you, I expected not this outrage. Among these unutterable hills and unpronounceable rivers, where few read and none write, I did hope to sink the abominable shop. Here, at least, I had hoped to escape the enemy."

Here Mr. St. Clair Robins looked at our friend wistfully and then at Lancelot doubtfully, as if hesitating whether he was crazy or in his cups.

But Lancelot laughed and inquired—"What enemies, Frank? Mr. Robins imagines you see snakes!"

"Pardon me, Mr. Robins, I never have been so unfortunate as to enjoy *del. tre.;* and even if I had, though being terribly afraid of all the serpent tribe, I am sure it is not they whom I should have seen. No! welcome snakes! save me from publishers alone. From the least wriggling dealer in cheap obscenity to the vast baronial constrictors, who, swallowing authors, vomit their torrents of folios; these are the terrors of the poor penman's waking hours, the tortures of his feverish dreams. Here I had hoped, fondly but fruitlessly, to hear of no books but fly-books, no book-makers unless on the Leger and the Derby, and lo! on my first visit into this most inhospitable cabin, there now! stop that, Lancelot; I foresee in the curl of your lip, an allusion to Uncle Tom! My appetite is taken away by base allusions to my miserable trade of grinding gammon to fill the—"

"Halt, there!" interrupted Lancelot, "we'll see about the appetite before we proceed, for I observe that Scipo has done his duty; how, it rests to be seen.

So they seated themselves cosily round the small round-table, whereon appeared but a single dish, flanked by a plate of halved lemons, a decanter of sherry, and a long cork; in the blaze of the fire flashed a porter-bottle, and at St. Clair Robins' right hand his favorite cognac stood sentry over his plate.

"No soup, Frank," said Lancelot, uncovering his dish, whereon reclined, on a neat white napkin, so exquisitely broiled that all the fair freshness of their silvery armor, sanguine spotted, all the innocent tri-color of their resplendent fins, was preserved intact, two lordly brook-trout.

"Three-pounders, by the Lord Harry!" exclaimed Frank, almost bounding from his seat.

"Good boy, Frank," replied his host, approvingly. "Two, fifteen ounces and a half, this fellow," tapping the largest with the fish-knife, "and the little one about one ounce lighter; but the little chap fought the harder fight. Did he not, Mr. Robins?"

"Nearly five minutes longer, I reckon," answered the Yorker. "Now that's a capital good trout, a'most as good as ours on the Island."

"You don't see many so heavy fish as those on the Island, nowadays, Mr. Robins," interposed Frank; "two or three in a season at best. The general run is getting small, I hear, for I have not fished there many a year."

"Well I can't say," replied Robins; which was strictly true, for he had never wet a line in his life in any of those beautiful and now strictly preserved waters, though, like many others of his townsmen, he was very fond of talking about Lif. Snedecors and Sam Camans. "Have you them as fine in England?"

"Our trout in England, in my day, were much larger, but much fewer in number and much shyer. A five-pounder was no wonder then; and who would not rather take two or three brace of such than ten or twelve dozen of half-pounders? Sometimes a monster is taken; one on record, caught in the Rennet or the Avon, above twenty pounds; and equally large fish have been caught in the Blackwater, in Ireland. Thames trout rarely run less than five, or over ten pounds; but they are rare and solitary fish. But a friend, who fished all Great Britain last year, tells me that, except in close waters, which he did not try, the trout are very numerous, but exceedingly small, owing, no doubt, to the waters being over-fished. Another slice, Mr. Lancelot, and if you say sherry, I say sherry, too. What say you, Mr. Robins?"

"Allow me to take my brandy-and-water to your sherry."

"How about the appetite, Frank?"

"Pshaw! what have trout to do with appetite? Anybody can eat trout at any time; to catch them's the thing. Have you a fair sprinkling of such as these here?"

"There are always two or three brace in the pool, and a sprinkling in all the basins down the Catasauqua, and I have all the fishing to myself, no sportsmen having cottoned as yet, except for a flying visit, to these rude regions. There are some very large fish in the deeps of the Delaware, at the tails of the eddies, but no one will believe it, because they can not be taken by bait at all, nor by a fly, except at moonlight, and I am not anxious to persuade them about it. I mean that we two should go down when the moon is full and have a dash at them. Stony Brook has some good pools, but the fish run smaller; a pound-and-a-halfer is a big one, and the average is not above three-quarters. Mr. Robins had good sport this morning, up it."

"Twenty-one fish, eighteen pounds in all," said that worthy, complacently; "but it's the deuce and all on tackle."

"Full of fallen trees and logs?" asked Frank. "They are the deuce sometimes."

"No," replied Lancelot, "a beautiful gravel bottom, with swift eddies and nice whirling holes; here and there a fall of two or three feet, and here a glancing rapid over rock. It is the branches overhead that bother Mr. Robins. The brook is wholly overarched, and it is difficult to one who is not used to it."

"I believe you, it is," said Robins. "Why, I broke three of Conroy's best tips, and carried away I don't know how many leaders."

"Ah! that's bad. But you got a nice creel-full, after all. Do you use fly?"

"No, sir; I stick to the good old-fashioned worm. But you won't try a glass of my Otard?"

"Thank you. I'll pledge you in a stoup of Sir Lancelot's Bordeaux; it used to be worth tasting."

"It is still, Frank; nearly the last that is left of the old Sneyd and Barton. Now, Master Scipio, what else have you got for dinner?"

"Pigeon-pie, Massa Langdale, and broil' ducks. Mus git on wi' dat, Massa," turning a deprecating glance to Frank. "Berry little game in de woods now; berry little Massa let me kill, any how."

"Pigeon-pie and broiled ducks! I should as soon have expected turbot and lobster-sauce, or larded sweetbreads."

"Scipio has only realized the poet's fancy: 'he has found out a gift for his fair, he has found where the wood-pigeons breed,'" said Langdale; "and as for the ducks, they are only four of a brood of unfortunate flapper summer-ducks, which I came across in a little tarn in the middle of a cranberry-marsh, which is, in fact, the source of the 'Stony Brook.' I knocked these over, and left a couple to console the anxious mother. But Scipio is quite right; this is the worst time of the year in which for me to entertain; for you must know we get mighty little butcher's meat here. Our rods and guns, backed by the pork-barrel, feed us, in the main. A month or two later, I could have given you venison, ruffed grouse, and, by chance, a turkey or bear-meat. Now, the devil an ounce will you get, unless it be a venison or bear ham. I believe I'll send Scip. over the hills, one of these days, to Lanesboro', to see if he can't hunt us up a lamb or two."

"You have a road, then, to some civilized resort of man?"

"If you call it a road. It is the wildest, rocky wood path, impassable to anything less sure-footed than a Pyrenean mule, or old, ragged 'Mohawk' yonder. It scales the ridge seven hundred feet above this, crosses the head of the Clattering Creek on two pine logs laid side by side, threads an intricate cranberry marsh, and comes down a regular rock stair-case into the gorge of the 'Staruccа,' and so fifteen miles off into Lanesboro'."

"And this 'Clattering Creek,' what sort of water is it?" asked Frank; "that I may learn at once the whole lay of the land."

"A real mountain burn."

"I'm thinking of trying it myself to-morrow," said Robins. "Mr. Langdale tells me it can only be fished with bait, and that's what I'm best at. Besides, there are bigger fish in it."

"But fewer," answered Langdale. "No, Robins, I'd advise you to stick to the 'Stony,' unless you'll try a cast of the fly with us over the pool and down the Catasauqua."

"No, no," replied St. Clair, half indignantly, "none of your flies for me, and no canoe-work. But why do you advise me against it? You said there were no trees, bait-fishing and big fish. What is there against it?"

"The toughest crag-climbing and the most difficult fishing you ever tried."

"What like fishing is it, Lancelot?" asked Frank.

"Exactly what that capital sportsman, Colquhoon of Luss, describes in his excellent book, the 'Moor and Loch,' under the title of the 'Moorburn.'"

"I remember," replied Frank. "Is it as bad as that?"

"Worse; but the fish much larger. I have caught them them up to two pounds."

"I should like to hear about that. Can't you read it

to me?" asked the Wall-street man, eager for information.

"I've no objection," said Langdale, "if Frank has not. He has read it fifty times already."

"I'm convenient," answered Frank, laying down his knife and fork, the last duck having disappeared.

"Well, then, here goes. Now, Scipio, look alive and clear away the table; bring us our pipes and coffee; and then we'll to bed, for we must be afoot by daybreak."

And with the word he rose, and, after turning over a few volumes on his crowded shelves, brought down the volume in question, with its pages underlined, and interlined, and filled with marginal notes and references. This done, he ensconced himself in the chimney-corner, threw on a fresh log, and read as follows:

"'In most of the small Highland burns, there is a succession of cataracts and pools, with a parapet of rock rising perpendicularly on each side, and often scarcely footing enough for a dog to pass. The greater proportion of picturesque-looking brethren of the angle would almost start at the idea of continuing their pastime under such disadvantages. They therefore make a circuit, and come down again upon the burn, where it is more easy to fish, and the ground less rugged. The trout in these places are thus left until many of them grow large, and each taking possession of a favorite nook, drives all the smaller fry away. The difficulty of reaching these places is, I admit, often great, the angler having sometimes to scramble up on his hands and knees, covered with wet moss or gravel, and then drag his fishing-rod after him. These lyns should always be fished up-stream, otherwise the moment you appear at the top of the waterfall or rock, the trout are very like to see you, and slink into their hiding-place. The burn, however, must always be low, as at no other time can you distinguish the snug retreat of these little tyrants, which, indeed,

they often leave, during the slightest flood, in search of prey. By fishing up the stream, your head will be on a level with the different eddies and pools, as they successively present themselves, and the rest of your person out of sight. Hold the baited hook with the left hand, jerking out the rod, under-handed, with your right, so as to make the bait fall softly at the lower end of the pool. The trout always take their station either there or at the top where the water flows in, ready to pounce on worms, snails, slugs, etc., as they enter or leave the pool. Should a trout seize the bait, a little time may be given to allow it to gorge, which it will most likely do without much ceremony. If large, care must be taken to prevent it from getting to the top of the lyn, which may probably harbor another expectant. The best plan is, if possible, to persuade it to descend into the pool below. Having deposited the half-pounder in your creel, you will now crawl upon hands and knees, just so near the top of the lyn as will enable you to drop the bait immediately below the bubbling foam, nearly as favorite a station for an overgrown, monopolizing trout as the other. Except in such situations, the burn trout seldom exceeds a quarter of a pound, and may be pulled out with single gut, without much risk of breaking it. In these lyns, however, I have occasionally taken them upward of a pound, which is easily accounted for. As soon as the trout grows to a sufficient size to intimidate his pigmy neighbors, he falls back into the best pool for feeding, not occupied by a greater giant than himself, and as these lyns are almost always in precipices very difficult of access, he remains undisturbed and alone, or with a single companion, driving all others away, until he may at last attain to a pound weight.'"

"Now, I fear, brother angler, that you are in some respects what the indefatigable Gael would call a 'picturesque angler'; so I advise you in good faith, stick to

the 'Stony Brook'; fish it from the long fall carefully down. Scipio shall attend you with the landing-net and plenty of worms and minnows; the last, hooked through the lip and back fin, will do you yeoman service in the lower pools; and Frank and I will join you in the afternoon."

"Agreed," said Mr. Robins; "I'll take your advice, I believe; and now I guess I'll turn in. Good night."

"Time, too," said Frank, laughing. "He was beginning to get a little white about the gills. Could that be his old Otard; he did not drink so much of it."

"Lord help you, no! he'd drink a gallon of it and no hurt. No! But he will persist in smoking Cavendish tobacco and kinnikinnic, because he has seen me do it, and, I believe, imagines that it confers some special powers of trout-catching. But come, suppose we turn in, too; you'll be tired after your journey, and a good night's rest will give a steady hand and clear eye to-morrow."

"*Volontiers.*"

So they incontinently joined the Wall street man, who declared, half asleep, that the bed was not so very bad, after all; while Frank, once ensconsed in the fragrant sheets, swore, by the great god Pan, patron of hunters, that never had bed so sweet, so soft, so warm, in every way so excellent, received the limbs of weary hunter. And so, indeed, it proved; for, until Scipio made his entree, with his announcement, "Breakfast soon be ready, Massa; sun h'em 'mose up now," no one stirred or spoke during the livelong night.

Thereon they all turned, like the Iron Duke, not over, but out. Their sporting toilets were soon made; but Frank and Lancelot, in their old shepherd's plaid jackets and trews and hob-nailed fishing shoes, could not but exchange glances and smiles at the elaborate rig of their friend, which some Broadway artist had, it was evident, elaborated from a Parisian fashion-plate, the high-boots

of exquisitely enamelled leather, the fine doeskin trousers, the many-pocketed, pear-buttoned shooting jacket of fawn-colored silk plush, the batiste neckerchief and waistcoat, point device, with green and silver fishes embroidered on a blue ground, and, to complete the whole, a cavalier hat, in which, but that it lacked the king's black feather, Rupert might well have charged at Marston Moor or Naseby. He seemed, however, so happy, that it would have been as useless as ill-natured to indoctrinate him; for evidently, as an angler, the man was hopelessly incurable, though, as Frank observed, for Wall street, he was wonderfully decent.

His weapon was a right good Conroy's general-fishing rod, but without reel, and having its line, an unusually stout silk one, with a superb salmon-gut bottom, which, in good hands, would have held a twenty-pounder, made carefully fast to the top funnel; eschewing all use of the ring and destroying all chance of the rod's regularly bending to its work. But again, to counsel would have been to offend; so our friends held their peace.

The smoked venison ham, broiled troutlings, dry toast and black tea, which furnished their morning meal, were soon finished; and forth they went into the delicious, breezy air of the quiet summer morning, not a sound disturbing the solitude, except the plash and rippling of the rapid waters, the low voices of the never-silent pine-tops, and the twittering of the swallows, as they skimmed the limpid pool.

Up the gorge of the Stony Brook, followed by Scipio, with bait of all kinds enough to have kept the kraten fat for one day at least, a large creel at his back, and gaff and landing-net in hand, away went St. Clair Robins, gay and joyous and confident; and then, but not till then quoth Forester—

"And whither we?"

"To the other side of the pool. You may see the big

fish rising under the alders, there, in the shadow of the big hill, from this distance. That shadow will hang there until noon, while all this side of the basin will be in blazing sunshine. Not a fish will bite here, I warrant me, until three o'clock, while we'll fill our basket there with good ones, certain. The best fish in the pool lies under that round-headed stone, just in the tail of the strong eddy, where the 'Clattering Creek' comes in, in the broken water. I rate him a six-pounder, and have saved him for you all the spring. As soon as the sun turns westward, and the hemlocks' shadows cross the white water, you shall kill him, and then we'll away to the Wall street man;" and therewith the larger birch canoe was manned, paddled gently over to the shady side of the pool and moored in about twenty-foot water, and then, the rods being put together, the reels secured and the lines carried duly through the rings, the following colloquy followed:

"What flies do you most affect here, Lancelot?" asked Frank.

"Any, at times, and almost all," answered Langdale. "In some weather I have killed well with middle-sized gaudy lake flies; but my favorites, on the whole, are all the red, brown, orange, and yellow hackles, and the blue and yellow duns. And yours?"

"My favorite of all is a snipe feather and mouse body; next to that the black and the furnace hackles."

"And will you use them to-day?"

"I will; the snipe wing for my stretcher. I mean to kill the big chap with him this evening."

"Be it so! to work."

And to work they went; but, though most glorious the sport to enjoy, or even to see performed gnostically, to read of it described, is as little interesting as to describe it is difficult. Suffice it to say, that before the sun had begun to turn westward, sixteen brace and a half were fairly brought to basket by our anglers, one a three pound-

and-a-halfer, three two-pounders, there or thereabout; not a fish under a pound, all smaller were thrown back unscathed, and very few so small as that, all beautifully fed fish, big-bellied, small-headed, high in color, prime in condition. At one o'clock, they paddled leisurely back to the cabin, lunched frugally on a crust of bread and a glass of sherry, and awaited the hour when the hemlock's shadow should be on the white water.

At the moment they were there; and lo! the big trout was feeding fiercely on the natural fly.

"Be ready, Frank, and when next he rises drop your fly right in the middle of his bell."

"Be easy, I mean it." His line, as he spoke, was describing an easy circle around his head; the fish rose not. The second revolution succeeded; the great trout rose, missed his object, disappeared; and, on the instant, right in the centre of the bell, ere the inmost circle had subsided, the snipe feather fell and fluttered. With an arrowy rush, the monster rose, and as his broad tail showed above the surface, the merry music of the resonant click-reel told that Frank had him. Well struck, he was better played, killed unexceptionably; in thirteen minutes he lay fluttering on the greensward, lacking four ounces, a six-pounder. The snipe feather and mouse body won the day in a canter. So off they started up the Stony Brook, to admire the feats of P. St. Clair Robins. It was not long ere they found him; he had reached the lower waters of the brook, full of beautiful scours, eddies, whirlpools and basins, and was fishing quietly down it, wading about knee deep with his bait, he was roving with a minnow, some ten yards down the stream, playing naturally enough in the clear, swirling waters. Some trees on the bank hung thickly over his head; a few yards behind him was a pretty rocky cascade, and above that an open upland glade, lighted up by a gleam of the westering sun; and, altogether, with his gay garb, he

presented quite a picturesque, if not a very sportsmanly appearance.

"After all," said Frank, as, unseen themselves, they stood observing him, "he does not do it so very badly as one might have expected."

But before the words has passed his lips, a good fish, at least a pounder, threw itself clear out of the water and seized his minnow. In a second, in the twinkling of an eye, by a movement never before seen or contemplated by mortal angler, he ran his right hand up to the top of the third joint of his rod, which he held perpendicularly aloft, and with his left grasped his line, mid length, and essayed to drag the trout by main force out of his element. The tackle was stout, the stream strong, the bottom slippery, the fish active, and, before any one could see how it was done, hand and foot both slipped, the line parted, the rod crashed in the middle, the fish went over the next fall with a joyous flirt of his tail, and the fisherman, hapless fisherman, measured his own length in the deepest pool of the Stony Brook.

He was soon fished out, equipped in dry rigging, comforted with a hot glass of his favorite cognac; but he would not be consoled. He was off at daylight the following morning, and, for aught that I have heard, Cotton's Cabin beheld him nevermore.

As for Lancelot and Frank, how they fished the "Clattering Creek" at midday, and the rapids and whirlpools of the Catasauqua in the gray gloaming, and the broad reaches of the Delaware in the glimmering moonlight; and how they fed, and what they said, and how, in the end, they sped, is it not written in the Book of Lancelot, and will it not appear, when called for by a clamorous public?